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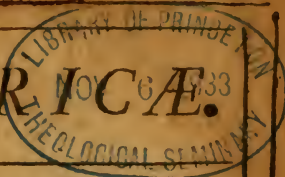
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✓ *Salomon*
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HORÆ LYRICÆ.



POEMS

Chiefly of the *Lyric* Kind.

In Three BOOKS.

I. Sacred to DEVOTION and PIETY.

II. To VERTUE, HONOUR and FRIENDSHIP.

III. To the MEMORY of the DEAD.

✓
By I. WATTS.

The Second Edition, Altered and much Enlarged;

— — — Si non Uraniè Lyram
Cœlestem cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Humanum refugit tendere Barbiton.

Horat. Od. i. imitat.

Ἀθάνατον μὲν παῖτα Θεῶν, νόμον ὡς διδάσκει,
Τίμα, (ὃ σέβει αὐτὸν) ἐπειθ' Ἥρωας ἀγχιούσας,
Τὲς τε Κελαιχθονίης. Pythag. Aur. Car.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Humfreys, for N. Cliff, at the Golden
Candlestick, the Lower End of Cheapside, near
Mercers-Chappel. 1709.

Chap. 1. of the History of the

City of London, from the
first Settlement of the
Inhabitants, to the
Present Time.

By John Stow.

Printed by I. Iaggard, at the

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1633.

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T H E P R E F A C E.

IT has been a long Complaint of the vertuous and refined World, that Poesy, whose Original is Divine, should be enslav'd to Vice and Profaneness; that an Art inspir'd from Heaven should have so far lost the Memory of its Birth-place, as to be engag'd in the Interests of Hell. How unhappily is it perverted from its most glorious Design! How basely has it been driven away from its proper Station in the Temple of God, and abus'd to much Dishonour! The Iniquity of Men has constrain'd it to serve their vilest Purposes, while the Sons of Piety mourn the Sacrilege and the Shame.

The eldest Song which History has brought down to our Ears, was a noble Act of Worship paid to the God of *Israel*, when his *Right Hand became glorious in Power*; *when thy Right Hand, O Lord, dash'd in Pieces the Enemy*: *The Chariots of Pharaoh and his Hosts were cast into the Red-Sea*; *Thou didst blow with thy Wind, the Deep covered them, and they sank as Lead in the mighty Waters*, *Exod. 15*. This Act was maintained sacred through the following Ages of the Church, and employ'd by Kings and Prophets, by *David*, *Solomon*, and *Isaiah*, in describing the Nature and the Glories of God, in conveying Grace or Vengeance to the Hearts of Men. By this Method they brought so much of Heaven down to this lower World, as the

Darkness of that Dispensation would admit : And now and then a divine and poetic Rapture lifted their Souls far above the Level of that Oeconomy of Shadows, bore them away far into a brighter Region, and gave them a Glimpse of Evangelic Day. The Life of Angels was harmoniously breath'd into the Children of *Adam*, and their Minds rais'd near to Heaven in Melody and Devotion at once.

In the younger Days of Heathenism the Muses were devoted to the same Service : The Language in which old *Hesiod* addresses them is this ;

Μῦσαι Πιερίηθεν ἀοιδῆσι κλέψαι,
Δεῦτε, Δῖ' ἐννέπειε σφέτεσσι πάτρης ὕμνευσαι.

*Pierian Muses, fam'd for heavenly Lays,
Descend, and sing the God your Father's Praise.*

And he pursues the Subject in ten pious Lines which I could not forbear to transcribe, if the Aspect and Sound of so much *Greek* were not terrifying to a nice Reader.

But some of the later Poets of the Pagan World have debas'd this Divine Gift ; and many of the Writers of the first Rank in this our Age of National *Christians* have to their eternal Shame surpassed the vilest of the *Gentiles*. They have not only disrob'd Religion of all the Ornaments of Verse, but have employ'd their Pens in impious Mischief to deform her native Beauty and defile her Honours. They have expos'd her most sacred Character to Drollery, and drest her up in a most vile and ridiculous Disguise, for the Scorn of the ruder Herd of Mankind. The Vices have been painted like so many Goddesses, the Charms of Wit have been added to Debauchery, and the Temptation heightned where Nature needs the strongest Restraint. With Sweetness of Sound and Delicacy of Expression they have given a Relish to

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Blasphemies of the harshest kind ; and when they rant at their Maker in sonorous Numbers, they fancy themselves to have acted the Heroe well.

Thus almost in vain have the Throne and the Pulpit cry'd *Reformation*, while the Stage and licentious Poems have waged open War with the pious Design of Church and State. The Press has spread the Poyson far, and scatter'd wide the mortal Infection ; unthinking Youth have been enticed to Sin beyond the vicious Propensities of Nature, plung'd early into Diseases and Death, and sunk down to Damnation in Multitudes. Was it for this that Poesy was endued with all those Allurements that lead the Mind away in a pleasing Captivity ? Was it for this she was furnished with so many intellectual Charms, that she might seduce the Heart from God the original Beauty, and the most lovely of Beings ? Can I ever be perswaded that those sweet and resistless Forces of Metaphor, Wit, Sound, and Number were given with this Design, that they should be all rang'd under the Banner of the great malicious Spirit, to invade the Rights of Heaven, and to bring swift and everlasting Destruction upon Men ? How will these Allies of the nether World, the lewd and profane Versifiers stand aghast before the great Judge, when the Blood of many Souls whom they never saw shall be laid to the Charge of their Writings, and be dreadfully requir'd at their Hands ? The Reverend Mr. Collier has set this awful Scene before them in just and flaming Colours. If the Application were not too rude and uncivil, that noble Stanza of my Lord Roscommon on Psal. 148. might be address'd to them ;

*Ye Dragons, whose contagious Breath
Peoples the dark Retreats of Death,
Change your dire Hissings into heavenly Songs,
And praise your Maker with your forked Tongues.*

This Profanation and Debasement of so divine an Art has tempted some weaker Christians to imagine that Poetry and Vice are naturally akin; or at least that Verse is fit only to recommend Trifles, and entertain our looser Hours, but 'tis too light and trivial a Method to treat any thing that is serious and sacred. They submit indeed to use it in Divine Psalmody, but they love the dryest Translation of the Psalm best. They will venture to sing a dull Hymn or two at Church in Tunes of equal Dulness; but still they persuade themselves and their Children that the Beauties of Poetry are vain and dangerous. All that arises a Degree above Mr. *Sternhold* is too airy for Worship, and hardly escapes the Sentence of *unclean and abominable*. 'Tis strange that Persons that have the Bible in their Hands should be led away by thoughtless Prejudices to so wild and rash an Opinion. Let me entreat them not to indulge this sour, this censorious Humour too far, lest the sacred Writers fall under the Lash of their unlimited and unguarded Reproaches. Let me entreat 'em to look into their Bibles, and remember the Style and way of Writing that is used by the ancient Prophets. Have they forgot, or were they never told, that many Parts of the Old Testament are *Hebrew Verse*; and the Figures are stronger, and the Metaphors bolder, and the Images more surprizing and strange than ever I read in any profane Writer? When *Deborah* sings her Praises to the God of *Israel* while he march'd from the Field of *Edom*, she sets the *Earth a trembling*, the *Heavens drop*, and the *Mountains dissolve from before the Lord*. They fought from Heaven, the Stars in their Courses fought against *Sisera*: When the River of *Kishon* swept them away, that antient River, the River *Kishon*. O, my Soul, thou hast trodden down Strength, *Judg. 5, &c.* When *Eliphaz* in the Book of *Job* speaks his Sense of the Holiness of God, he introduces a Machine in a Vision: Fear came upon me, trembling on all my Bones, the Hair of my Flesh stood up; a Spirit passed by
and

and stood still, but its Form was undiscernable ; an Image before mine Eyes ; and Silence ; Then I heard a Voice, saying, shall mortal Man be more just than God, &c. Job 4. When he describes the Safety of the Righteous, he hides him from the Scourge of the Tongue, he makes him laugh at Destruction and Famine, he brings the Stones of the Field into League with him, and makes the Brute Animals enter into a Covenant of Peace, Job 5. 21, &c. When Job speaks of the Grave, how melancholy is the Gloom that he spreads over it ! 'Tis a Region to which I must shortly go, and whence I shall not return ; 'tis a Land of Darkeness, 'tis Darkeness it self, the Land of the Shadow of Death ; all Confusion and Disorder, and where the Light is as Darkeness. This is my House, there have I made my Bed : I have said to Corruption, thou art my Father ; and to the Worm thou art my Mother and my Sister : As for my Hope who shall see it ? I and my Hope go down together to the Bars of the Pit, Job 10. 21. & 17. 13. When he humbles himself in Complainings before the Almightyness of God, what contemptible and feeble Images does he use ? Wilt thou break a Leaf driven to and fro ? Wilt thou pursue the dry Stubble ? I consume away like a rotten thing, a Garment eaten by the Moth, Job 13. 25, &c. Thou liftest me up to the Wind, thou causest me to ride upon it, and dissolvest my Substance, Job 23. 22. Can any Man invent more despicable Ideas to represent the Scoundrel Herd and Refuse of Mankind than those which Job uses, Chap. 30. and thereby he aggravates his own Sorrows and Reproaches to Amazement. They that are younger than I have me in Derision, whose Fathers I would have disdained to have set with the Dogs of my Flock : for Want and Famine they were solitary ; fleeing into the Wilderness desolate and waste : They cut up Mul-lows by the Bushes, and Juniper Roots for their Meat : They were driven forth from among Men, (they cried after them as after a Thief) to dwell in the Cliffs of the Valleys, in Caves of the Earth and in Rocks : Among the Bushes they brayed, under the Nettles they were gather'd together ; they

were Children of Fools, yea, Children of base Men ; they were viler than the Earth : And now am I their Song, yea, I am their By-word, &c, How mournful and dejected is the Language of his own Sorrows : Terrors are turned upon him, they pursue his Soul as the Wind, and his Welfare passes away as a Cloud, his Bones are pierced within him, and his Soul is pour'd out ; he goes mourning without the Sun, a Brother to Dragons, and a Companion to Owls ; while his Harp and Organ are turned into the Voice of them that weep. I must transcribe one half of this holy Book, if I would show the Grandeur, the Variety, and the Justness of his Ideas, or the Pomp and Beauty of his Expression : I must copy out a good part of the Writings of David and Isaiah, if I would represent the poetical Excellencies of their Thoughts and Stile : Nor is the Language of the lesser Prophets, especially in some Paragraphs, much inferiour to these.

Now while they paint humane Nature in its various Forms and Circumstances, if their designing be so just and noble, their Disposition so artful, and their Colouring so bright beyond the most fam'd humane Writers, how much more must their Descriptions of God and Heaven exceed all that is possible to be said by a meaner Tongue ? When they speak of the Dwelling-place of God, *He inhabits Eternity, and sits upon the Throne of his Holiness, in the midst of Light inaccessible.* When his Holiness is mention'd, *the Heavens are not clean in his Sight, he charges his Angels with Folly : He looks to the Moon and it shineth not, and the Stars are not pure before his Eyes : He is a jealous God, and a consuming Fire.* If we speak of Strength, *Behold, he is strong : He removes the Mountains, and they know it not, He overturns them in his Anger : He shakes the Earth from her Place, and her Pillars tremble : He makes a Path thro' the mighty Waters, he discovers the Foundations of the World : The Pillars of Heaven are astonished at his Reproof.* And after all, *These are but a Portion*

tion of his Ways : The Thunder of his Power who can understand ? His Sovereignty, his Knowledge, and his Wisdom are revealed to us in Language vastly superiour to all the poetical Accounts of Heathen Divinity. Let the Potsherd strive with the Potsherd of the Earth ; but shall the Clay say to him that fashioneth it, What makest thou ? He bids the Heavens drop down from above, and let the Skies pour down Righteousness. He commands the Sun, and it riseth not, and he sealeth up the Stars. It is he that saith to the Deep be dry, and he dryeth up the Rivers. Woe to them that seek deep to hide their Counsel from the Lord ; his Eyes are upon all their Ways, he understands their Thoughts afar off. Hell is naked before him, and Destruction hath no Covering. He calls out all the Stars by their Names, he frustrateth the Tokens of the Liars, and makes the Diviners mad ; He turns wise Men backward, and their Knowledge becomes foolish. His transcendent Eminence above all things, is most nobly represented ; when he sits upon the Circle of the Earth, and the Inhabitants thereof are as Grasshoppers : All Nations before him are as the Drop of a Bucket, and as the small Dust of the Ballance : He takes up the Isles as a very little thing ; Lebanon with all her Beasts is not sufficient for a Sacrifice to this God, nor are all her Trees sufficient for the Burning : This God before whom the whole Creation is as nothing, yea, less than Nothing and Vanity. To which of all the Heathen Gods then will ye compare me, saith the Lord, and what shall I be liken'd to ? And to which of all the Heathen Poets shall we liken or compare this glorious Orator, this sacred Describer of the God-head ? The Orators of all Nations are as nothing before him, and their Words are Vanity and Emptiness. Let us turn our Eyes now to some of the Holy Writings, where God is Creating the World : How meanly do the best of the Gentiles talk and trifle upon this Subject, when brought into Comparison with Moses, whom Lorginus himself, a Gentile Critic, cites as a Master of the sublime Stile, when he chose

to

to use it? *And the Lord said, Let there be Light, and there was Light; Let there be Clouds and Seas, Sun and Stars, Plants and Animals, and behold they are: He commanded and they appear and obey: By the Word of the Lord were the Heavens made, and all the Host of them by the Breath of his Mouth: This is working like a God, with infinite Ease and Omnipotence. His Wonders of Providence for the Terror and Ruin of his Adversaries, and for the Succour of his Saints, is set before our Eyes in the Scripture with equal Magnificence, and as becomes Divinity. When he arises out of his Place the Earth trembles, the Foundations of the Hills are shaken because he is wroth: There goes a Smoke up out of his Nostrils, and Fire out of his Mouth devoureth, Coals are kindled by it. He bows the Heavens and comes down, and Darkneſs is under his Feet. The Mountains melt like Wax, and flow down at his Preſence. If Virgil, Homer, or Pindar were to prepare an Equipage for a descending God, they might use Thunder and Lightnings too, and Clouds and Fire to form a Chariot and Horses for the Battle or the Triumph. But there is none of them provides him a Flight of Cherubs instead of Horses, or seats him in Chariots of Salvation. David beholds him riding upon the Heaven of Heavens by his Name Jah: He was mounted upon a Cherub and did fly, he flew on the Wings of the Wind; and Habbakuk ſends the Peſtilence before him. Homer keeps a mighty Stir with his Νεφεληγεγία Ζῷς, and Hſiod with his Ζῷς ὑψιβεβημένος. Jupiter that raiſes up the Clouds, and that makes a Noiſe or thunders on high. But a Divine Poet makes the Clouds but the Duſt of his Feet, and when the Higheſt gives his Voice in the Heavens, Hailſtones and Coals of Fire follow. A Divine Poet diſcovers the Channels of the Waters, and lays open the Foundations of Nature, At thy Rebuke, O Lord, at the blaſt of the Breath of thy Noſtrils. When the Holy One alighted upon Mount Sinai, his Glory cover'd the Heavens: He ſtood and meaſur'd the Earth; He beheld and drove aſunder the Nations, and the*

the everlasting Mountains were scatter'd ; the perpetual Hills did bow ; his Ways are everlasting. Then the Prophet saw the Tents of Cushman in Affliction, and the Curtains of the Land of Midian did tremble, Hab. 3. Nor did the blessed Spirit which animated these Writers forbid them the use of Visions, Dreams, the opening of Scenes dreadful and delightful, and the Introduction of Machines upon great Occasions : The Divine Licence in this respect is admirable and surprizing, and the Images are often too bold and dangerous for an uninspir'd Writer to imitate. Mr. Dennis has made a noble Essay to discover how much Superiour is inspired Poesy to the brightest and best Descriptions of a Mortal Pen. Perhaps if his *Proposal of Criticism* had been encourag'd and pursu'd, the Nation might have learnt more Value for the Word of God, and the Wits of the Age might have been secur'd from the Danger of Deism ; while they must have been forc'd to confess at least the Divinity of all the poetical Books of Scripture, when they see a Genius running thro' them more than humane.

Who is there now will dare to assert that the Doctrines of our holy Faith will not indulge or indure a Delightful Dress ? Shall the * *French Poet* affright us by saying,

*De la foy d' un Chrétien les Mysteres terribles
D' Ornaments egayez ne sont point susceptibles.*

But the † *French Critick*, in his Reflections upon Eloquence, tells us, “ That the Majesty of our Religion, the Holiness of its Laws, the Purity of its Morals, the Height of its Mysteries, and the Importance of every Subject that belongs to it requires “ a Grandeur, a Nobleness, a Majesty, and Elevation of Stile suited to the Theme : Sparkling Images

* Boileau.

† Rapin.

“ and

“ and magnificent Expressions must be used, and are best
 “ borrow’d from Scripture : Let the Preacher that
 “ aims at Eloquence read the Prophets incessantly,
 “ for their Writings are an abundant Source of all
 “ the Riches and Ornaments of Speech. And in my
 Opinion this is far better Counsel than *Horace* gives
 us when he says,

——— *Vos exemplaria Græca*
Nocturnâ versate Manu, versate Diurnâ.

As in the Conduct of my Studies with regard to Divinity, I have Reason to repent of nothing more than that I have not perus’d the Bible with more Frequency ; so if I were to set up for a Poet, with a Design to exceed all the Modern Writers, I would follow the Advice of *Rapin*, and read the Prophets Night and Day. I am sure the Composures of the following Book would have been fill’d with much greater Sense, and appear’d with much more agreeable Ornaments, had I derived a larger Portion from the Holy Scriptures.

Besides we may fetch a further Answer to Mr. *Boileau*’s Objection from other Poets of his own Country. What a noble Use have *Racine* and *Cornille* made of Christian Subjects in some of their best Tragedies ? What a Variety of Divine Scenes are display’d, and pious Passions awaken’d in those Poems ? The Martyrdom of *Polyeucte*, how doth it reign over our Love and Pity, and at the same time animate our Zeal and Devotion ! May I here be permitted the Liberty to return my Thanks to that fair and ingenious Hand that directed me to such Entertainments in a foreign Language which I had long wish’d for, and sought in vain in our own. Yet I must confess, that the *Davidis* and the two *Arthurs* have so far answer’d *Boileau*’s Objection in *English*, as that the Obstacles of attempting Christian Poesy are broken down, and the vain
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Pretence of its being impracticable is experimentally confuted.

'Tis true indeed the Christian Myſteries have not ſuch need of gay Trappings as beautify'd or rather compos'd the Heathen Superſtition. But this ſtill makes for the greater Eaſe and ſurer Succeſs of the Poet. The Wonders of our Religion in a plain Narration and a ſimple Dreſs, have a native Grandeur, a Dignity, and a Beauty in them, tho' they do not utterly diſdain all Methods of Ornament. The Book of the *Revelations* ſeems to be a Prophecy in the Form of an *Opera* or a Dramatic Poem, where Divine Art illuſtrates the Subject with many charming Glories; but ſtill it muſt be acknowledg'd, that the naked Themes of Chriſtianity have ſomething brighter and bolder in them, ſomething more ſurprizing and celeftial than all the Adventures of Gods and Heroes, all the dazzling Images of falſe Luſtre that form and garniſh a Heathen Song: Here the very Argument would give wonderful Aids to the Muſe, and the heavenly Theme would ſo relieve a dull Hour and a languiſhing Genius, that when the Muſe nods, the Senſe would burn and ſparkle upon the Reader, and keep him feelingly awake.

With how much leſs Toil and Expence might a *Dryden*, an *Ottway*, a *Congreve*, or a *Dennis* furniſh out a Chriſtian Poem than a modern Play: There is nothing amongſt all the ancient Fables or later Romances, that have two ſuch Extremes united in them, as the Eternal God becoming an Infant of Days; the Poſſeſſor of the Palace of Heaven laid to ſleep in a Manger, the Holy *Jeſus*, who knew no Sin bearing the Sins of Men in his Body on the Tree, Agonies of Sorrow loading the Soul of him who was God over all bleſſed for ever; and the Sovereign of Life ſtretching his Arms on a Croſs, bleeding and expiring: The Heaven and the Hell in our Divinity are infinitely more delightful and dreadful than the
Childiſh

Childish Figments of a Dog with three Heads, the Buckets of the *Belides*, the Furies with snaky Hairs, or all the flowry Stories of *Elysium*. And if we survey the one as Themes divinely true, and the other as a Medley of Fooleries which we can never believe, the Advantage for touching the Springs of Passion will fall infinitely on the Side of the Christian Poet ; Our Wonder and our Love, our Pity, Delight, and Sorrow, with the long Train of Hopes and Fears, must needs be under the Command of an harmonious Pen, whose every Line makes a Part of the Reader's Faith, and is the very Life or Death of his Soul.

If the trifling and incredible Tales that furnish out a Tragedy are so armed by Wit and Fancy, as to become Sovereign of the Rational Powers, to triumph over all the Affections, and manage our Smiles and our Tears at Pleasure: How wondrous a Conquest might be obtain'd over a wild World, and reduce it at least to Sobriety, if the same happy Talent were employ'd in dressing the Scenes of Religion in their proper Figures of Majesty, Sweetness and Terror. The Wonders of Creating Power, of Redeeming Love, and Renewing Grace, ought not to be thus impiously neglected by those whom Heaven has endu'd with a Gift so proper to adorn and cultivate them ; an Art whose sweet Insinuations might almost convey Piety into resisting Nature, and melt the hardest Souls to the Love of Vertue. The Affairs of this Life with their Reference to a Life to come would shine bright in a Dramatic Description ; nor is there any need or any Reason why we should always borrow the Plan or History from the ancient *Jews* or primitive Martyrs : Modern Scenes would be better understood by most Readers, and the Application would be much more easy. The Anguish of inward Guilt, the secret Stings and Racks and Scourges of Conscience, the sweet retiring Hours and seraphical Joys of Devotion, the Victory of a resolved Soul over a thousand Temptations, the

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inimitable Love and Passion of a dying God, the awful Glories of the last Tribunal, the grand decisive Sentence from which there is no Appeal, and the consequent Transports or Horrors of the two eternal Worlds, these things may be variously dispos'd, and form many Poems. How might such Performances under a Divine Blessing call back the dying Piety of the Nation to Life and Beauty? This would make Religion appear like it self, and confound the Blasphemies of a profligate World, ignorant of pious Pleasures.

But we have Reason to fear that the tuneful Men of our Day have not rais'd their Ambition to so Divine a Pitch; I should rejoice to see more of this Celestial Fire kindling within them, for the Flashes that break out in some present and past Writings betray an infernal Source. This the incomparable Mr. Cowley in the latter End of his Preface, and the ingenious Sir Richard Blackmore in the Beginning of his, have so pathetically describ'd and lamented; and I rather refer the Reader to mourn with them, than detain and tire him here. These Gentlemen in their large and labour'd Works of Poesy have given the World happy Examples of what they wish and encourage in Prose; the One in a rich Variety of Thought and Fancy; the Other in all the shining Colours of profuse and florid Diction.

If shorter Sonnets were compos'd on sublime Subjects, such as the Psalms of *David*, and the holy Transports interspers'd in the other sacred Writings, or such as the moral Odes of *Horace*, and the ancient *Lyricks*, I perswade my self that the *Christian* Preacher would find abundant Aid from the Poet in his Design to diffuse Vertue, and allure Souls to God. If the Heart were first inflam'd from Heaven, and the Muse were not left alone to form the Devotion, and pursue a cold Scent, but only call'd in as an Assistant to the Worship, then the Song would end where the Inspiration

spiration ceases ; the whole Composure would be of a Piece, all Meridian Light and Meridian Fervour ; and the same pious Flame would be propagated and kept glowing in the Heart of him that reads. Some of the shorter Odes of the two Poets now mention'd and a few of the Reverend Mr. Norris's Essays in Verse are convincing Instances of the Success of this Proposal.

'Tis my Opinion also that the free and unconfin'd Numbers of *Pindar*, or the noble Measures of *Milton* without Rhime, would best maintain the Dignity of the Theme, as well as give a Loose to the devout Soul, nor check the Raptures of her Faith and Love. Tho in my feeble Attempts of this kind I have too often unhappily fetter'd my Thoughts in the narrow Metre of our old Psalm-Translators ; I have contracted and cramp't the Sense, or render'd it obscure and feeble by the too speedy and regular Returns of Rhime.

If my Friends expect any Reason of the following Composures, and of the first or second Publication, I entreat them to accept of this Account.

The *Title* assures them that Poesy is not the Business of my Life ; and if I seiz'd those Hours of Leisure wherein my Soul was in a more sprightly Frame to entertain them or my self with a Divine or Moral Song, I hope I shall find an easy Pardon.

In the *first Book* are many Odes which were written to assist the Meditations and Worship of vulgar Christians, and with a Design to be publish'd in the Volume of *Hymns* which have now pass'd a second Impression ; but upon the Review I found some Expressions that were not suited to the plainest Capacity, and the Metaphors are too bold to please the weaker Christian, therefore I have allotted them a Place here.

Amongst the Songs that are dedicated to *Divine Love*, I think I may be bold to assert, that I never compos'd one Line of them with any other Design than

than what they are apply'd to here ; and I have endeavour'd to secure them all from being perverted and debas'd to wanton Passions, by several Lines in them that can never be apply'd to a meaner Love. Are not the noblest Instances of the Grace of Christ represented under the Figure of a Conjugal State, and describ'd in one of the sweetest Odes and the softest Pastoral that ever was written ? I appeal to *Solomon* in his Song, and his Father *David* in *Psal. 45.* if *David* was the Author : And I am well assur'd that I have never indulg'd an equal Licence : 'Twas dangerous to imitate Divinity too nearly in so nice an Affair.

The *Poems Sacred to Vertue*, &c. were form'd when the Frame and Humour of my Soul was just suited to the Subject of my Verse : The Image of my Heart is painted in them ; and if they meet with a Reader whose Soul is akin to mine, perhaps they may agreeably entertain him. The Dullness of the Fancy and Coarseness of Expression will disappear ; the Sameness of the Humour will create a Pleasure, and insensibly overcome and conceal the Defects of the Muse. Young Gentlemen and Ladys, whose Genius and Education have given them a Relish of Oratory and Verse, may be tempted to seek Satisfaction among the dangerous Diversions of the Stage and impure Sonnets, if there be no Provision of a safer kind made to please them. While I have attempted to gratify innocent Fancy in this Respect I have not forgotten to allure the Heart to Vertue, and to raise it to a Disdain of brutal Pleasures. The frequent Interposition of a devout Thought may awaken the Mind to a serious Sense of God, Religion, and Eternity. The same Duty that might be despis'd in a Sermon when propos'd to their Reason, may here perhaps seize the lower Faculties with Surprise, Delight and Devotion at once ; and thus by Degrees draw the superiour Powers of the Mind to Piety. Amongst the infinite Numbers of Mankind, there is not more Difference

in their outward Shape and Features, than in their Temper and inward Inclination. Some are more easily susceptible of Religion in a grave Discourse and sedate Reasoning. Some are best frighted from Sin and Ruin by Terror, Threatning and Amazement; their Fear is the properest Passion to which we can address our selves, and begin the Divine Work: Others can feel no Motive so powerful as that which applies it self to their Ingenuity, and their polish'd Imagination. Now I thought it lawful to take hold of any Handle of the Soul to lead it away betimes from vicious Pleasures; and if I could but make up a Composition of Vertue and Delight suited to the Taste of well-bred Youth and a refin'd Education, I had some Hope to allure and raise them thereby above the vile Temptations of degenerate Nature, and Custom that is yet more degenerate. When I have felt a slight Inclination to Satyr or Burlesque, I thought it proper to suppress it. The grinning and the growling Muse are not hard to be obtain'd, but I would disdain their Assistance where a manly Invitation to Vertue, and a friendly Smile may be successfully employ'd. Could I perswade any Man by a kinder Method, I should never think it proper to scold or laugh at him.

Perhaps there are some morose Readers that stand ready to condemn every Line that's written upon the Theme of *Love*; but have we not the Cares and the Felicities of that sort of social Life represented to us in the sacred Writings. Some Expressions are there used with a Design to give a mortifying Influence to our softest Affections; Others again brighten the Character of that State, and allure vertuous Souls to pursue the divine Advantage of it, the mutual Assistance in the way to Salvation. Are not the 127th and 128th *Psalms* indited on this very Subject? Shall it be lawful for the Press and the Pulpit to treat of it with a becoming Solemnity in Prose, and must the Mention of the same thing in Poesy be pronounc'd for ever unlawful?

lawful? Is it utterly unworthy of a serious Character to write on this Argument, because it has been unhappily polluted by some scurrilous Pens? Why may I not be permitted to obviate a common and a growing Mischief, while a thousand vile Poems of the amorous kind swarm abroad, and give a vicious Taint to the unwary Reader? I would tell the World that I have endeavour'd to recover this Argument out of the Hands of impure Writers, and to make it appear, that Vertue and Love are not such Strangers as they are represented. The blissful Intimacy of Souls in that State will afford sufficient Furniture for the gravest Entertainment in Verse; so that it need not be everlastingly dress'd up in Ridicule, nor assumed only to furnish out the lewd Sonnets of the Times. May some happier Genius promote the same Service that I propos'd, and by superiour Sense and sweeter Sound render what I have written contemptible and useless.

The *Imitations* of that noblest *Latin* Poet of modern Ages, *Casimire Sarbiewski* of *Poland*, would need no Excuse did they but arise to the Beauty of the Original. I have often taken the Freedom to add ten or twenty Lines, or to leave out as many, that I might suit my Song more to my own Design, or because I saw it impossible to present the Force, the Fineness, and the Fire of his Expression in our Language. There are a few Copies wherein I borrow'd some Hints from the same Author, without the Mention of his Name in the Title. Methinks I can allow so superior a Genius now and then to be lavish in his Imagination, and to indulge some Excursions beyond the Limits of sedate Judgment: The Riches and Glory of his Verse make Atonement in Abundance. I wish some *English* Pen would import more of his Treasures, and bless our Nation.

The *Inscriptions* to particular Friends are warrant ed and defended by the Practice of almost all the *Lyric* Writers. They frequently convey the rigid Rules of Morality to the Mind in the softer Method of Applause Sustain'd by their Example a Man will not easily be overwhelm'd by the heaviest Censures of the unthinking and unknowing ; especially when there is a Shadow of this Practice in the Divine *Psalmist*, while he inscribes to *Asaph* or *Jeduthun* his Songs that were made for the Harp, or (which is all one) his *Lyric* Odes, tho they are address'd to God himself.

In the *Poems of Heroic Measure* I have attempted in Rhime the same Variety of Cadence, Comma and Period, which Blank Verse glories in as its peculiar Elegance and Ornament. It degrades the Excellency of the best Versification when the Lines run on by Couplets, twenty together, just in the same Pace and with the same Pauses. It spoils the noblest Pleasure of the Sound : the Reader is tir'd with the tedious Uniformity, or charm'd to sleep with the unmanly Softness of the Numbers, and the perpetual Chime of even Cadences.

In the *Essays without Rhime* I have not set up *Milton* for a perfect Pattern ; tho he shall be for ever honour'd as our Deliverer from the Bondage. His Works contain admirable and unequall'd Instances of bright and beautiful Diction, as well as Majesty and Serenity of Thought. There are several Epilodes in his longer Works that stand in supreme Dignity without a Rival ; yet all that vast Reverence with which I read his *Paradise lost* cannot persuade me to be charm'd with every Page of it. The Length of his Periods, and sometimes of his Parentheses runs me out of Breath : Some of his Numbers seem too harsh and uneasy. I could never believe that Roughness and Obscurity added any thing to the true Grandeur of a Poem : nor will I ever affect Archaisms, Exoticisms, and a quaint Uncouthness of Speech, in order to become perfectly

Mil-

Miltonian. 'Tis my Opinion that Blank Verse may be written with all due Elevation of Thought in a modern Stile without borrowing any thing from *Chaucer's* Tales, or running back so far as the Days of *Colin the Shepherd*, and the Reign of the *Fairy Queen*. The Odness of an antique Sound gives but a false Pleasure to the Ear, and abuses the true Relish even when it works Delight. There were some such Judges of Poesy among the old *Romans*, and *Martial* ingeniously laughs at one of them that was pleas'd even to Astonishment with obsolete Words and Figures.

Attonitusq; legis terrai frugiferai.

So the ill-drawn Postures and Distortions of Shape that we meet with in *Chinese* Pictures charm a sickly Fancy by their very Aukwardness; so a distemper'd Appetite will chew Coals and Sand, and pronounce it gustful.

In the *Pindarics* I have generally conform'd my Lines to the shorter Size of the Ancients, and avoid'd to imitate the excessive Lengths to which some modern Writers have stretch'd their Sentences, and especially the concluding Verse. In these the Ear is the truest Judge, nor was it made to be enslav'd to any precise Model of elder or later times.

After all, I must petition my Reader to lay aside the sour and sullen Air of Criticism, and to assume the Friend. Let him chuse such Copies to read at particular Hours when the Temper of his Mind is suited to the Song. Let him come with a Desire to be entertain'd and pleas'd, rather than to seek his own Disgust and Aversion, which will not be hard to find. I am not so vain as to think there are no Faults, nor so blind as to espy none: Tho I hope the Multitude of Alterations in this Edition are not without Amendment. There is so large a Difference between this and the former in the Change of Titles, Lines, and whole Poems,

Poems, as well as in the various Transpositions, that would be useless and endless, and all Confusion for any Reader to compare them throughout. The Additions also make up almost half the Book, and some of these have need of as many Alterations as the former. Many a Line needs the File to polish the Roughness of it, and many a Thought wants richer Language to adorn and make it shine. Wide Defects and equal Superfluities may be found especially in the larger Pieces; but I have at present neither Inclination nor Leisure to correct, and I hope I never shall. 'Tis one of the biggest Satisfactions I take in giving this Volume to the World, that I expect to be forever free from the Temptation of making or mending Poems again. So that my Friends may be perfectly secure against this Impressions growing waste upon their Hands, and useless as the former has done. Let Minds that are better furnished for such Performances pursue these Studies, if they are convinced that Poesy can be made serviceable to Religion and Vertue.

I cannot court the World to purchase this Book for their Pleasure or Entertainment, by telling 'em that any one Copy entirely pleases me. The best of them sinks below the Idea which I form of a Divine or Moral Ode. He that deals in the Mysteries of Heaven or of the Muses should be a Genius of no vulgar Mould: And as the Name *Vates* belongs to both; so the Furniture of both is compriz'd in that Line of *Horace*,

————— *Cui Mens Divinior, atq; Os*
Magna Sonaturum.—————

But what *Juvenal* spake in his Age abides true in ours: A compleat Poet or a Prophet is such a one;

————— *Qualem nequeo monstrare, & sentio tantum.*

Perhaps neither of these Characters in Perfection shall ever be seen on Earth, till the seventh Angel has sounded his awful Trumpet ; till the Victory be compleat over the Beast and his Image, when the Natives of Heaven shall join in Consort with Prophets and Saints, and sing to their golden Harps *Salvation, Honour and Glory to him that sits upon the Throne, and to the Lamb for ever.*

FIRST BOOK.

ATA

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HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK I.

Sacred to DEVOTION and PIETY.

Worshipping with Fear.

I.

WH O dares attempt th' Eternal Name
With Notes of mortal Sound ?
Dangers and Glories guard the Theme,
And spread Despair around.

II.

Destruction waits t' obey his Frown,
And Heaven attends his Smile ;
A Wreath of Lightning arms his Crown,
But Love adorns it still.

III.

Celestial King, our Spirits lie
Trembling beneath thy Feet,

B

And

And wish, and cast a longing Eye
To reach thy lofty Seat.

IV.

When shall we see the Great Unknown,
And in thy Presence stand ?
Reveal the Splendors of thy Throne,
But shield us with thy Hand.

V.

In thee what endless Wonders meet !
What various Glory shines !
The crossing Rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting Minds:

VI.

Angels are lost in sweet Surprise
If thou unvail thy Grace ;
And humble Awe runs thro' the Skies
When Wrath arrays thy Face.

VII.

When Mercy joyns with Majesty
To spread their Beams abroad,
Not all the fairest Minds on high
Are Shadows of a God.

VIII.

Thy Works the strongest Seraph sings
In a too feeble strain,

And

And labours upon all his strings
To reach thy Thoughts in vain.

IX.

Created Powers, how weak they be !
How short our Praises fall !
So much a-kin to nothing We,
And Thou th' Eternal All.

Asking leave to Sing.

I.

YET mighty God, indulge my Tongue,
Nor let thy Thunders roar,
Whilst the young Notes and vent'rous Song
To Worlds of Glory soar.

II.

If thou my daring Flight forbid
The Muse folds up her Wings ;
Or at thy Word her slender Reed
Attempts Almighty Things.

III.

Her slender Reed inspir'd by Thee
Bids a new *Eden* grow
With blooming Life on every Tree,
And spreads a Heav'n below.

IV.

She mocks the Trumpets loud Alarms
 Fill'd with thy dreadful Breath ;
 And calls th' Angelick Hosts to Arms,
 To give the Nations Death.

V.

But when she tastes her Saviour's Love
 And feels the Rapture strong,
 Scarce the divinest Harp above
 Aims at a sweeter Song.

Divine Judgments.

I.

NOT from the Dust my Sorrows spring;
 Nor drop my Comforts from the lower Skies ;
 Let all the baleful Planets shed
 Their mingled Curses on my Head,
 How vain their Curses, if th' Eternal King
 Look thro' the Clouds and bless me with his Eyes !
 Creatures with all their boasted Sway
 Are but his Slaves, and must obey ;
 They wait their Orders from above,
 And execute his Word, the Vengeance or the Love.

II.

'Tis by a Warrant from his Hand
 The gentler Gales are bound to sleep ;
 The North-wind blusters, and assumes Command
 Over the Defart and the Deep ;
 Old *Boreas* with his freezing Pow'rs
 Turns the Earth Iron, makes the Ocean Glass,
 Arrests the dancing Riv'lets as they pass,
 And chains them moveless to their Shores ;
 The grazing Ox lows to the Gelid Skies,
 Walks o'er the Marble Meads with withering Eyes,
 Walks o'er the solid Lakes, snuffs up the Wind, and dies.

III.

Fly to the Polar World, my Song,
 And mourn the Pilgrims there (a wretched Throng)
 Seiz'd and bound in rigid Chains,
 A Troop of Statues on the *Russian* Plains,
 And Life stands frozen in their Purple Veins.
 Atheist forbear ; no more blaspheme ;
 God has a Thousand Terrors in his Name,
 A Thousand Armies at Command,
 Waiting the Signal of his Hand,
 And Magazines of Frost, and Magazines of Flame.
 Dress thee in Steel to meet his Wrath ;
 His sharp Artillery from the North
 Shall pierce thee to the Soul, & shake thy mortal Frame.

Sublime on Winters rugged Wings
 He rides in Arms along the Sky,
 And scatters Fate on Swains and Kings ;
 And Flocks and Herds, and Nations die ;
 While impious Lips profanely bold
 Grow pale ; and quivering at his dreadful Cold
 Give their own Blasphemies the Lie.

IV.

Mischiefs that infest the Earth
 When the hot *Dog-star* fires the Realms on high,
 Drought, Disease, and cruel Dearth,
 Are but the Flashes of a wrathful Eye
 From the incens'd Divinity.
 In vain our parching Palates thirst,
 For vital Food in vain we cry,
 And pant for vital Breath ;
 The verdant Fields are burnt to Dust,
 The Sun has drunk the Channels dry,
 And all the Air is Death :
 Ye Scourges of our Maker's Rod,
 'Tis at his dread Command, at his imperial Nod
 You deal your various Plagues abroad.

V.

Hail, Whirlwinds, Hurricanes, and Floods
 That all the leafy Standards strip,
 And bear down with a mighty Sweep

The

The Riches of the Fields, and Honours of the Woods.

Storms, that ravage o'er the Deep,

And bury Millions in the Waves ;

Earthquakes, that in Midnight-Sleep

Turn Cities into Heaps, and make our Beds our Graves ;

While you dispense your mortal Harms,

'Tis the Creator's Voice that sounds your loud Alarms,

When Guilt with louder Cries provokes a God to Arms.

VI.

O for a Message from above

To bear my Spirits up !

Some Pledge of my Creator's Love

To calm my Terrors, and support my Hope !

Let Waves and Thunders mix and roar,

Be thou my God, and the whole World is mine :

While thou art Sov'reign, I'm secure ;

I shall be rich till thou art poor ;

For all I fear and all I wish, Heav'n, Earth and Hell
(are thine.

Earth and Heaven.

I.

HAST thou not seen, Impatient Boy,
Hast thou not read the solemn Truth

That grey Experience writes for giddy Youth
On every Mortal Joy?

Pleasure must be dash'd with Pain:

And yet with heedless Haste
The thirsty Boy repeats the Taste,
Nor hearkens to Despair, but tries the Bowl again.
The Rills of Pleasure never run sincere;
(Earth has no unpolluted Spring)
From the curs'd Soil some dang'rous Taint they bear;
So Roses grow on Thorns, and Honey wears a Sting.

II.

In vain we seek a Heaven below the Sky;
The World has false but flatt'ring Charms;
Its distant Joys show big in our Esteem,
But lessen still as they draw near the Eye;
In our Embrace the Visions die,
And when we grasp the airy Forms
We lose the pleasing Dream.

III.

Earth with her Scenes of gay Delight
Is but a Landskip rudely drawn
With glaring Colours and false Light;
Distance commends it to the Sight
For Fools to gaze upon;
But bring the nauseous Daubing nigh,
Coarse and confus'd the hideous Figures lie,
Dissolve the Pleasure and offend the Eye.

IV.

IV.

Look up, my Soul, pant tow'rd th' Eternal Hills ;
Those Heav'ns are fairer than they seem ;
There Pleasures all-sincere glide on in Chrystal Rills,
There not a Dregg of Guilt defiles,
Nor Grief disturbs the Stream.
That *Canaan* knows no noxious thing,
No curfed Soil, no tainted Spring,
Nor Roses grow on Thorns, nor Honey wears a Sting.

Felicity Above.

I.

NO, 'tis in vain to seek for Blifs ;
For Blifs can ne'er be found
Till we arrive where *Jefus* is,
And tread on heav'nly Ground.

II.

There's nothing round these painted Skies,
Or round this dusty Clod,
Nothing, my Soul, that's worth thy Joys,
Or lovely as thy God.

III.

'Tis Heav'n on Earth to taste his Love,
To feel his quickning Grace ;

And

And all the Heav'n I hope above
Is but to see his Face.

III.

Why move my Years in slow Delay?
O God of Ages, why?
Let the Spheres cleave and mark my way
To the superiour Sky.

V.

Dear Sov'reign, break these vital Strings
That bind me to my Clay;
Take me, *Uriel*, on thy Wings,
And stretch and soar away.

God's Dominion and Decrees.

I.

Keepe Silence, all created Things,
And wait your Maker's Nod:
The Muse stands trembling while she sings
The Honours of her God.

II.

Life, Death, and Hell, and Worlds unknown
Hang on his firm Decree:
He sits on no precarious Throne,
Nor borrows Leave to Be.

III.

III.

Th'Almighty Voice bid ancient Night
Her endless Realms resign,
And lo, ten thousand Globes of Light
In Fields of Azure shine.

IV.

Now Wisdom with superiour Sway
Guides the vast moving Frame,
Whilst all the Ranks of Being pay
Deep Rev'rence to his Name.

V.

He spake; The Sun obedient stood,
And held the falling Day:
Old *Jordan* backward drives his Flood,
And disappoints the Sea.

VI.

Lord of the Armies of the Sky;
He marshals all the Stars;
Red Comets lift their Banners high,
And wide proclaim his Wars.

VII.

Chain'd to his Throne a Volume lies
With all the Fates of Men,
With every Angel's Form and Size
Drawn by th' eternal Pen.

VIII.

His Providence unfolds the Book,
And makes his Counsels shine :
Each opening Leaf and every Stroke
Fulfil some deep Design.

IX.

Here he exalts neglected Worms
To Scepters and a Crown ;
Anon the following Page he turns,
And treads the Monarchs down.

X.

Not *Gabriel* asks the Reason why,
Nor God the Reason gives,
Nor dares the Favourite-Angel pry
Between the folded Leaves.

XI.

My God, I never long'd to see
My Fate with curious Eyes,
What gloomy Lines are writ for me,
Or what bright Scenes shall rise.

XII.

In thy fair Book of Life and Grace
May I but find my Name
Recorded in some humble Place
Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

Self-Consecration.

I.

IT grieves me Lord, it grieves me fore
 That I have liv'd to thee no more,
 And wasted half my Days;
 My inward Pow'rs should burn and flame
 With Zeal and Passion for thy Name;
 I would not speak but for my God, nor move but to his
 (Praise.

II.

What are my Eyes but Aids to see
 The Glories of the Deity
 Inscrib'd with Beams of Light
 On Flow'rs and Stars? Lord, I behold
 The shining Azure, Green and Gold;
 But when I try to read thy Name, a Dimness veils my
 (Sight.

III.

Mine Ears are rais'd when *Virgil* sings
Sicilian Swains, or *Trojan Kings*,
 And drink the Music in:
 Why should the Trumpets brazen Voice,
 Or oaten Reed awake my Joys,
 And yet my Heart so stupid lie when sacred Hymns be-
 (gin?

IV.

IV.

Change me, O God ; my Flesh shall be
 An Instrument of Song to thee,
 And thou the Notes inspire :
 My Tongue shall keep the heav'nly Chime,
 My chearful Pulse shall beat the Time,
 And sweet variety of Sound shall in thy Praise conspire.

V.

The dearest Nerve about my Heart,
 Should it refuse to bear a Part
 With my melodious Breath,
 I'd tear away the vital Chord
 A bloody Victim to my Lord,
 And live without that impious String, or show my Zeal
 (in Death.

The Creator and Creatures.

I.

GOD is a Name my Soul adores,
 Th'Almighty Three, th' Eternal One ;
 Nature and Grace with all their Pow'rs
 Confess the Infinite unknown.

II.

From thy great Self thy Being springs ;
 Thou art thine own Original,

Made up of uncreated Things,
And Self-sufficiency bears them all.

III.

Thy Voice produc'd the Seas and Spheres,
Bid the Waves roar, and Planets shine ;
But nothing like thy Self appears
Thro' all these spacious Works of thine.

IV.

Still restless Nature dies and grows ;
From Change to Change the Creatures run :
Thy Being no Succession knows,
And all thy vast Designs are one.

V.

A Glance of thine runs thro' the Globes,
Rules the bright Worlds, and moves their Frame :
Broad Sheets of Light compose thy Robes ;
Thy Guards are form'd of living Flame.

VI.

Thrones and Dominions round thee fall
And worship in submissive Forms ;
Thy Presence shakes this lower Ball,
This little Dwelling-Place of Worms.

VII.

How shall affrighted Mortals dare
To sing thy Glory or thy Grace,

Beneath

Beneath thy Feet we lye so far,
And see but Shadows of thy Face?

VIII.

Who can behold the blazing Light?
Who can approach consuming Flame?
None but thy Wisdom knows thy Might;
None but thy Word can speak thy Name.

The Nativity of Christ.

I:

“ **S**hepherds, rejoyce, lift up your Eyes,
“ And send your Fears away;
“ News from the Region of the Skies,
“ Salvation's born to day.

II.

“ *Jesus* the God whom Angels fear
“ Comes down to dwell with you;
“ To day he makes his Entrance here,
“ But not as Monarchs do.

III.

“ No Gold, nor purple swadling Bands,
“ Nor Royal shining things;
“ A Manger for his Cradle stands,
“ And holds the King of Kings.

IV.

IV.

“ Go Shepherds where the Infant lies,
“ And see his humble Throne,
“ With Tears of Joy in all your Eyes,
“ Go Shepherds, kiss the Son.

V.

Thus *Gabriel* sang, and strait around
The heavenly Armies throng,
They tune their Harps to lofty Sound,
And thus conclude the Song.

VI.

“ Glory to God that reigns above,
“ Let Peace surround the Earth;
“ Mortals shall know their Maker's Love
“ At their Redeemer's Birth.

VII.

Lord, and shall Angels have their Songs,
And Men no Tunes to raise?
O may we loose these useless Tongues
When they forget to praise!

VIII.

Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn,
We join to sing our Maker's Love,
For there's a Saviour born.

God Glorious, and Sinners saved.

I.

FATHER, how wide thy Glory shines!
How high thy Wonders rise!
Known thro' the Earth by thousand Signs,
By thousand thro' the Skies.

II.

Those mighty Orbs proclaim thy Power,
Their Motions speak thy Skill;
And on the Wings of every Hour,
We read thy Patience still.

III.

Part of thy Name Divinely stands
On all thy Creatures writ,
They show the Labour of thine Hands,
Or Impress of thy Feet.

IV.

But when we view thy strange Design
To save rebellious Worms,
Where Vengeance and Compassion join
In their divinest Forms;

V.

Our Thoughts are lost in reverend Awe;
We love and we adore;

The first Arch-Angel never saw
So much of God before.

VI.

Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a Creature gasp
Which of the Glories brightest shone,
The Justice or the Grace.

VII.

When Sinners broke the Father's Laws,
The dying Son atones;
Oh the dear Mysteries of his Cross!
The Triumph of his Groans!

VIII.

Now the full Glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly Plains;
Sweet Cherubs learn *Immanuel's* Name,
And try their choicest Strains.

IX.

O may I bear some humble Part
In that Immortal Song;
Wonder and Joy shall tune my Heart,
And Love command my Tongue.

*The humble Enquiry.**A French Sonnet imitated. 1695.**Grand Dieu, tes Jugemens, &c.*

I.

GRace rules below, and sits enthron'd above,
 How few the Sparks of Wrath! how slow they
 (move,
 And drop and dye in boundless Seas of Love!

II.

But me vile Wretch should pitying Love embrace
 Deep in its Ocean, Hell it self would blaze,
 And flash and burn me thro' the boundless Seas.

III.

Yea, Lord, my Guilt to such a Vastness grown
 Seems to confine thy Choice to Wrath alone,
 And calls thy Power to vindicate thy Throne.

IV.

Thine Honour bids, *Avenge thine injur'd Name,*
 Thy slighted Loves a dreadful Glory claim,
 While my moist Tears might but incense thy Flame.

V.

Should Heaven grow black, Almighty Thunder roar,
 And Vengeance blast me, I could plead no more,
 But own thy Justice dying, and adore.

VI.

VI.

Yet can those Bolts of Death that cleave the Flood
To reach a Rebel, pierce this sacred Shroud
Ting'd in the vital Stream of my Redeemer's Blood?

The Penitent pardoned.

I.

Hence from my Soul, my Sins, depart,
Your fatal Friendship now I see,
Long have you dwelt too near my Heart;
Hence to eternal Distance flee.

II.

Ye gave my dying Lord his Wound,
Yet I caress'd your viperous Brood,
And in my Heart-Strings lapp'd you round,
You the vile Murderers of my God.

III.

Black heavy Thoughts like Mountains roll
O'er my poor Breast with boding Fears,
And crushing hard my tortur'd Soul
Wring thro' my Eyes the briny Tears,

IV.

Forgive my Treasons, Prince of Grace,
The bloody *Jews* were Traytors too,
Yet thou hast pray'd for that curs'd Race,
Father they know not what they do.

V.

Great Advocate, Look down, and see
A Wretch whose smarting Sorrows bleed,
O plead the same Excuse for me,
For, Lord, I knew not what I did.

VI.

Peace, my Complaints ; Let every Groan
Be still, and Silence wait his Love ;
Compassions dwell amidst his Throne,
And thro' his inmost Bowels move.

VII.

Lo from the everlasting Skies,
Gently as Morning-Dews distil
The Dove Immortal downward flies,
With peaceful Olive in his Bill.

VIII.

How sweet the Voice of Pardon sounds !
Sweet the Relief to deep Distress !
I feel the Balm that heals my Wounds,
And all my Pow'rs adore the Grace.

An Hymn of Praise for three great Salvations.

V I Z,

1. From the Spanish Invasion, 1588.
2. From the Gun-powder Plot, Nov. 5.
3. From Popery and Slavery by K. WILLIAM
of Glorious Memory, who landed Nov. 5.
1688.

Compos'd Nov. 5,
1695.

I.

INfinite God, thy Counsels stand
Like Mountains of Eternal Brass,
Pillars to prop our sinking Land,
Or Guardian Rocks to break the Seas.

II.

From Pole to Pole thy Name is known,
Thee a whole Heaven of Angels praise,
Our labouring Tongues would reach thy Throne
With the loud Triumphs of thy Grace.

III.

Part of thy Church by thy Command
Stands rais'd upon the *British* Isles;
There, said the Lord, *to Ages stand*
Firm as the everlasting Hills.

IV.

In vain the *Spanish* Ocean roar'd;
Its Billows swell'd against our Shore,

Its Billows sunk beneath thy Word,
With all the Floating War they bore.

V.

*Come, said the Sons of bloody Rome,
Let us provide new Arms from Hell :*
And down they digg'd thro' Earth's dark Womb,
And ranfack'd all the burning Cell.

VI.

Old *Satan* lent them fiery Stores,
Infernal Coal, and sulph'rous Flame,
And all that burns, and all that roars,
Outrageous Fires of dreadful Name.

VII.

Beneath the Senate and the Throne
Engines of Hellish Thunder lay,
There the dark Seeds of Fire were sown
To spring a bright, but dismal Day.

VIII.

Thy Love beheld the black Design,
Thy Love that guards our Island round ;
Strange! how it quench'd the fiery Mine,
And crush'd the Tempest under-Ground.

The Second Part.

I.

Asume my Tongue a nobler Strain,
Sing the new Wonders of the Lord;
The Foes revive their Pow'rs again,
Again they dye beneath his Sword.

II.

Dark as our Thoughts our Minutes roll
While Tyranny possest the Throne,
And Murderers of an *Irish* Soul
Ran threatning Death thro' every Town.

III.

The *Roman* Priest and *British* Prince
Joyn'd their best Force and blackest Charms,
And the fierce Troops of neighbouring *France*
Offer'd the Service of their Arms.

IV.

'Tis done, they cry'd, and laugh'd aloud,
The Courts of Darknes rang with Joy,
Th' old Serpent hiss'd, and Hell grew proud,
While *Zion* mourn'd her Ruin nigh.

V.

But lo, the great Deliverer sayls
Commission'd from *Jehovah's* Hand,

And

And smiling Seas and wishing Gales
Convey him to the longing Land.

VI.

The happy Day and happy Year }
Both in our new Salvation meet : } Nov. 5th, 1688.

The Day that quench'd the burning Snare, Nov. 5.
The Year that burnt th' invading Fleet. 1588.

VII.

Now did thine Arm, O God of Hosts,
Now did thine Arm shine dazzling bright,
The Sons of Might their Hands had lost,
And Men of Blood forgot to fight.

VIII.

Brigades of Angels lin'd the way,
And guarded *William* to his Throne ;
There, ye celestial Warriors, stay,
And make his Palace like your own.

IX.

Then, mighty God, the Earth shall know
And learn the Worship of the Sky :
Angels and *Britons* joy'n below
To raise their *Hallelujah's* high.

X.

All *Hallelujah*, Heavenly King ;
While distant Lands thy Victory sing,
And Tongues their utmost Powers employ,
The World's bright Roof repeats the Joy.

The Incomprehensible.

I.

FAR in the Heav'ns my God retires,
 My God, the Mark of my Desires,
 And hides his lovely Face ;
 When he descends within my View
 He charms my Reason to pursue,
 But leaves it tir'd and fainting in th' unequal Chase.

II.

Or if I reach unusual Height
 Till near his Presence brought,
 There Floods of Glory check my Flight,
 Cramp the bold Pinions of my Wit,
 And all untune my Thought ;
 Plung'd in a Sea of Light I roll,
 Where *Wisdom, Justice, Mercy* shines ;
 Infinite Rays in crossing Lines
 Beat thick Confusion on my Sight, and overwhelm my

(Soul.

III.

Come to my Aid, ye Fellow-minds,
 And help me reach the Throne ;
 (What single Strength in vain Designs
 United Force hath done ;
 Thus Worms may joyn, and grasp the Poles,

Thus

Thus Atoms fill the Sea)

But the whole Race of Creature-Souls
Stretch'd to their last Extent of Thought, plunge and
(are lost in Thee.

IV.

Great God, behold my Reason lies
Adoring ; yet my Love would rise
On Pinions not her own :
Faith shall direct her humble Flight
Thro' all the trackless Seas of Light
To Thee th' Eternal Fair, the Infinite Unknown.

Death and Eternity.

I.

MY Thoughts, that often mount the Skies,
Go search the World beneath,
Where Nature all in Ruin lies,
And owns her Sovereign, Death.

II.

The Tyrant, how he triumphs here,
His Trophies spread around !
And Heaps of Dust and Bones appear
Thro' all the hollow Ground.

III.

These Skulls what ghastly Figures now !
How loathsome to the Eyes !

These

These are the Heads we lately knew
So beauteous and so wise.

IV.

But where the Souls, those deathless things,
That left this dying Clay ?
My Thoughts, now stretch out all your Wings,
And trace Eternity.

V.

O that unfathomable Deep!
That Sea without a Shore !
Where living Waters gently creep,
Or fiery Billows roar.

VI.

Thus must we leave the Banks of Life
And try this doubtful Sea ;
Vain are our Groans and dying Strife
To gain a Moments Stay.

VII.

There we shall swim in heav'nly Bliss,
Or sink in flaming Waves,
While the pale Carcass thoughtless lies,
Amongst the silent Graves.

VIII.

Some hearty Friend shall drop his Tear
On our dry Bones, and say,
“ These once were strong as mine appear,
“ And mine must be as they.

IX.

Thus shall our mouldring Members teach
What now our Senses learn :
For Dust and Ashes loudest preach
The Infinite Concern.

A Sight of Heaven in Sickness.

I.

Oft have I sat in secret Sighs,
To feel my Flesh decay,
Then groan'd aloud with frighted Eyes,
To view the tott'ring Clay.

II.

But I forbid my Sorrows now,
Nor dares the Flesh complain ;
Diseases bring their Profit too ;
The Joy o'ercomes the Pain.

III.

My chearful Soul now all the Day
Sits waiting here and sings ;
Looks thro' the Ruins of her Clay,
And practises her Wings.

IV.

Faith almost changes into Sight,
While from afar she spies

Her

Her fair Inheritance in Light
Above created Skies.

V.

Had but the Prison-Walls been strong,
And firm without a Flaw,
In Darknefs she had dwelt too long,
And less of Glory saw.

VI.

But now the everlasting Hills
Thro' every Chink appear,
And something of the Joy she feels
While she's a Pris'ner here.

VII.

The Shines of Heaven rush sweetly in
At all the gaping Flaws ;
Visions of endless Blifs are seen ;
And native Air she draws.

VIII.

O may these Walls stand tott'ring still,
The Breaches never close,
If I must here in Darknefs dwell,
And all this Glory lose.

IX.

Or rather let this Flesh decay,
The Ruins wider grow,
Till glad to see th' enlarged way
I stretch my Pinions thro'.

The Universal Hallelujah.

Psalm 148, Paraphras'd.

I.

Praise ye the Lord with joyful Tongue,
 Ye Pow'rs that guard his Throne ;
Jesus the Man shall lead the Song,
 The God inspire the Tune.

II.

Gabriel and all th' immortal Choir
 That fill the Realms above,
 Sing, for he form'd you of his Fire,
 And feeds you with his Love:

III.

Shine to his Praise ye Chrystal Skies,
 The Floor of his Abode,
 Or vail your little twinkling Eyes
 Before a brighter God.

IV.

Thou restless Globe of Golden Light
 Whose Beams create our Days,
 Join with the Silver Queen of Night
 To own your borrowed Rays.

V.

Blush and refund the Honours paid
 To your inferiour Names ;

Tell

Tell the blind World, your Orbs are fed
By his o'erflowing Flames.

VI.

Winds, ye shall bear his Name aloud
Thro' the Ethereal Blue,
For when his Chariot is a Cloud
He makes his Wheels of you.

VII.

Thunder and Hail, and Fires and Storms,
The Troops of his Command,
Appear in all your dreadful Forms,
And speak his awful Hand.

VIII.

Shout to the Lord, ye surging Seas,
In your eternal Roar;
Let Wave to Wave resound his Praise,
And Shore reply to Shore:

IX.

While Monsters sporting on the Flood
In scaly Silver shine,
Speak terribly their Maker-God,
And lash the foaming Brine.

X.

But gentler things shall tune his Name
To softer Notes than these,

Young Zephyrs breathing o'er the Stream,
Or whispering thro' the Trees.

XI.

Wave your tall Heads, ye lofty Pines,
To him that bid you grow,
Sweet Clusters, bend the fruitful Vines
On every thankful Bough.

XII.

Let the shrill Birds his Honour raise,
And climb the Morning-Sky :
While groveling Beasts attempt his Praise
In hoarser Harmony.

XIII.

Thus while the meaner Creatures sing
Ye Mortals take the Sound,
Eccho the Glories of your King
Thro' all the Nations round.

XIV.

Th' Eternal Name must fly abroad
From *Britain* to *Japan* ;
And the whole Race shall bow to God
That owns the Name of Man.

The Atheist's Mistake.

I.

L Augh, ye Profane, and swell and burst
With bold Impiety :
Yet shall ye live for ever curst,
And seek in vain to die.

II.

Thè Gasp of your expiring Breath
Consigns your Souls to Chains,
By the last Agonies of Death
Sent down to fiercer Pains.

III.

Ye stand upon a dreadful Steep,
And all beneath is Hell ;
Your weighty Guilt will sink you deep
Where the old Serpent fell.

IV.

When Iron Slumbers bind your Flesh,
With strange Surprize you'll find
Immortal Vigour spring afresh,
And Tortures wake the Mind !

V.

Then you'll confess the frightful Names
Of Plagues you scorn'd before

No more shall look like idle Dreams,
Like foolish Tales no more.

VI.

Then shall ye curse that fatal Day
(With Flames upon your Tongues)
When you exchang'd your Souls away
For Vanity and Songs.

VII.

Behold the Saints rejoice to die,
For Heav'n shines round their Heads;
And Angel-Guards prepar'd to fly
Attend their fainting Beds.

VIII.

Their longing Spirits part, and rise
To their Celestial Seat;
Above these ruinable Skies
They make their last Retreat.

IX.

Hence, ye Profane, I hate your Ways,
I walk with Pious Souls;
There's a wide Difference in our Race,
And distant are our Goals.

The Law given at Sinai.

I.

ARm thee with Thunder, heavenly Muse,
 And keep th' expecting World in Awe ;
 Oft hast thou sung in gentler Mood-
 The melting Mercies of thy God ;
 Now give thy fiercest Fires a Loose,
 And sound his dreadful Law.

To *Israel* first the Words were spoke,
 To *Israel* freed from *Egypt*'s Yoke :

Inhumane Bondage ! The hard galling Load
 Overprest their feeble Souls,
 Bent their Knees to senseless Bulls,
 And broke their Ties to God.

II.

Now had they pass'd the *Arabian* Bay,
 And march'd between the cleaving Sea ;
 Therising Waves stood Guardians of their wondrous
 But fell with most impetuous Force (way

On the pursuing Swarms,
 And bury'd *Egypt* all in Arms,
 Blending in watry Death the Rider and the Horse :
 O'er struggling *Pharaoh* roll'd the mighty Tide,
 And sav'd the Labours of a Pyramid.

Apis and *Ore* in vain he cries,
 And all his horned Gods beside,
 He swallows Fate with swimming Eyes,
 And curs'd the *Hebrews* as he dy'd.

III.

Ah ! foolish *Israel* to comply
 With *Memphian* Idolatry !
 And bow to Brutes, (a stupid Slave)
 To Idols impotent to save !
 Behold thy God, the Sovereign of the Sky,
 Has wrought Salvation in the Deep,
 Has bound thy Foes in iron Sleep,
 And rais'd thine Honours high ;
 His Grace forgives thy Follies past,
 Behold he comes in Majesty,
 And *Sinai's* Top proclaims his Law :
 Prepare to meet thy God in haste ;
 But keep an awful Distance still :
 Let *Moses* round the sacred Hill
 The Circling Limits draw.

IV.

Hark, the shrill Echoes of the Trumpet roar,
 And call the trembling Armies near ;
 Slow and unwilling they appear,
 Rails kept them from the Mount before,
 Now from the Rails their Fear :

'Twas the same Herald, and the Trump the same
 Which shall be blown by high Command,
 Shall bid the Wheels of Nature stand,
 And Heav'ns eternal Will proclaim
 That *Time shall be no more.*

V.

Thus while the labouring Angel swell'd the Sound,
 And rent the Skies, and shook the Ground,
 Up rose th' Almighty; round his Sapphire Seat
 Adoring Thrones in Order fell;
 The lesser Powers at distance dwell,
 And cast their Glories down successive at his Feet:
Gabriel the great prepares his Way,
Lift up your Heads, Eternal Doors, he cries,
 Th' Eternal Doors his Word obey,
 Open and shoot Celestial Day
 Upon the lower Skies.
 Heav'ns mighty Pillars bow'd their Head
 As their Creator bid,
 And down *Jehovah* rode from the superiour Sphere,
 A thousand Guards before, and Myriads in the Rear.

VI.

His Chariot was a pitchy Cloud,
 The Wheels beset with burning Gems;
 The Winds in Harness with the Flames
 Flew o'er th' Ethereal Road;

Down thro' his Magazines he past
 Of Hail and Ice and fleecy Snow,
 Swift roll'd the Triumph, and as fast
 Did Hail and Ice in melted Rivers flow.
 The Day was mingled with the Night,
 His Feet on solid Darknes trod,
 His radiant Eyes proclaim'd the God,
 And scatter'd dreadful Light;
 He breath'd, and Sulphur ran, a fiery Stream:
 He spoke, and (tho with unknown Speed he came)
 Chid the slow Tempest and the lagging Flame.

VII.

Sinai receiv'd his glorious Flight,
 With Axle red, and glowing Wheel
 Did the winged Chariot light,
 And rising Smoke obscur'd the burning Hill.
 Lo it mounts in curling Waves,
 Lo the gloomy Pride out-braves
 The stately Pyramids of Fire,
 The Pyramids to Heav'n aspire
 And mix with Stars, but see their gloomy Offspring
 So have you seen ungrateful Ivy grow (higher;
 Round the tall Oak that six score Years has stood,
 And proudly shoot a Leaf or two
 Above its kind Supporters upmost Bough,
 And glory there to stand the loftiest of the Wood.

VIII.

VIII.

Forbear, young Muse, forbear :
The flowry things that Poets say,
The little Arts of *Simile*
Are vain and uselefs here ;
Nor shall the burning Hills of old
With *Sinai* be compar'd,
Nor all that lying *Greece* has told,
Or learned *Rome* has heard ;
Etna shall be nam'd no more,
Etna, the Torch of *Sicily* ;
Not half so high
Her Lightnings fly,
Not half so loud her Thunders roar
'Cross the *Sicanian* Sea to fright th' *Italian* Shore ;
Behold the sacred Hill : Its trembling Spire
Quakes at the Terrors of the Fire,
While all below its verdant Feet
Stagger and reel under th' Almighty Weight :
Press'd with a greater than feign'd *Atlas* Load
Deep groan'd the Mount ; it never bore
Infinity before,
It bow'd and shook beneath the Burden of a God.

IX.

Fresh Horrors seize the Camp, Despair
And dying Groans torment the Air,
And Shrieks and Swoons, and Deaths were there ;
The

The bellowing Thunder and the Lightnings Blaze
 Spred thro' the Host a wild Amaze ;

Darkness on every Soul, and pale was every Face :

Confus'd and dismal were the Cries,

Let Moses speak or Israël dies :

Moses the spreading Terror feels,

No more the Man of God conceals

His shivering and Surprize :

Yet with recovering Mind commands

Silence and deep Attention thro' the *Hebrew* Bands.

X.

Hark ! from the Center of the Flame

All arm'd and feather'd with the same

Majestick Sounds break thro' the smoaky Cloud ;

Sent from the All-creating Tongue,

A Flight of Cherubs guard the Words along,

And bear the fiery Law to the retreating Crowd.

XI.

“ I am the Lord : 'tis I proclaim

“ That glorious and that fearful Name,

“ Thy God and King ; 'twas I that broke

“ Thy Bondage and th' *Egyptian* Yoke ;

“ Mine is the Right to speak my Will,

“ And thine the Duty to fulfill.

“ Adore no God beside me to provoke mine Eyes ;

“ Nor worship me in Shapes & Forms that Men devise ;

“ With

- (Jest ;
“ With Reverence use my Name, nor turn my Words to
“ Observe my Sabbath well, nor dare profane my Rest ;
“ Honour and due Obedience to thy Parents give ;
“ Nor spill the guiltless Blood, nor let the Guilty live :
“ Preserve thy Body chaste, and flee th’ unlawful Bed ;
(Bread ;
“ Nor steal thy Neighbour’s Gold, his Garment or his
“ Forbear to blast his Name with Falshood or Deceit ;
“ Nor let thy Wishes loose upon his large Estate.
-

Remember your Creator, &c. Eccles. 12.

I.

CHildren, to your Creator God
Your early Honours pay,
While Vanity and youthful Blood
Would tempt your Thoughts astray.

II.

The Memory of his mighty Name
Demands your first Regard ;
Nor dare indulge a meaner Flame
Till you have lov’d the Lord.

III.

Be wise, and make his Favour sure
Before the mournful Days
When Youth and Mirth are known no more,
And Life and Strength decays.

IV.

IV.

No more the Blessings of a Feast
Shall relish on the Tongue,
The heavy Ear forgets the Taste
And Pleasure of a Song.

V.

Old Age with all her dismal Train
Invades your Golden Years
With Sighs, and Groans, and raging Pain,
And Death that never spares.

VI.

What will you do when Light departs,
And leaves your withering Eyes,
Without one Beam to chear your Hearts
From the superiour Skies?

VII.

How will you meet God's frowning Brow,
Or stand before his Seat,
While Natures old Supporters bow,
Nor bear their tott'ring Weight?

VIII.

Can you expect your feeble Arms
Shall make a strong Defence
When Death with terrible Alarms
Summons the Pris'ner hence?

IX.

IX.

The Silver Bands of Nature burst,
And let the Building fall;
The Flesh goes down to mix with Dust,
Its vile Original.

X.

Laden with Guilt, (a heavy Load)
Uncleans'd and unforgiv'n,
The Soul returns t' an angry God,
To be shut out from Heav'n.

Sun, Moon and Stars, praise ye the Lord.

I.

FAirest of all the Lights above
Thou Sun, whose Beams adorn the Spheres,
And with unweary'd Swiftneſs move
To form the Circles of our Years;

II.

Praise the Creator of the Skies,
That dress'd thine Orb in Golden Rays;
Or may the Sun forget to rise
If he forget his Maker's Praise.

III.

Thou reigning Beauty of the Night,
Fair Queen of Silence, Silver Moon,

Whose

Whose gentle Beams and borrow'd Light
Are softer Rivals of the Noon ;

IV.

Arise, and to that Sov'reign Pow'r
Waxing and waning Honours pay,
Who bid thee rule the dusky Hours
And half supply the absent Day.

V.

Ye twinkling Stars who gild the Skies
When Darknefs has its Curtains drawn,
Who keep your Watch with wakeful Eyes,
When Business, Cares and Day are gone ;

VI.

Proclaim the Glories of your Lord
Disperst thro' all the heav'nly Street,
Whose boundless Treasures can afford
So rich a Pavement for his Feet.

VII.

Thou Heav'n of Heav'ns supremely bright,
Fair Palace of the Court Divine,
Where with inimitable Light
The Godhead condescends to shine ;

VIII.

Praise thou thy great Inhabitant
Who scatters lovely Beams of Grace
On every Angel, every Saint,
Nor veils the Lustre of his Face.

IX.

O God of Glory, God of Love,
Thou art the Sun that makes our Days :
With all thy shining Works above
Let Earth and Dust attempt thy Praise.

The Welcome Messenger.

I.

LOrd, when we see a Saint of thine
Lie gasping out his Breath,
With longing Eyes, and Looks Divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in Death ;

II.

How we could e'en contend to lay
Our Limbs upon that Bed,
We ask thine Envoy to convey
Our Spirits in his stead.

III.

Our Souls are rising on the Wing
To venture in his Place ;
For when grim Death has lost his Sting,
He has an Angel's Face.

IV.

*J*esus, then purge my Crimes away,
'Tis Guilt creates my Fears,

'Tis

'Tis Guilt gives Death its fierce Array,

And all the Arms it bears.

V.

Oh, if my threatenng Sins were gone,

And Death had lost his Sting,

I could invite the Angel on,

And chide his lazy Wing.

VI.

Away these interposing Days,

And let the Lovers meet ;

The Angel has a cold Embrace,

But kind, and soft, and sweet.

VII.

I'd leap at once my Seventy Years,

I'd rush into his Arms,

And lose my Breath, and all my Cares

Amidst those heavenly Charms.

VIII.

Joyful I'd lay this Body down,

And leave the lifeless Clay

Without a Sigh, without a Groan,

And stretch and soar away.

Sincere

Sincere Praise.

I.

Almighty Maker God !
How wondrous is thy Name !
Thy Glories how diffus'd abroad
Thro' the Creations Frame !

II.

Nature in every Dress
Her humble Homage pays,
And finds a Thousand Ways t' express
Thine undissembled Praise.

III.

In native White and Red
The Rose and Lilly stand,
And free from Pride their Beauties spread
To show thy skilful Hand.

IV.

The Lark mounts up the Skie
With unambitious Song,
And bears her Maker's Praise on high
Upon her artless Tongue.

V.

My Soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too,

Fain would my Tongue adore my King,
And pay the Worship due.

VI.

But Pride that busy Sin
Spoils all that I perform,
Curs'd Pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty Worm.

VII.

Thy Glories I abate,
Or praise thee with Design;
Some of thy Favors I forget,
Or think the Merit mine.

VIII.

The very Songs I frame
Are faithless to thy Cause,
And steal the Honours of thy Name
To build their own Applause.

IX.

Create my Soul anew,
Else all my Worship's vain;
This wretched Heart will ne'er be true
Until 'tis form'd again.

X.

Descend Celestial Fire,
And seize me from above,
Melt me in Flames of pure Desire
A Sacrifice to Love.

XI.

Let Joy and Worship spend
The Remnant of my Days,
And to my God my Soul ascend
In sweet Perfumes of Praise.

True Learning.

Partly imitated from a French Sonnet of
Mr. *Poiret*.

I.

HAppy the Feet that shining TRUTH has led
With her own Hand to tread the Path she please,
To see her native Lustre round her spread
Without a Vail, without a Shade,
All Beauty and all Light as in her self she is.

II.

Our Senses cheat us with the pressing Crouds
Of painted Shapes they thrust upon the Mind:
The Truth they show lies wrapt in sev'nfold Shrowds;
Our Senses cast a Thousand Clouds
On unenlightned Souls, and leave them doubly blind.

III.

I hate the Dust that fierce Disputers raise,
And lose the Mind in a wild Maze of Thought:
What empty Triflings, and what subtil Ways

To fence and guard by Rule and Rote!
 Our God will never charge us that we knew them Not.

IV.

Touch, Heavenly WORD, O touch these curious Souls;
 Since I have heard but one soft Hint from Thee,
 From all the vain Opinions of the Schools
 (That Pageantry of knowing Fools)
 I feel my Powers releast, and stand divinely free.

V.

'Twas this Almighty WORD that all things made,
 He grasps whole Nature in his single Hand;
 All the Eternal Truths in him are laid,
 The Ground of all Things and their Head,
 The Circle where they move & Centre where they stand.

VI.

Without his Aid I have no sure Defence
 From Troops of Errors that besiege me round;
 But he that rests his Reason and his Sense
 Fast here, and never wanders hence,
 Unmoveable he dwells upon unshaken Ground.

VII.

Infinite TRUTH, the Life of my Desires,
 Come from the Sky, and joyn thy self to me;
 I'm tir'd with Hearing, and this Reading tires,
 But never tir'd of telling Thee
 'Tis thy fair Face alone my Spirit burns to see.

VIII.

VIII.

Speak to my Soul alone, no other Hand
Shall mark my Path out with delusive Art :
All Nature silent in his Presence stand,
Creatures, be dumb at his Command,
And leave his single Voice to whisper to my Heart.

IX.

Retire, my Soul, within thy self retire,
Away from Sense and every outward Show :
Now let my Thoughts to loftier Themes aspire,
My Knowledge now on Wheels of Fire
May mount, and spread above surveying all below.

X.

The Lord grows lavish of his heav'nly Light,
And pours whole Floods on such a Mind as this :
Fled from the Eyes she gains a piercing Sight,
She dives into the Infinite,
And sees unutterable Things in that unknown Abyss.

True Wisdom.

I.

PRonounce him blest, my Muse, whom *WISDOM*
In her own Path to her own heavenly Seat ;
Thro' all the Storms his Soul securely glides,

Nor can the Tempests nor the Tydes
That rise and roar around supplant his steady Feet.

II.

Earth, you may let your golden Arrows fly,
And seek in vain a Passage to his Breast,
Spread all your painted Toys to court his Eye,
He smiles, and sees them vainly try
To lure his Soul aside from her Eternal Rest.

III.

Our head-strong Lusts, like a young fiery Horse,
Start and flee raging in a violent Course,
He tames and breaks them, manages and rides 'em,
Checks their Career, and turns and guides 'em,
And bids his Reason bridle their licentious Force.

IV.

Lord of himself he rules his wildest Thoughts,
And boldly acts what calmly he design'd,
Whilst he looks down and pities humane Faults;
Nor can he think nor can he find
A Plague like reigning Passions, and a subject Mind.

V.

But oh! 'tis mighty Toyl to reach this Height,
To vanquish Self is a laborious Art;
What manly Courage to maintain the Fight,
To bear the noble Pain, and part
With those dear charming Tempters rooted in the
Heart!)

VI.

VI.

'Tis hard to stand when all the Passions move,
 Hard to hold ope the Eye that Passion blinds,
 To rend and tear out this unhappy Love
 That clings so close about our Minds,
 And where th' enchanted Soul so sweet a Poison finds.

VII.

Hard ; but it may be done. Come heavenly Fire,
 Come to my Breast, and with one powerful Ray
 Melt off my Lusts, my Fetters : I can bear
 A while to be a Tenant here,
 But not be chain'd and prison'd in a Cage of Clay.

VIII.

Heav'n is my Home, and I must use my Wings :
 Sublime above the Globe my Flight aspires :
 I have a Soul was made to pity Kings,
 And all their little glitt'ring Things ;
 I have a Soul was made for Infinite Desires.

IX.

Loos'd from the Earth my Heart is upward flown ;
 Farewell my Friends, and all that once was mine ;
 Now should you fix my Feet on *Cæsar's* Throne,
 Crown me, and call the World my own,
 The Gold that binds my Brows could ne'er my Soul
 (confine.

X.

I am the Lords, and *Jesus* is my Love ;
 He, the dear God, shall fill my vast Desire.
 My Flesh below ; yet I can dwell above,
 And nearer to my Saviour move ;
 There all my Soul shall centre, all my Pow'rs conspire.

XI.

Thus I with Angels live ; thus half-divine
 I sit on high, nor mind inferiour Joys :
 Fill'd with his Love I feel that God is mine,
 His Glory is my great Design,
 That everlasting Project all my Thoughts employs.

A Song to Creating Wisdom.

PART I.

I.

ETernal Wisdom, thee we praise,
 Thee the Creation sings ;
 With thy loud Name Rocks, Hills, and Seas,
 And th' Heavenly Palace rings.

II.

Place me on the bright Wings of Day
 To travel with the Sun ;
 With what Amaze shall I survey
 The Wonders thou hast done ?

III.

Thy Hand how wide it spread the Sky!

How glorious to behold!

Ting'd with a Blue of heavenly Dye,

And starr'd with sparkling Gold.

IV.

There thou hast bid the Globes of Light

Their endless Circles run;

There the pale Planet rules the Night,

And Day obeys the Sun:

V.

PART II.

Downward I turn my wond'ring Eyes

On Clouds and Storms below,

Those Under-Regions of the Skies

Thy num'rous Glories show.

VI.

The noisy Winds stand ready there

Thy Orders to obey,

With sounding Wings they sweep the Air

To make thy Chariot Way.

VII.

There like a Trumpet loud and strong

Thy Thunder shakes our Coast;

While the red Lightnings wave along

The Banners of thine Host.

VIII.

VIII.

On the thin Air without a Prop
Hang fruitful Show'rs around,
At thy Command they sink, and drop
Their Fatness on the Ground.

PART III. IX.

Now to the Earth I bend my Song,
And cast mine Eyes abroad,
Glancing the *British* Plains along
Sing the Creating God.

X.

How did his wond'rous Skill array
The Fields in charming Green;
A thousand Herbs his Art display,
A thousand Flowers between.

XI.

Tall Oaks for future Navies grow,
Fair *Albion's* best Defence,
While Corn and Vines rejoice below,
Those Luxuries of Sense.

XII.

The bleating Flocks his Pasture fills,
And Herds of larger Size
That bellow loud on *Lindian* Hills,
His bounteous Hand supplies.

XIII.

XIII.

PART IV.

We see the *Thames* caress the Shores,
We hear the angry Flood;
The angry *Severn* swells and roars,
And lifts our Thoughts to God.

XIV.

The rolling Mountains of the Deep
Observe his strong Command;
His Breath can raise the Billows steep,
Or sink them to the Sand.

XV.

Amidst thy watry Kingdoms, Lord,
The finny Nations play,
And scaly Monsters at thy Word
Rush thro' the Northern Sea.

XVI.

PART V.

Thy Glories blaze all Nature round,
And strike the gazing Sight
Thro' Skies and Seas and solid Ground
With Terror and Delight.

XVII.

Infinite Strength and equal Skill
Shine thro' the Worlds abroad,
Our Souls with vast Amazement fill,
And speak the Builder God.

XVIII.

XVIII.

But the sweet Beauties of thy Grace

Our softer Passions move ;

Pity Divine in *Jesus* Face

We see, adore and love.

God's Absolute Dominion.

I.

LOrd, when my thoughtful Soul surveys
Fire, Air and Earth, and Stars and Seas,

I call them all thy Slaves ;

Commiffion'd by my Father's Will

Poyfons fhall cure, or Balms fhall kill ;

Vernal Suns or *Zephyrs* Breath

May burn or blaft the Plants to Death

That fharp *December* faves.

What can Winds or Planets boast

But a precarious Pow'r ?

The Sun is all in Darknefs loft,

Frost fhall be Fire, and Fire be Frost

When he appoints the Hour.

II.

Lo, the *Norwegians* near the Polar Sky
Chafe their frozen Limbs with Snow,
Their frozen Limbs awake and glow,
The vital Flame touch'd with a strange Supply
Rekindles, for the God of Life is nigh;
He bids the vital Flood in wonted Circles flow.

Cold Steel expos'd to Northern Air,
Drinks the Meridian Fury of the Midnight *Bear*,
And burns th' unwary Stranger there.

III.

Enquire, my Soul, of antient Fame,
Look back two thousand Years, and see
Th' *Affyrian* Prince transform'd a Brute
For boasting to be absolute :
Once to his Court the God of *Israel* came,
A King more Absolute than he :
I see the Furnace blaze with Rage
Sevenfold : I see amidst the Flame
Three *Hebrews* of Immortal Name ;
They move, they walk across the burning Stage
Unhurt and fearless, while the Tyrant stood
A Statue ; Fear congeal'd his Blood :
Nor did the raging Element dare
Attempt their Garments or their Hair,
It knew the Lord of Nature there.

Nature compell'd by a superiour Cause

Now breaks her own eternal Laws,

Now seems to break them; and obeys

Her sov'reign King in different Ways.

Father, how bright thy Glories shine !

How broad thy Kingdom, how divine !

Nature and Miracle and Fate and Chance are thine.

IV.

Hence from my Heart, ye Idols, flee,

Ye sounding Names of Vanity !

No more my Lips shall sacrifice

To Chance and Nature, Tales and Lies :

Creatures without a God can yield me no Supplies.

What is the Sun, or what the Shade,

Or Frosts or Flames to kill or save ?

His Favour is my Life, his Lips pronounce me dead

And as his awful Dictates bid,

Earth is my Mother, or my Grave.

Condescending Grace.

In Imitation of the 114th Psalm.

I.

When the Eternal bows the Skies
To visit Earthly Things,
With Scorn divine he turns his Eyes
From Towers of haughty Kings ;

II.

Rides on a Cloud disdainful by
A *Sultan* or a *Czar*,
Laughs at the Worms that rise so high,
Or frowns 'em from afar ;

III.

He bids his awful Chariot roll
Far downward from the Skies
To visit every humble Soul
With Pleasure in his Eyes.

IV.

Why should the Lord that reigns above
Disdain so lofty Kings ?
Say, Lord, and why such Looks of Love
Upon such worthless things ?

V.

Mortals, be dumb ; what Creature dares
Dispute his awful Will ?

Ask

Ask no Account of his Affairs,
But tremble and be still.

VI.

Just like his Nature is his Grace,
All Sovereign and all free ;
Great God, how searchless are thy Ways?
How deep thy Judgments be ?

The Infinite.

I.

Some Seraph, lend your heavenly Tongue,
Or Harp of Golden String,
That I may raise a lofty Song
To our Eternal King.

II.

Thy Names, how infinite they be !
Great Everlasting One !
Boundless thy Might and Majesty;
And unconfin'd thy Throne.

III.

Thy Glories shine of wondrous Size,
And wondrous large thy Grace ;
Immortal Day breaks from thine Eyes,
And *Gabriel* veils his Face.

IV.

IV.

Thine Effence is a vast Abyfs,
Which Angels cannot found,
An Ocean of Infinities
Where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

V.

The Myfteries of Creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd Minds,
Thoughts can afcend above the Sky,
And fly before the Winds.

VI.

Reason may grasp the maffy Hills,
And ftretch from Pole to Pole,
But half thy Name our Spirit fills,
And overloads our Soul.

VII.

In vain our haughty Reason fwells,
For nothing's found in Thee
But boundlefs Unconceivables,
And vaft Eternity.

Confession and Pardon.

I.

Alas my aking Heart !
Here the keen Torment lies ;
It racks my waking Hours with Smart,
And frights my slumbring Eyes.

II.

Guilt will be hid no more,
My Griefs take vent apace,
The Crimes that blot my Conscience o'er
Flush Crimfon in my Face.

III.

My Sorrows like a Flood
Impatient of Restraint
Into thy Bosom, O my God,
Pour out a long Complaint.

IV.

This impious Heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could rush with Violence on to Sin
In Presence of thy Sword.

V.

How often have I stood
A Rebel to the Skies,

The Calls, the Tenders of a God,
And Mercies loudest Cries !

VI.

He offers all his Grace,
And all his Heaven to me ;
Offers ! But 'tis to senseless Brass
That can nor feel nor see.

VII.

Jesus the Saviour stands
To court me from above,
And looks and spreads his wounded Hands,
And shows the Prints of Love.

VIII.

But I, a stupid Fool,
How long have I withstood
The Blessings' purchas'd with his Soul,
And paid for all in Blood?

IX.

The heav'nly Dove came down
And tender'd me his Wings
To mount me upward to a Crown
And bright immortal things.

X.

Lord, I'm ashamed to say
That I refus'd thy Dove,

And sent thy Spirit griev'd away
To his own Realms of Love.

XI.

Not all thine heav'nly Charms,
Nor Terrors of thy Hand,
Could force me to lay down my Arms,
And bow to thy Command.

XII.

Lord, 'tis against thy Face
My Sins like Arrows rise,
And yet, and yet (O matchless Grace)
Thy Thunder silent lies.

XIII.

O shall I never feel
The Meltings of thy Love?
Am I of such Hell-harden'd Steel
That Mercy cannot move?

XIV.

Now for one powerful Glance
Dear Saviour, from thy Face!
This Rebel-Heart no more withstands,
But sinks beneath thy Grace.

XV.

O'ercome by dying Love I fall,
Here at thy Cross I lie ;

And throw my Flesh, my Soul, my All,
And weep, and love, and die.

XVI.

“ Rise, says the Prince of Mercy, rise,
With Joy and Pity in his Eyes :
“ Rise and behold my wounded Veins,
“ Here flows the Blood to wash thy Stains.

XVII.

“ See my great Father reconcil’d:
He said, and lo the Father smil’d;
The joyful Cherubs clapt their Wings,
And sounded Grace on all their Strings.

*Young Men and Maidens, Old Men and Babes,
praise ye the Lord, Psal. 148. 12.*

I.

SONS of *Adam*, bold and young,
In the wild Mazes of whose Veins
A Flood of fiery Vigour reigns
And wields your active Limbs with hardy Sinews
Fall prostrate at th’ Eternal Throne
Whence your precarious Pow’rs depend ;
Nor swell as if your Lives were all your own,
But choose your Maker for your Friend ;

His Favour is your Life, his Arm is your Support,
 His Hand can stretch your Days, or cut your Minutes
 (short.

II.

Virgins, who roll your artful Eyes,
 And shoot delicious Danger thence ;
 Swift the lovely Lightning flies,
 And melts our Reason down to Sense ;
 Boast not of those withering Charms
 That must yield their youthful Grace
 To Age and Wrinkles, Earth and Worms ;
 But love the Author of your smiling Face ;
 That heavenly Bridegroom claims your blooming
 (Hours :
 O make it your perpetual Care
 To please that everlasting Fair ;
 His Beauties are the Sun, and but the Shade is yours.

III.

Infants, whose different Destinies
 Are wove with Threads of different Size ;
 But from the same Spring-tide of Tears
 Commence your Hopes and Joys and Fears,
 (A tedious Train) and date your following Years :
 Break your first Silence in his Praise
 Who wrought your wondrous Frame :
 With Sounds of tenderest Accent raise
 Young Honours to his Name ;

And

And consecrate your early Days
To know the Pow'r supreme.

IV.

Ye Heads of venerable Age
Just marching off the mortal Stage,
Fathers, whose vital Threads are spun
As long as e'er the Glass of Life would run,
Adore the Hand that led your way
Through flow'ry Fields a fair long Summers Day:
Gasp our your Soul in Praises to the Sovereign Pow'r
That set your West so distant from your dawning Hour.

*Flying Fowl and Creeping things, praise ye
the Lord, Psal. 148. 10.*

I.

Sweet Flocks, whose soft enamell'd Wing
Swift and gently cleaves the Sky;
Whose charming Notes address the Spring
With an artless Harmony.
Lovely Minstrels of the Field
Who in leafy Shadows sit,
And your wondrous Structures build,
Awake your tuneful Voices with the dawning Light,
To Nature's God your first Devotions pay

E'er you salute the rising Day,
'Tis he calls up the Sun, and gives him every Ray.

II.

Serpents, who o'er the Meadows slide,
And wear upon your shining Back
Num'rous Ranks of gaudy Pride,
Which thousand mingling Colours make ;
Let the Glancings of your Eyes
Rebate their baleful Fire ;
In harmless Play twist and unfold
The Volumes of your scaly Gold :
That rich Embroidery of your gay Attire
Proclaims your Maker kind and wise.

III.

Insects and Mites of mean Degree,
That swarm in Myriads o'er the Land,
Moulded by Wisdom's artful Hand,
And curl'd and painted with a various Die ;
In your innumerable Forms
Praise him that wears th'Ethereal Crown,
And bends his lofty Counsels down
To despicable Worms.

The Comparison and Complaint.

I.

I Nfinite Power, Eternal Lord,
How Sovereign is thy Hand !
All Nature rose t' obey thy Word,
And moves at thy Command.

II.

With steady Course thy shining Sun
Keeps his appointed Way ;
And all the Hours obedient run
The Circle of the Day.

III.

But ah ! how wide my Spirit flies,
And wanders from her God !
My Soul forgets the heavenly Prize,
And treads the downward-Road.

IV.

The raging Fire and stormy Sea
Perform thine awful Will,
And every Beast and every Tree
Thy great Designs fulfil :

V.

While my wild Passions rage within,
Nor thy Commands obey ;

And

And Flesh and Sense enslav'd to Sin
Draw my best Thoughts away.

VI.

Shall Creatures of a meaner Frame
Pay all their Dues to thee,
Creatures, that never knew thy Name,
That never lov'd like me?

VII.

Great God, create my Soul anew,
Conform my Heart to thine,
Melt down my Will, and let it flow
And take the Mould Divine.

VIII.

Seize my whole Frame into thy Hand;
Here all my Pow'rs I bring;
Manage the Wheels by thy Command,
And govern every Spring.

IX.

Then shall my Feet no more depart,
Nor wandring Senses rove;
Devotion shall be all my Heart,
And all my Passions Love.

X.

Then not the Sun shall more than I
His Maker's Law perform,
Nor travel swifter thro' the Sky,
Nor with a Zeal so warm.

God Supreme and Self-sufficient.

I.

WHAT is our God, or what his Name
Nor Men can learn, nor Angels teach;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant Flame,
Where neither Eyes nor Thoughts can reach.

II.

The spacious Worlds of Heav'nly Light
Compar'd with him how short they fall!
They are too dark, and He too bright,
Nothing are they, and God is All.

III.

He spoke the wondrous Word, and Lo
Creation rose at his Command:
Whirlwinds and Seas their Limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his Hand.

IV.

There rests the Earth, there roll the Spheres,
There Nature leans and feels her Prop:
But his own Self-Sufficiency bears
The Weight of his own Glories up.

V.

The Tide of Creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their Changes by the Moon:

No Ebb his Sea of Glory knows ;
His Age is one Eternal Noon.

VI.

Then fly, my Song, an endless Round,
The lofty Tune let *Michael* raise ;
All Nature dwell upon the Sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the Praise.

Jesus the only Saviour.

I.

A DAM, our Head, our Father fell,
And Justice doom'd the Race to Hell:
The fiery Law speaks all Despair,
There's no Reprieve, nor Pardon there.

II.

Call a bright Council in the Skies ;
“ Seraphs, the Mighty and the Wise,
“ Say, what Expedient can you give
“ That Sin be damn'd and Sinners live?

III.

“ Speak, are you strong to bear the Load,
“ The weighty Vengeance of a God ?
“ Which of you loves our wretched Race,
“ Or dares to venture in our Place ?

IV.

IV.

In vain we ask : for all around
 Stands Silence thro' the Heavenly Ground :
 There's not a glorious Mind above
 Has half the Strength, or half the Love.

V.

But, O unutterable Grace !
 Th' Eternal Son takes *Adam's* place ;
 Down to our World the Saviour flies,
 Stretches his naked Arms, and dies.

VI.

Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God,
 And pay its Wrongs with Heavenly Blood ;
 Infinite Racks and Pangs he bore,
 And rose. The Law could ask no more.

VII.

Amazing Work ! look down, ye Skies,
 Wonder and gaze with all your Eyes ;
 Ye Heavenly Thrones, stoop from above,
 And bow to this mysterious Love.

VIII.

See, how they bend ! See, how they look !
 Long they had read th' Eternal Book,
 And study'd dark Decrees in vain,
 The Cross and *Calvary* makes them plain.

IX.

Now they are struck with deep Amaze,
Each with his Wings conceals his Face ;
Now clap their sounding Plumes, and cry,
The Wisdom of a Deity.

X.

Low they adore th' Incarnate Son
And sing the Glories He hath won,
Sing how he broke our Iron Chains,
How deep he sunk, how high he reigns.

XI.

Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all thy flaming Hosts ador'd ;
And say, dear Conqueror, say how long
E'er we shall rise to joyn their Song.

XII.

Lo from afar the promis'd Day
Shines with a well-distinguish'd Ray ;
But my wing'd Passion hardly bears
These Lengths of slow delaying Years.

XIII.

Send down a Chariot from above
With fiery Wheels and pav'd with Love ;
Raife me beyond th' Ethereal Blue
To sing and love as Angels do.

Looking upward.

I.

THE Heavens invite mine Eye,
The Stars salute me round :
Father, I blush, I mourn to lye
Thus groveling on the Ground.

II.

My warmer Spirits move,
And make Attempts to fly ;
I wish aloud for Wings of Love
To raise me swift and high.

III.

Beyond those Chrystal Vaults
And all their sparkling Balls;
They're but the Porches to thy Courts,
And Paintings of thy Walls.

IV.

Vain World, farewell to you ;
Heaven is my native Air ;
I bid my Friends a short Adieu
Impatient to be there.

V.

I feel my Powers releas'd
From their old fleshy Clod ;

Fair Guardian, bear me up in haste,
And set me near my God.

Christ Dying, Rising, and Reigning.

I.

HE dies, the Heav'nly Lover dies,
The Tidings strike a doleful Sound
On my poor Heart-strings : deep he lies
In the cold Caverns of the Ground.

II.

Come Saints, and drop a Tear or two
On the dear Bosom of your God,
He shed a thousand Drops for you,
A Thousand Drops of richer Blood.

III.

Here's Love and Grief beyond degree,
The Lord of Glory dies for Men !
But lo, what sudden Joys I see !
Jesus the Dead revives again.

IV.

The rising God forsakes the Tomb,
Up to his Father's Court he flies ;
Cherubic Legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the Skies.

V.

Break off your Tears, ye Saints, and tell
How high our Great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the Hosts of Hell,
And led the Monster Death in Chains.

VI.

Say, *Live for ever, wondrous King!*
Born to Redeem, and strong to Save!
Then ask the Monster, *Where's his Sting?*
And where's thy Victory, boasting Grave?

The God of Thunder.

I.

O The Immense, th' Amazing Height,
The boundless Grandeur of our God,
Who treads the Worlds beneath his Feet,
And sways the Nations with his Nod!

II.

He speaks; and lo, all Nature shakes,
Heav'ns everlasting Pillars bow;
He rends the Clouds with hideous Cracks
And shoots his fiery Arrows thro'.

III.

Well, let the Nations start and fly
At the blue Lightnings horrid Glare,

G

Atheists

Atheists and Emperors shrink and die,
When Flame and Noise torment the Air.

IV.

Let Noise and Flame confound the Skies,
And drown the spacious Realms below,
Yet will we sing the Thunderers Praise,
And send our loud *Hosannas* thro'.

V.

Celestial King, thy blazing Power
Kindles our Hearts to flaming Joys,
We shout to hear thy Thunders roar,
And eccho to our Father's Voice.

VI.

Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
And Lightnings round his Chariot play;
Ye Lightnings, fly to make him room,
Ye glorious Storms, prepare his Way.

The Day of Judgment.

AN ODE.

Attempted in English Sapphick.

I.

WHEN the fierce Northwind with his airy Forces
Rears up the *Baltick* to a foaming Fury; And

And the red Lightning with a Storm of Hail comes
Rushing amain down,

II.

How the poor Sailors stand amaz'd and tremble!
While the hoarse Thunder like a bloody Trumpet
Roars a loud Onset to the gaping Waters
Quick to devour them.

III.

Such shall the Noise be, and the wild Disorder,
(If things eternal may be like these Earthly)
Such the dire Terror when the great Archangel
Shakes the Creation ;

IV.

Tears the strong Pillars of the Vault of Heaven,
Breaks up old Marble the Repose of Princes ;
See the Graves open, and the Bones arising,
Flames all around 'em.

V.

Hark the shrill Outcries of the guilty Wretches!
Lively bright Horror and amazing Anguish
Stare thro' their Eye-lids, while the living Worm lies
Gnawing within them.

VI.

Thoughts like old Vultures prey upon their Heartstrings;
And the smart Twinges, when their Eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a Flood of Vengeance
Rolling afore him.

VII.

Hopeless Immortals ! how they scream and shiver
 While Devils push them to the Pit wide yawning
 Hideous and gloomy, to receive them headlong
 Down to the Centre.

VIII.

Stop here my Fancy : (all away ye horrid
 Doleful Ideas) come arise to *Jesus*,
 How he sits God-like ! and the Saints around him
 Thron'd, yet adoring !

IX.

O may I sit there when he comes Triumphant
 Dooming the Nations : then ascend to Glory,
 While our *Hosannas* all along the Passage
 Shout the Redeemer.

The Song of Angels above.

I.

EArth has detain'd me Prisoner long,
 And I'm grown weary now :
 My Heart, my Hand, my Ear, my Tongue,
 There's nothing here for you.

II.

Tir'd in my Thoughts I stretch me down,
 And upward glance mine Eyes,

Upward

Upward (my Father) to thy Throne,
And to my native Skies.

III.

There the dear Man my Saviour sits,
The God, how bright he shines!
And scatters Infinite Delights
On all the happy Minds.

IV.

Seraphs with elevated Strains
Circle the Throne around,
And move and charm the starry Plains
With an Immortal Sound.

V.

Jesus the Lord their Harps employs,
Jesus my Love they sing,
Jesus the Name of both our Joys
Sounds sweet from every String.

VI.

Hark, how beyond the narrow Bounds
Of Time and Space they run,
And speak in most Majestick Sounds
The Godhead of the Son.

VII.

How on the Father's Breast he lay
The Darling of his Soul,
Infinite Years before the Day,
Or Heavens began to roll.

VIII.

And now they sink the lofty Tone,
And gentler Notes they play,
And bring th' Eternal Godhead down
To dwell in humble Clay.

IX.

O the dear Beauties of that Man !
(The God resides within)
His Flesh all pure without a Stain,
His Soul without a Sin.

X.

Then, how he look'd, and how he smil'd,
What wondrous things he said !
Sweet Cherubs, stay, dwell here a while,
And tell what *Jesus* did.

XI.

At his Command the Blind awake,
And feel the gladſom Rays ;
He bids the Dumb attempt to ſpeak,
They try their Tongues in Praise.

XII.

He ſhed a thouſand Bleſſings round
Where e'er he turn'd his Eye ;
He ſpoke, and at the Sovereign Sound
The Hellish Legions fly.

XIII.

XIII.

Thus while with unambitious Strife
Th' Ethereal Minstrels rove
Thro' all the Labours of his Life,
And Wonders of his Love,

XIV.

In the full Choir a broken String
Groans with a strange Surprize ;
The rest in Silence mourn their King
That bleeds and loves and dies.

XV.

The little Saints with drooping Wings
Cease their harmonious Breath ;
No blooming Trees, nor bubbling Springs,
While *Jesus* sleeps in Death.

XVI.

Then all at once to living Strains
They summon every Chord,
Break up the Tomb, and burst his Chains,
And show their rising Lord.

XVII.

Around the flaming Army throngs
To guard him to the Skies,
With loud *Hosannas* on their Tongues,
And Triumph in their Eyes.

XVIII.

In awful State the conquering God
Ascends his shining Throne,
While tuneful Angels sound abroad
The Vict'ries he has won.

XIX.

Now let me rise, and joyn their Song,
And be an Angel too ;
My Heart, my Hand, my Ear, my Tongue,
Here's joyful Work for you.

XX.

I would begin the Musick here
And so my Soul should rise :
Oh for some heavenly Notes to bear
My Spirit to the Skies !

XXI.

There, ye that love my Saviour, sit,
There I would fain have place,
Amongst your Thrones, or at your Feet,
So I might see his Face.

XXII.

I am confin'd to Earth no more,
But mount in haste above,
To bless the God that I adore,
And sing the Man I love.

Fire, Air, Earth and Sea, praise ye the Lord.

I.

E*Arth*, thou great Footstool of our God
Who reigns on high ; thou fruitful Source
Of all our Rayment, Life and Food ;
Our House, our Parent, and our Nurse ;
Mighty Stage of mortal Scenes,
Drest with strong and gay Machines,
Hung with golden Lamps around ;
(And flow'ry Carpets spread the Ground)
Thou bulky Globe, prodigious Mass
That hangs unpillar'd in an empty Space,
While thy unweildy Weight rests on the feeble Air,
Bless that Almighty Word that fixt and holds thee
(there.

II.

Fire, thou swift Herald of his Face,
Whose glorious Rage at his Command
Levels a Palace with the Sand,
Blending the lofty Spires in Ruin with the Base :
Ye heav'nly Flames that singe the Air,
Artillery of a jealous God,
Bright Arrows that his sounding Quivers bear
To scatter Deaths abroad ;

Light-

Lightnings, adore the sovereign Arm that flings
His Vengeance and your Fires upon the Heads of Kings.

III.

Thou vital Element, the *Air*,
Whose boundless Magazines of Breath
Our fainting Flame of Life repair,
And save the Bubble *Man* from the cold Arms of Death :
And ye, whose vital Moisture yields
Life's purple Stream a fresh Supply ;
Sweet *Waters* wandring thro' the flowry Fields,
Or dropping from the Sky ;
Confess the Pow'r whose all-sufficient Name
Nor needs your Aid to build or to support our Frame.

IV.

Now the rude Air with noisy Force
Beats up and swells the angry Sea,
They join to make our Lives a Prey,
And sweep the Sailors Hopes away,
Vain Hopes, to reach their Kindred and the Shores!
Lo the wild Seas and surging Waves
Gape hideous in a thousand Graves :
Be still, ye Floods, and know your Bounds of Sand,
Ye Storms, adore your Master's Hand ;
The Winds are in his Fist, the Waves at his Command,

V.

From the Eternal Emptiness
His fruitful Word by secret Springs
Drew the whole Harmony of Things
That form this noble Universe :
Old nothing knew his pow'ful Hand,
Scarce had he spoke his full Command,
Fire, Air, and Earth, and Sea heard the creating Call,
And leap'd from empty Nothing to this beauteous All ;
And still they dance and still obey
The Orders they receiv'd the great Creation-Day.

The Farewell.

I.

DEad be my Heart to all below,
To mortal Joys and mortal Cares ;
To sensual Bliss that charms us so
Be dark my Eyes, and deaf my Ears.

II.

Here I renounce my carnal Taste
Of the fair Fruit that Sinners prize :
Their Paradise shall never waste
One Thought of mine, but to despise.

III.

III.

All earthly Joys are overweigh'd
 With Mountains of vexatious Care ;
 And where's the Sweet that is not lay'd
 A Bait to some destructive Snare ?

IV.

Be gone for ever Mortal Things !
 Thou mighty Mole-Hill, Earth, Farewel !
 Angels aspire on lofty Wings,
 And leave the Globe for Ants to dwell,

V.

Come Heaven, and fill my vast Desires,
 My Soul pursues the sovereign Good :
 She was all made of heavenly Fires,
 Nor can she live on meaner Food.

God only known to himself.

I.

STand and adore ! how glorious He
 That dwells in bright Eternity !
 We gaze, and we confound our Sight
 Plung'd in th' Abyſs of Dazling Light.

II.

Thou Sacred One, Almighty Three,
 Great Everlasting Mystery,

What

What lofty Numbers shall we frame
Equal to thy tremendous Name?

III.

Seraphs, the nearest to the Throne,
Begin, and speak the *Great Unknown* :
Attempt the Song, wind up your Strings
To Notes untry'd, and boundless Things.

IV.

You whose capacious Pow'rs survey
Largely beyond our Eyes of Clay :
Yet what a narrow Portion too
Is seen or known or thought by you?

V.

How flat your highest Praises fall
Below th' Immense Original!
Weak Creatures we, that strive in vain
To reach an uncreated Strain!

VI.

Great God, forgive our feeble Lays,
Sound out thine own eternal Praise ;
A Song so vast, a Theme so high
Calls for the Voice that tun'd the Sky.

Pardon and Sanctification.

I.

MY Crimes awake; and hideous Fear
Distracts my restless Mind,
Guilt meets my Eyes with horrid Glare,
And Hell pursues behind.

II.

Almighty Vengeance frowns on high,
And Flames array the Throne;
While Thunder murmurs round the Sky
Impatient to be gone.

III.

Where shall I hide this noxious Head?
Can Rocks or Mountains save?
Or shall I wrap me in the Shade
Of Midnight and the Grave?

IV.

Is there no Shelter from the Eye
Of a revenging God?
Jesús, to thy dear Wounds I fly,
Bedew me with thy Blood.

V.

Those Guardian Drops my Soul secure,
And wash away my Sin;

Eternal

Eternal Justice frowns no more,
And Conscience smiles within.

VI.

I bless that wondrous Purple Stream
That whitens every Stain ;
Yet is my Soul but half redeem'd,
If Sin the Tyrant reign.

VII.

Lord, blast his Empire with thy Breath,
That cursed Throne must fall :
Ye flattering Plagues, that work my Death,
Fly, for I hate you all.

Sovereignty and Grace.

I.

THE Lord ! how fearful is his Name ?
How wide is his Command ?
Nature with all her moving Frame
Rests on his mighty Hand.

II.

Immortal Glory forms his Throne,
And Light his awful Robe ;
Whilst with a Smile or with a Frown
He manages the Globe.

III.

III.

A Word of his Almighty Breath
Can swell or sink the Seas ;
Build the vast Empires of the Earth,
Or break 'em as he please.

IV.

Adoring Angels round him fall
In all their shining Forms,
His sovereign Eye looks thro' them all,
And pities mortal Worms.

V.

His Bowels to our worthless Race
In sweet Compassion move ;
He cloaths his Looks with softest Grace,
And takes his Title, Love:

VI.

Now let the Lord for ever reign,
And sway us as he will,
Sick or in Health, in Ease or Pain,
We are his Favourites still.

VII.

No more shall peevish Passion rise,
The Tongue no more complain ;
'Tis sovereign Love that lends our Joys,
And Love resumes again.

The Law and Gospel.

I.

“CURst be the Man, for ever curst,
“ That doth the smallest Sin commit ;
“ Death and Damnation for the First,
“ Without Relief and Infinite.

II.

Thus *Sinai* roars ; and round the Earth
Thunder and Fire and Vengeance flings ;
But *Jesus*, thy dear gasping Breath
And *Calvary* says gentler things.

III.

“ Pardon, and Grace and boundless Love
“ Streaming along a Saviour’s Blood,
“ And Life and Joys and Crowns above
“ Dear-purchas’d by a bleeding God.

IV.

Hark, how he prays, (the charming Sound
Dwells on his dying Lips) FORGIVE ;
And every Groan and gaping Wound
Cries, “ Father, let the Rebels live.

V.

o you that rest upon the Law,
And toyl and seek Salvation there,

H

Look

Look to the Flames that *Moses* saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

VI.

But I'll retire beneath the Cross,
Saviour, at thy dear Feet I lie ;
And the keen Sword that Justice draws
Flaming and red shall pass me by.

Seeking a Divine Calm in a restless World.

O Mens, quæ stabili fata regis vice, &c.
Casimire. *Book 4. Od. 28.*

I.

ETernal Mind, who rul'st the Fates
Of dying Realms and rising States
With one unchang'd Decree,
While we admire thy vast Affairs,
Say, can our little trifling Cares
Afford a Smile to thee ?

II.

Thou scatterest Honors, Crowns and Gold ;
We fly to seize, and fight to hold
The Bubbles and the Oar :
So Emmets struggle for a Grain ;
So Boys their petty Wars maintain
For Shells upon the Shore.

III.

III.

Here a vain Man his Scepter breaks,
The next a broken Scepter takes,
And Warriors win and lose;
This rolling World will never stand,
Plunder'd and snatcht from Hand to Hand
As Power decays or grows.

IV.

Earth's but an Atom : Greedy Swords
Carve it amongst a thousand Lords,
And yet they can't agree ;
Let greedy Swords still fight and slay,
I can be poor ; but Lord, I pray
To sit and smile with thee.

Happy Frailty.

I.

“ **H**Ow meanly dwells th' Immortal Mind !
“ How vile these Bodies are !
“ Why was a Clod of Earth design'd
“ T'enclose a heavenly Star ?

II.

“ Weak Cottage where our Souls reside !
“ This Flesh a tott'ring Wall ;

H 2

“ With

“ With frightful Breaches gaping wide

“ The Building bends to fall.

III.

“ All round it Storms of Trouble blow,

“ And Waves of Sorrow roll ;

“ Cold Waves and Winter Storms beat thro’,

“ And pain the Tenant-Soul.

IV.

“ Alas ! how frail our State ! said I ;

And thus went mourning on,

Till sudden from the cleaving Sky

A Gleam of Glory shone.

V.

My Soul all felt the Glory come,

And breath’d her native Air ;

Then she remember’d Heaven her Home,

And she a Prisoner here.

VI.

Straight she began to change her Key,

And joyful in her Pains

She sung the Frailty of her Clay

In pleasurable Strains.

VII.

“ How weak the Pris’n is where I dwell !

“ Flesh but a tottering Wall,

“ The Breaches chearfully foretell

“ The House must shortly fall.

VIII.

VIII.

“ No more, my Friends, shall I complain,
“ Tho all my Heart-strings ake ;
“ Welcome Disease and every Pain
“ That makes the Cottage shake.

IX.

“ Now let the Tempest blow all round,
“ Now swell the Surges high,
“ And beat this House of Bondage down,
“ To let the Stranger fly.

X.

“ I have a Mansion built above
“ By the Eternal Hand ;
“ And should the Earths old Basis move,
“ My Heav’nly House must stand.

XI.

“ Yes, for ’tis there my Saviour reigns,
“ (I long to see the God)
“ And his immortal Strength sustains
“ The Courts that cost him Blood.

XII.

Hark, from on high my Saviour calls :
“ I come, my Lord, my Love :
Devotion breaks the Prison-Walls,
And speeds my last Remove.

Launching into Eternity.

IT was a brave Attempt ! adventurous He,
Who in the first Ship broke the unknown Sea :
And leaving his dear native Shores behind,
Trusted his Life to the licentious Wind.
I see the surging Brine : the Tempest raves :
He on a Pine-Plank rides across the Waves,
Exulting on the Edge of thousand gaping Graves :
He steers the winged Boat, and shifts the Sails,
Conquers the Flood, and manages the Gales.

Such is the Soul that leaves this mortal Land
Fearless, when the great Master gives Command.
Death is the Storm : She smiles to hear it roar,
And bids the Tempest waft her from the Shore :
Then with a skilful Helm she sweeps the Seas,
And manages the raging Storm with Ease ;
(*Her Faith can govern Death*) she spreads her Wings
Wide to the Wind, and as she sails she sings,
And looses by Degrees the Sight of mortal things.
As the Shores lessen so her Joys arise,
The Waves roll gentler, and the Tempest dies :
Now vast Eternity fills all her Sight,
She floats on the broad Deep with infinite Delight,
The Seas for ever Calm, the Skies for ever Bright.

A Prospect of the Resurrection.

I.

How long shall Death the Tyrant reign
And triumph o'er the Just,
While the dear Blood of Martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the Dust ?

II.

When shall the tedious Night be gone ?
When will our Lord appear ?
Our fond Desires would pray him down,
Our Love embrace him here.

III.

Let Faith arise, and climb the Hills,
And from afar descry
How distant are his Chariot-Wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.

IV.

Lo, I behold the scatt'ring Shades,
The Dawn of Heav'n appears,
The sweet Immortal Morning spreads
Its Blushes round the Spheres.

V.

I see the Lord of Glory come,
And flaming Guards around :

The Skies divide to make him Room,
The Trumpet shakes the Ground.

VI.

I hear the Voice, *Ye dead arise,*
And lo, the Graves obey,
And waking Saints with joyful Eyes
Salute th' expected Day.

VII.

They leave the Dust, and on the Wing
Rise to the middle Air,
In shining Garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

VIII.

O may my humble Spirit stand
Amongst them cloth'd in White !
The meanest Place at his Right Hand
Is Infinite Delight.

IX.

How will our Joy and Wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward thro' the Skies
On Loves triumphant Wing !

*Ad Dominum nostrum & Servatorem
Jesum Christum.*

O D A.

Nov. 1694.

I.

TE, grande Numen, Corporis Incola,
Te, magna magni Progenies Patris,
Nomen verendum nostri *Jeshû*
Vox, Citharæ, Calami sonabunt.

II.

Aptentur auro grandisonæ fides,
Christi Triumphos incipe Barbite;
Fractosq; terrores *Averni*,
Victum *Erebum*, domitamque Mortem.

III.

Immensa vastos sæcula circulos
Volvêre, blando dum Patris in sinû
Toto fruebatur *Jehovâ*
Gaudia mille bibens *Jesus*;

IV.

Donec superno vidit ab Æthere
Adam cadentem, Tartara hiantia,
Unâq; mergendos ruinâ
Heu nimium miseros Nepotes :

V.

V.

Vidit minaces Vindicis Angeli
 Ignes & Ensem, Telaq; Sanguine
 Tingenda nostro, dum rapinæ
 Spe fremuere *Erebeæ* Monstra.

VI.

Commota sacras Viscera protinus
 Sensère flammæ, Omnipotens furor
 Ebullit, Immensiq; Amoris
 Æthereum calet Igne Pectus.

VII.

“ Non tota prorsus Gens Hominum dabit
 “ Hosti Triumphos: Quid Patris & Labor
 “ Dulcisq; Imago? num peribunt
 “ Funditus? O prius Astra cæcis

VIII.

“ Mergantur Undis, & redeat Chaos:
 “ Aut ipse disperdam *Satanæ* dolos,
 “ Aut ipse disperdar, & isti
 “ Sceptra dabo moderanda dextræ.

IX.

“ Testor paternum Numen, & hoc Caput
 “ Æquale testor, dixit; & Ætheris
 Inclinat ingens culmen, alto
 Defiliitq; ruens Olympo.

X.

Mortale corpus impiger induit
Artusq; nostros, heu tenues nimis
Nimisq; viles! Vindiciq;
Corda dedit fodienda Ferro,

XI.

Vitamq; Morti; Proh dolor! O graves
Tonantis Iræ! O Lex nimis aspera!
Mercesq; Peccati severa
Adamici, vetitiq; fructus

XII.

Non Pœna lenis! Quô ruis impotens!
Quo Musa! largas fundere lachrymas,
Busti; Divini triumphos
Sacrilego temerare fletu?

XIII.

Sepone questus, læta Deum cane
Majore Chordâ. Psalle sonoriùs
Ut ferreas Mortis cavernas
Et rigidam penetravit Aulam.

XIV.

Sensère Numen Regna feralia,
Mugit Barathrum, contremuit Chaos,
Dirùm fremebat Rex *Gehennæ*,
Perq; suum tremebundus Orcum

XV.

XV.

Latè refugit. “ Nil agis Impie,
“ Mergat vel imiste *Phlegethon* vadis,
“ Hoc findet undas Fulmen, inquit,
Et patrios jaculatus ignes

XVI.

Trajecit hostem. Nigra silentia
Umbræq; flammæ *Æthereas* pavent
Dudum perosæ, ex quo corusco
Præcipites cecidere Cælo.

XVII.

Immane rugit jam Tonitru ; fragor
Latè ruinam mandat : ab infimis
Lectæq; destinata Genti
Tartara disjiciuntur antris.

XVIII.

Hæc strata passim Vincula, & hæc jacent
Unci cruenti, Tormina Mentium
Invisa ; ploratuq; vasto
Spicula Mors sibi adempta plangit.

XIX.

En, ut resurgit Victor ab ultimo
Ditis profundo, curribus aureis
Astricta raptans Monstra noctis
Perdomitumq; *Erebi* Tyrannum.

XX.

Quanta Angelorum gaudia jubilant
 Victor paternum dum repetit polum ?
 En qualis ardet, dum beati
 Limina scandit Ovans Olympi !

XXI.

Io triumphe plestra Seraphica,
 Io triumphe Grex Hominum sonet,
 Dum læta quaquaversus ambos
 Astra repercutiunt Triumphos.

Sui-ipsius, Increpatio.

EPIGRAMMA.

Corpore cur hæres, *Wattsi*? cur Incola Terræ?
 Quid cupis indignum, Mens, habitare lutum ?
 Te Caro mille malis premit ; hinc juvenes gravat artus
 Languor, & hinc vegetus crimina sanguis alit.
 Cura, Amor, Ira, Dolor mentem malè distrahit ; Auceps
 Undiq; adest *Satanas* retia sæva struens.
 Suspice ut Æthereum signant tibi nutibus Astra
 Tramitem, & Aula vocat parta Cruore Dei.
 Te manet *Uriel* dux ; & tibi subjicit alas
 Stellatas Seraphîn officiosa cohors.

Te Superûm Chorus optat, amans, te invitat *Iesus*,

“ Huc ades & nostro tempora conde sinû.

Verè amat ille Lutum quem nec Dolor aut *Satan* arce

Inde, nec alliciunt Angelus, Astra, Deus.

Excitatio Cordis Cælum versus.

HEU quot sæcla teris carcere Corporis,
Wattsi? quid refugis Limen & Exitum?

Nec Mens Æthereum Culmen, & Atria

Magni Patris anhelitat?

Corpus vile creat mille Molestias,

Circum Corda volant & Dolor, & Metus,

Peccatumq; malis durius omnibus

Cæcas Insidias struit.

Non hoc grata tibi Gaudia de solo

Surgunt: Christus abest, deliciæ tuæ,

Longè Christus abest, inter & Angelos

Et picta astra perambulans.

* *Cæli* summa petas, nec jaculabitur

Iracunda tonans *fulmina*: Te Deus

Hortatur; *Vacuum* tende per *Aëra*

Pennas nunc homini datas.

* Vide Horat. Lib. 1. Od. 3.

Breathing toward the Heavenly Country.

Casimire, Book 1st. Od. 19. Imitated.

Urit me Patriæ Decor, &c.

THE Beauty of my native Land
Immortal Love inspires ;
I burn, I burn with strong Desires,
And sigh and wait the high Command.
There glides the Moon her shining way
And shoots my Heart thro' with a Silver Ray,
Upward my Heart aspires:
A thousand Lamps of Golden Light
Hung high in vaulted Azure charm my Sight,
And wink and beckon with their amorous Fires.
O ye dear Glories of my Heavenly Home,
Bright Sentinels of my Father's Court
Where all the happy Minds resort,
When will my Father's Chariot come?
Must ye for ever walk the Ethereal Round,
For ever see the Mourner lie
An Exile of the Skie,
A Prisoner of the Ground?
Descend some shining Servant from on high,
Build me a hasty Tomb ;

A grassy Turf will raise my Head ;
 The Neighbouring Lilies dress my Bed
 And shed a cheap Perfume.
 Here I put off the Chains of Death
 My Soul too long has worn :
 Friends, I forbid one groaning Breath,
 Or Tear to wet my Urn ;
Raphael, behold me all undrest,
 Here gently lay this Flesh to rest ;
 Then mount and lead the Path unknown,
 Swift I pursue thee, flaming Guide, on Pinions of my
 (own.

Casimiri *Epigramma* 100.

In Sanctum *Ardalionem* qui ex Mimo Christianus factus Martyrium passus est.

ARDALIO *sacros deridet carmine Ritus,*
Festaque non æqua voce Theatra quatit.
Audiit Omnipotens ; “ Non est opus, inquit, hiulco
“ Fulmine ; tam facilem, Gratia, vince Virum.
Deserit illa Polos, & deserit iste Theatrum,
Et tereti sacrum volvit in Ense Caput.
“ Sic, sic, inquit, abit nostræ Comædia Vitæ ;
“ Terra vale, Cælum plaude, Tyranne feri.

Englified.

*On Saint Ardalion, who from a Stage-Player became
a Christian, and suffered Martyrdom.*

I.

ARDALIO jeers, and in his Comick Strains
The Myſteries of our bleeding God profanes,
While his loud Laughter ſhakes the painted Scenes.

II.

Heaven heard, and ſtrait around the ſmoaking Throne
The kindling Lightning in thick Flaſhes ſhone,
And vengeful Thunder murmur'd to be gone.

III.

Mercy ſtood near, and with a ſmiling Brow
Calm'd the loud Thunder; " There's no need of you ;
" Grace ſhall deſcend, and the weak Man ſubdue.

IV.

Grace leaves the Skies, and He the Stage forſakes,
He bows his Head down to the Martyring Ax,
And as he bows, this gentle Farewell ſpeaks ;

V.

" So goes the Comedy of Life away ;
" Vain Earth adieu ; Heaven will applaud to Day ;
" Strike courteous Tyrant, and conclude the Play.

When the Protestant Church at Montpelier was demolished by the French King's Order, the Protestants laid the Stones up in their Burying-place, whereon a Jesuit made a Latin Epigram.

Englished thus :

A *Hug'* not Church once at *Montpelier* built
 Stood & proclaim'd their Madnes & their Guilt ;
 Too long it stood beneath Heav'ns angry Frown,
 Worthy when rising to be thund'red down.
Lewie at last th' Avenger of the Skies
 Commands, and level with the Ground it lies :
 The Stones dispers'd, their wretched Offspring come
 Gather and heap them on their Father's Tomb.
 Thus the curs'd House falls on the Builders Head :
 And tho' beneath the Ground their Bones are laid,
 Yet the just Vengeance still pursues the guilty Dead. }

The Answer, by a French Protestant.

Englished thus :

A *Christian* Church once at *Montpelier* stood,
 And nobly spoke the Builders Zeal for God :
 It stood the Envy of the fierce Dragoon,
 But not deserv'd to be destroy'd so soon :

Yet

Yet *Lewis* the wild Tyrant of the Age
 Tears down the Walls, a Victim to his Rage.
 Young faithful Hands pile up the sacred Stones
 (Dear Monument) o'er their dead Father's Bones.
 The Stones shall move when the dead Fathers rise,
 Start up before the pale Destroyers Eyes,
 And testify his Madness to th' avenging Skies.

Two Happy Rivals, Devotion and the Muse.

I.

WILD as the Lightning, various as the Moon
 Roves my *Pindaric* Song:

Here she glows like burning Noon

In fiercest Flames, and here she plays

Gentle as Star-beams on the Midnight-Seas;

Now in a smiling Angels Form,

Anon she rides upon the Storm,

Loud as the noisy Thunder, as a Deluge strong.

Are my Thoughts and Wishes free,

And know no Number nor Degree?

Such is the Muse: Lo she disdains

The Links and Chains,

Measures and Rules of Vulgar Strains,

And o'er the Laws of Harmony a Sovereign Queen she
 (reigns.

II.

If she roves
By Streams or Groves
Tuning her Pleasures or her Pains,
My Passion keeps her still in sight,
My Passion holds an equal Flight
Thro' Love's or Nature's wide Campaigns.
If with bold Attempt she sings
Of the biggest mortal things,
Tottering Thrones and Nations slain;
Or breaks the Fleets of warring Kings,
While Thunders roar
From Shore to Shore,
My Soul sits fast upon her Wings,
And sweeps the crimson Surge, or scours the purple Plain:
Still I attend her as she flies
Round the broad Globe, and all beneath the Skies.

III.

But when from the Meridian Star
Long Streaks of Glory shine,
And Heaven invites her from afar,
She takes the Hint, she knows the Sign,
The Muse ascends her heavenly Carr,
And climbs the steepy Path & means the Throne divine.
Then she leaves my flutt'ring Mind
Clogg'd with Clay and unrefin'd,
Lengths of Distance far behind: Virtue

Vertue lags with heavy Wheel ;
Faith has Wings, but cannot rise,
Cannot rise, — Swift and high
As the winged Numbers fly,
And faint Devotion panting lies
Half way th' Ethereal Hill.

IV.

O why is Piety so weak,
And yet the Muse so strong ?
When shall these hateful Fetters break
That have confin'd me long ?
Inward a glowing Heat I feel,
A Spark of heav'nly Day ;
But earthy Vapours damp my Zeal,
And heavy Flesh drags me the downward Way.
Faint are the Efforts of my Will,
And mortal Passion charms my Soul astray.
Shine thou sweet Hour of dear Release,
Shine from the Sky,
And call me high

To mingle with the Choirs of Glory and of Bliss.
Devotion there begins the Flight,
Awakes the Song, and guides the way ;
There Love and Zeal divine and bright
Trace out new Regions in the World of Light,
And scarce the boldest Muse can follow or obey.

V.

I'm in a Dream, and Fancy reigns,
 She spreads her gay delusive Scenes ;
 Or is the Vision true ?
 Behold *Religion* on her Throne
 In awful State descending down,
 And her Dominions vast and bright within my spaci-
 (ous View.
 She smiles, and with a courteous Hand
 She beckons me away :
 I feel mine airy Powers loose from the cumb'rous Clay,
 And with a joyful haste obey
Religion's high Command.
 What Lengths and Heights and Depths unknown !
 Broad Fields with blooming Glory sown,
 And Seas and Skies and Stars her own,
 In an unmeasur'd Sphere !
 What Heav'ns of Joy and Light serene,
 Which nor the rolling Sun has seen,
 Where nor the roving Muse has been
 That greater Traveller !

VI.

A long Farewel to all below,
 Farewel to all that Sense can show,
 To golden Scenes, and flow'ry Fields,
 To all the Worlds that Fancy builds,
 And all that Poets know.

Now

Now the swift Transports of the Mind

Leave the fluttering Muse behind,

A thousand loose *Pindaric* Plumes fly scatt'ring down
(the Wind.

Amongst the Clouds I lose my Breath,

The Rapture grows too strong :

The feeble Pow'rs that Nature gave

Faint and drop downward to the Grave ;

Receive their Fall, thou Treasurer of Death ;

I will no more demand my Tongue,

Till the gross Organ well refin'd

Can trace the boundless Flights of an unfetter'd Mind,

And raise an equal Song.

The following Poems of this Book
are peculiarly dedicated to
DIVINE LOVE.

The Hazard of loving the Creatures.

I.

WHere e'er my flatt'ring Passions rove
I find a lurking Snare ;
'Tis dangerous to let loose our Love
Beneath th' Eternal Fair.

II.

Souls whom the Tye of Friendship binds,
And Partners of our Blood,
Seize a large Portion of our Minds,
And leave the less for God.

III.

Nature has soft but powerful Bands,
And Reason she controuls ;
While Children with their little Hands
Hang closest to our Souls.

IV.

Thoughtless they act th' old Serpents Part ;
What tempting things they be !

Lord,

Lord, how they twine about our Heart,
And draw it off from thee !

V.

Our hasty Wills rush blindly on
Where rising Passion rolls,
And thus we make our Fetters strong
To bind our slavish Souls.

VI.

Dear Sovereign, break these Fetters off,
And set our Spirits free ;
God in himself is Bliss enough,
For we have all in thee.

Desiring to love Christ.

I.

Come let me Love: or is my Mind
Harden'd to Stone, or froze to Ice ?
I see the blessed Fair One bend
And stoop t' embrace me from the Skies !

II.

O 'tis a Thought would melt a Rock,
And make a Heart of Iron move,
That those sweet Lips, that heavenly Look
Should seek and wish a mortal Love !

III.

III.

I was a Traytor doom'd to Fire,
Bound to sustain Eternal Pains ;
He flew on Wings of strong Desire
Assum'd my Guilt, and took my Chains.

IV.

Infinite Grace ! Almighty Charms !
Stand in Amaze, ye whirling Skies,
Jesus the God with naked Arms
Hangs on a Cross of Love and dies.

V.

Did Pity ever stoop so low,
Drest in Divinity and Blood ?
Was ever Rebel courted so
In Groans of an expiring God ?

VI.

Again he lives ; and spreads his Hands,
Hands that were nail'd to tort'ring Smart ;
By these dear Wounds, says he, and stands
And prays to clasp me to his Heart.

VII.

Sure I must love ; or are my Ears
Still deaf, nor will my Passion move ?
Then let me melt this Heart to Tears ;
This Heart shall yield to Death or Love.

The Heart given away.

I.

IF there are Passions in my Soul,
(And Passions sure there be)
Now they are all at thy Controul,
My *Jesus*, all for thee.

II.

If Love that pleasing Power can rest
In Hearts so hard as mine,
Come, gentle Saviour, to my Breast,
For all my Love is thine.

III.

Let the gay World with treacherous Art
Allure my Eyes in vain;
I have convey'd away my Heart,
Ne'er to return again.

IV.

I feel my warmest Passions dead
To all that Earth can boast;
This Soul of mine was never made
For Vanity and Dust.

V.

Now I can fix my Thoughts above,
Amidst their flatt'ring Charms,

Till

Till the dear Lord that hath my Love
Shall call me to his Arms.

VI.

So *Gabriel* at his King's Command
From yon Celestial Hill
Walks downward to our worthless Land,
His Soul points upward still.

VII.

He glides along by mortal things
Without a Thought of Love,
Fulfil his Task, and spreads his Wings
To reach the Realms above.

Meditation in a Grove.

I.

Sweet Muse, descend and bless the Shade,
And bless the Evening Grove ;
Business and Noise and Day are fled,
And every Care but Love.

II.

But hence, ye wanton Young and Fair,
Mine is a purer Flame ;
No *Phyllis* shall infect the Air
With her unhallowed Name.

III.

III.

Jesus has all my Powers possess't,
My Hopes, my Fears, my Joys :
He, the dear Sovereign of my Breast
Shall still command my Voice.

IV.

Some of the fairest Choirs above
Shall flock around my Song
With Joy to hear the Name they love
Sound from a mortal Tongue.

V.

His Charms shall make my Numbers flow,
And hold the falling Floods,
While Silence sits on every Bough,
And bends the list'ning Woods.

VI.

I'll carve our Passion on the Bark,
And every wounded Tree
Shall drop and bear some mystick Mark
That *Jesus* dy'd for me.

VII.

The Swains shall wonder when they read
Inscrib'd on all the Grove,
That Heaven it self came down, and bled
To win a Mortals Love.

The Fairest and the Only Beloved.

I.

Honour to that diviner Ray
That first allur'd my Eyes away
From every mortal Fair :
All the gay things that held my Sight
Seem but the twinkling Sparks of Night,
And languishing in doubtful Light
Die at the Morning-Star.

II.

Whatever speaks the Godhead great
And fit to be ador'd,
Whatever makes the Creature sweet
And worthy of my Passion meet
Harmonious in my Lord.
A thousand Graces ever rise
And bloom upon his Face ;
A thousand Arrows from his Eyes
Shoot thro' my Heart with dear Surprise,
And guard around the Place.

III.

All Natures Art shall never cure
The heavenly Pains I found,

And

And 'tis beyond all Beauties Power
To make another Wound :
Earthly Beauties grow and fade ;
Nature heals the Wounds she made,
But Charms so much divine
Hold a long Empire of the Heart ;
What Heaven has join'd shall never part,
And *Jesus* must be mine.

IV.

In vain the envious Shades of Night,
Or Flatteries of the Day
Would veil his Image from my Sight,
Or tempt my Soul away ;
Jesus is all my waking Theme,
His lovely Form meets every Dream
And knows not to depart :
The Passion reigns
Thro' all my Veins,
And floating round the crimson Stream
Still finds him at my Heart.

V.

Dwell there, for ever dwell, my Love ;
Here I confine my Sense ;
Nor dare my wildest Wishes rove
Nor stir a Thought from thence.

Amongst thy Glories and thy Grace

Let my Remnant-Minutes pass ;

Grant thou Everlasting Fair,

Grant my Soul a Mansion there :

My Soul aspires to see thy Face

Tho Life shou'd for the Vision pay ;

So Rivers run to meet the Sea,

And lose their Nature in th' Embrace.

VI.

Thou art my Ocean; thou my God ;

In thee the Passions of the Mind

With Joys and Freedoms unconfin'd

Exult, and spread their Powers abroad.

Not all the glittering things on high

Can make my Heaven, if Thou remove :

I shall be tir'd, and long to die ;

Life is a Pain without thy Love,

Who could ever bear to be

Curst with Immortality

Among the Stars, but far from Thee ?

Mutual Love stronger than Death.

I.

NOT the rich World of Minds above
Can pay the mighty Debt of Love

I owe to *Christ* my God :

With Pangs which none but he could feel

He bought my guilty Soul from Hell ;

Not the first Seraph's Tongue can tell

The Value of his Blood.

II.

Kindly he seiz'd me in his Arms

From the false World's pernicious Charms

With Force divinely sweet.

Had I ten thousand Lives my own,

At his Demand

With chearful Hand

I'd pay the vital Treasure down

In hourly Tributes at his Feet.

III.

But Saviour, let me taste thy Grace

With every fleeting Breath ;

And thro' that Heaven of Pleasure pass

To the cold Arms of Death :

Then I could lose successive Souls

Fast as the Minutes fly ;

So Billow after Billow rolls

To kiss the Shore and die.

The Substance of the following Copy, and many of the Lines were sent me by an esteemed Friend, Mr. *W. Nokes*, with a Desire that would form them into a Pindaric Ode ; but I retain'd his Measures lest I should too much alter his Sense.

A Sight of Christ.

ANgels of Light, your God and King surround
With noble Songs ; in his exalted Flesh
He claims your Worship ; while his Saints on Earth
Bless their Redeemer-God with humble Tongues.
Angels, with lofty Honours crown his Head ;
We bowing at his Feet by Faith may feel
His distant Influence, and confess his Love.

Once I beheld his Face, when Beams Divine
Broke from his Eye-lids, and unusual Light
Wrapt me at once in Glory and Surprise.
My joyful Heart high leaping in my Breast
With Transport cry'd, *This is the Christ of God* ;

Then

Then threw my Arms around in sweet Embrace,
And clasp'd, and bow'd adoring low, till I was lost in
(him.

While he appears no other Charms can hold
Or draw my Soul, ashamed of former things,
Which no Remembrance now deserve or Name,
Tho with Contempt; best in Oblivion hid.

But the bright Shine and Presence soon withdrew;
I sought him whom I love, but found him not;
I felt his Absence; and with strongest Cries
Proclaim'd, *Where Jesus is not all is vain.*
Whether I hold him with a full Delight,
Or seek him panting with extreme Desire,
'Tis He alone can please my wond'ring Soul;
To hold or seek him is my only Choice.
If he refrain on me to cast his Eye
Down from his Palace, nor my longing Soul
With upward Look can spy my dearest Lord
Thro' his blue Pavement, I'll behold him still
With sweet Reflection on the peaceful Cross,
All in his Blood and Anguish groaning deep,
Gasping and dying there ———
This Sight I ne'er can lose, by it I live:
A quickning Vertue from his Death inspir'd

Is Life and Breath to me ; His Flesh my Food ;
His vital Blood I drink, and hence my Strength.

I live, I'm strong, and now Eternal Life
Beats quick within my Breast ; my vigorous Mind
Spurns the dull Earth, and on her fiery Wings
Reaches the Mount of Purposes Divine,
Counsels of Peace betwixt th' Almighty Three
Conceiv'd at once, and sign'd without Debate
In perfect Union of th' Eternal Mind.
With vast Amaze I see th' unfathom'd Thoughts,
Infinite Schemes, and infinite Designs
Of God's own Heart in which he ever rests.
Eternity lies open to my View ;
Here the Beginning and the End of all
I can discover ; *Christ* the End of all,
And *Christ* the great Beginning ; he my Head,
My God, my Glory, and my All in All.

O that the Day, the joyful Day were come
When the first *Adam* from his antient Dust
Crown'd with new Honours shall revive, and see
Jesus his Son and Lord ; while shouting Saints
Surround their King, and God's Eternal Son
Shines in the midst, but with superiour Beams,
And like himself ; then the mysterious Word

Long hid behind the Letter shall appear
All Spirit and Life, and in the fullest Light
Stand forth to publick View, and there disclose
His Father's sacred Works, and wondrous ways :
Then Wisdom, Righteousness and Grace divine
Thro' all the Infinite Transactions past
Inwrought and shining shall with double blaze
Strike our astonish'd Eyes, and ever reign
Admir'd and glorious in triumphant Light.

Death and the Tempter and the Man of Sin
Now at the Bar arraign'd, in Judgment cast,
Shall vex the Saints no more : but perfect Love
And loudest Praises perfect Joy create,
While ever-circling Years maintain the blissful State.

Love on a Cross and a Throne.

I.

NOW let my Faith grow strong and rise,
And view my Lord in all his Love ;
Look back to hear his dying Cries,
Then mount and see his Throne above.

II.

See where he languish'd on the Cross ;
Beneath my Sins he groan'd and dy'd ;

See where he sits to plead my Cause
By his Almighty Father's Side.

III.

If I behold his bleeding Heart,
There Love in Flood of Sorrow reigns,
He triumphs o'er the killing Smart,
And buys my Pleasure with his Pains.

IV.

Or if I climb th' Eternal Hills
Where the dear Conqueror sits enthron'd,
Still in his Heart Compassion dwells
Near the Memorials of his Wound.

V.

How shall a pardon'd Rebel show
How much I love my dying God?
Lord, here I banish every Foe,
I hate the Sins that cost thy Blood.

VI.

I hold no more Commerce with Hell,
My dearest Lusts shall all depart;
But let thine Image ever dwell
Stamp'd as a Seal upon my Heart.

A preparatory Thought for the Lord's Supper.

In Imitation of *Isa.* 63. 1, 2, 3.

I.

WHat heavenly Man, or lovely God
Comes marching downward from the Skies,
Array'd in Garments roll'd in Blood,
With Joy and Pity in his Eyes ?

II.

The Lord ! The Saviour ! yes, 'tis he,
I know him by the Smiles he wears ;
O the dear Man that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in Agonies and Tears !

III.

Lo, he reveals his shining Breast ;
I own those Wounds, and I adore :
Lo, he prepares a Royal Feast,
Sweet Fruit of the sharp Pangs he bore !

IV.

Whence flow these Favours so divine ?
Lord ! why so lavish of thy Blood ?
Why for such Earthy Souls as mine,
This Heav'nly Flesh, this sacred Food ?

V.

'Twas his own Love that made him bleed,
 That nail'd him to the curst Tree ;
 'Twas his own Love this Table spread
 For such unworthy Worms as we.

VI.

Then let us taste the Saviour's Love,
 Come, Faith, and feed upon the Lord :
 With glad Convent our Lips shall move
 And sweet *Hofannas* crown the Board.

Converse with Christ.

I.

I'm tir'd with Visits, Modes and Forms,
 And Flatteries paid to Fellow-Worms,
 Their Conversation cloy ;
 Their vain Amours and empty Stuff :
 But I can ne'er enjoy enough
 Of thy dear Company, my Lord, thou Life of all my
 (Joys.

II.

When he begins to tell his Love,
 'Through every Vein my Passions move,
 The Captives of his Tongue :

In midnight Shades on frosty Ground
I could attend the pleasing Sound,
Nor should I feel *Decomber* cold, nor think the Dark-
(ness long.

III.

There while I hear my Saviour-God
Count o'er the Sins (a heavy Load)
He bore upon the Tree,
Inward I blush with secret Shame,
And weep, and love, and bless the Name
That knew nor Guilt nor Grief his own, but bare it all
(for me.

IV.

Next he describes the Thorns he wore,
And talks his bloody Passion o'er,
Till I am drown'd in Tears :
Yet with the Sympathetic Smart
There's a strange Joy beats round my Heart ;
The cursed Tree has Blessings in't, my sweetest Balm
(it bears.

V.

I hear the glorious Sufferer tell
How on his Cross he vanquish'd Hell
And all the Powers beneath :
Transported and inspir'd my Tongue
Attempts his Triumphs in a Song ;
How has the Serpent lost his Sting, and where's thy Victory
(Death ?

VI.

VI.

But when he shows his Hands and Heart
 With the dear Prints of dying Smart,
 He sets my Soul on Fire :
 Not the beloved *John* could rest
 With more Delight upon that Breast,
 Nor *Thomas* pry into those Wounds with more intense
 (Desire.)

VII.

Kindly he opens me his Ear,
 And bids me pour my Sorrows there,
 And tell him all my Pains :
 Thus while I ease my burden'd Heart
 In every Woe he bears a Part,
 His Arms embrace me, and his Hand my drooping
 (Head sustains.)

VIII.

Fly from my Thoughts all humane things,
 And sporting Swains and fighting Kings,
 And Tales of wanton Love :
 My Soul disdains that little Snare
 The Tangles of *Amira's* Hair ;
 Thine Arms, my God, are sweeter Bands, nor can my
 (Heart remove.)

Grace shining, and Nature fainting.

Sol. Song 1. 3. & 2. 5. & 6. 5.

I.

TELL me, fairest of thy Kind,
Tell me, Shepherd, all-divine,
Where this fainting Head reclin'd
May relieve such Cares as mine :
Shepherd, lead me to thy Grove ;
If burning Noon infect the Sky
The sickning Sheep to Coverts fly,
The Sheep not half so faint as I,
Thus overcome with Love.

II.

Say, thou dear Sovereign of my Breast,
Where dost thou lead thy Flock to rest :
Why should I appear like one
Wild and wandring all alone,
Unbeloved and unknown ?
O my great Redeemer, say ;
Shall I turn my Feet astray ?
Will *Jesus* bear to see me rove,
To see me seek another Love ?

III.

III.

Ne'er had I known his dearest Name,
Ne'er had I felt this inward Flame,
Had not his Heart-strings first began the tender Sound :
Nor can I bear the Thought, that He
Shou'd leave the Sky,
Shou'd bleed and dye,
Should love a Wretch so vile as me
Without Returns of Passion for his dying Wound.

IV.

His Eyes are Glory mixt with Grace ;
In his delightful awful Face
Sits Majesty and Gentleness.
So tender is my bleeding Heart
That with a Frown he kills ;
His Absence is perpetual Smart,
Nor is my Soul refin'd enough
To bear the Beamings of his Love,
And feel his warmer Smiles.
Where shall I rest this drooping Head ?
I love, I love the Sun, and yet I want the Shade.

V.

My sinking Spirits feebly strive
T' endure the Extasy ;
Beneath these Rays I cannot live,
And yet without them die.

None knows the Pleasure and the Pain
That all my inward Powers sustain
But such as feel a Saviour's Love, and love the God again.

VI.

Oh why should Beauty Heavenly bright
Stoop to charm a Mortal's Sight,
And torture with the sweet Excess of Light?
Our Hearts, alas, how frail their Make!
With their own Weight of Joy they break,
Oh why is Love so strong, and Nature's self so weak?

VII.

Turn, turn away thine Eyes,
Ascend the Azure Hills, and shine
Amongst the happy Tenants of the Skies,
They can sustain a Vision so divine.
O turn thy lovely Glories from me,
The Joys are too intense, the Glories overcome me.

VIII.

Dear Lord, forgive my rash Complaint,
And love me still
Against my froward Will;
Unvail thy Beauties tho' I faint.
Send the great Herald from the Sky,
And at the Trumpets awful Roar
This feeble State of things shall fly,
And Pain and Pleasure mix no more:

Then

Then shall I gaze with strengthned Sight
 On Glories infinitely bright,
 My Heart shall all be Love, my *Jefus* all Delight.

Love to Christ present or absent.

I.

OF all the Joys we Mortals know
Jefus, thy Love exceeds the rest ;
 Love, the best Blessing here below,
 And nearest Image of the Blest.

II.

Sweet are my Thoughts, and soft my Cares
 When the dear Heav'nly Flame I feel ;
 In all my Hopes and all my Fears
 There's something kind and pleasing still.

III.

While I am held in his Embrace
 There's not a Thought attempts to rove ;
 Each Smile he wears upon his Face
 Fixes and charms and fires my Love.

IV.

He speaks, and strait immortal Joys
 Run thro' my Ears, and reach my Heart ;
 My Soul all melts at that dear Voice,
 And Pleasure shoots thro' every Part.

V.

If he withdraw a Moments space
He leaves a sacred Pledge behind ;
Here in this Breast his Image stays,
The Grief and Comfort of my Mind.

VI.

While of his Absence I complain,
And long, and weep as Lovers do,
There's a strange Pleasure in the Pain,
And Tears have their own Sweetness too.

VII.

When round his Courts by Day I rove,
Or ask the Watchmen of the Night
For some kind Tidings of my Love,
His very Name creates Delight.

VIII.

Jesus, my God ; yet rather come ;
Mine Eyes would dwell upon thy Face ;
'Tis best to see my Lord at home,
And feel the Presence of his Grace.

The Absence of Christ.

I.

Come, lead me to some lofty Shade
Where Turtles moan their Loves ;

Tall Shadows were for Lovers made ;
And Grief becomes the Groves.

II.

'Tis no mean Beauty of the Ground
That has enslav'd my Eyes ;
I faint beneath a nobler Wound,
Nor love below the Skies.

III.

Jesus, the Spring of all that's bright,
The everlasting Fair,
Heavens Ornament and Heavens Delight
Is my Eternal Care.

IV.

But, ah ! how far above this Grove
Does the dear Charmer dwell ?
Absence, that keenest Wound to Love,
That sharpest Pain I feel.

V.

Pensive I climb the sacred Hills,
And near him vent my Woes ;
Yet his sweet Face he still conceals,
Yet still my Passion grows.

VI.

I murmur to the hollow Vale,
I tell the Rocks my Flame,
And bless the *Eccho* in her Cell
That best repeats his Name.

VII.

My Passion breathes perpetual Sighs
Till pitying Winds shall hear,
And gently bear them up the Skies,
And gently wound his Ear.

Desiring his Descent to Earth.

I.

JESUS, I love. Come dearest Name,
Come and possess this Heart of mine ;
I love, tho 'tis a fainter Flame,
And infinitely less than thine.

II.

O if my Lord would leave the Skies,
Drest in the Rays of mildest Grace,
My Soul should hasten to my Eyes
To meet the Pleasures of his Face.

III.

How would I feast on all his Charms,
Then round his lovely Feet entwine !
Worship and Love in all their Forms
Shou'd pay him Honour most divine.

IV.

In vain the Tempters flatt'ring Tongue,
The World in vain should bid me move;

L

In

In vain ; for I should gaze so long
Till I were all transform'd to Love.

V.

Then (mighty God) I'd sing and say,
"What empty Names are Crowns and Kings!
"Amongst 'em give these Worlds away,
"These little despicable things.

VI.

I would not ask to climb the Sky,
Nor envy Angels their Abode,
I have a Heav'n as bright and high
In the blest Vision of my God.

Ascending to him in Heaven.

I.

'TIS pure Delight without Alloy
Jesus, to hear thy Name,
My Spirit leaps with inward Joy,
I feel the sacred Flame.

II.

My Passions hold a pleasing Reign
While Love inspires my Breast,
Love the divinest of the Train,
The Sovereign of the rest.

III.

III.

This is the Grace must live and sing
When Faith and Fear shall cease,
Must sound from every joyful String
Thro' the sweet Groves of Bliss.

IV.

Let Life immortal seize my Clay;
Let Love refine my Blood ;
Her Flames can bear my Soul away,
Can bring me near my God.

V.

Swift I ascend the heavenly Place,
And hasten to my Home,
I leap to meet thy kind Embrace,
I come, O Lord, I come.

VI.

Sink down, ye separating Hills,
Let Guilt and Death remove,
'Tis Love that drives my Chariot-Wheels,
And Death must yield to Love.

*The Presence of God worth dying for : Or,
The Death of Moses.*

I.

Lord, 'tis an Infinite Delight
To see thy lovely Face,
To dwell whole Ages in thy Sight
And feel thy vital Rays.

II.

This *Gabriel* knows ; and sings thy Name
With Rapture on his Tongue ;
Moses the Saint enjoys the same,
And Heaven repeats the Song.

III.

While the bright Nation sounds thy Praise
From each eternal Hill,
Sweet Odours of exhaling Grace
The happy Region fill.

IV.

Thy Love, a Sea without a Shore,
Spreads Life and Joy abroad :
O'tis a Heaven worth dying for
To see a smiling God.

V.

Shew me thy Face, and I'll away
From all inferiour things ;

Speak,

Speak, Lord, and here I quit my Clay,
And stretch my airy Wings.

VI.

Sweet was the Journey to the Sky
The wondrous Prophet try'd;
Climb up the Mount, says God, and die;
The Prophet climb'd and dy'd.

VII.

Softly his fainting Head he lay
Upon his Maker's Breast,
His Maker kiss'd his Soul away,
And laid his Flesh to rest.

VIII.

In God's own Arms he left the Breath
That God's own Spirit gave;
His was the noblest Road to Death,
And his the sweetest Grave.

Longing for his Return.

I.

O 'Twas a mournful parting Day!
Farewell, my Spouse, he said;
(How tedious Lord is thy delay!
How long my Love hath staid!)

II.

Farewell! at once he left the Ground,
And climb'd his Father's Sky:
Lord, I would tempt thy Chariot down,
Or leap to thee on high.

III.

Round the Creation wild I rove,
And view the Globe in vain;
There's nothing here that's worth my Love
Till thou return again.

IV.

My Passions fly to seek their King,
And send their Groans abroad,
They beat the Air with heavy Wing,
And mourn an absent God:

V.

With inward Pain my Heart-strings sound,
My Soul dissolves away;
Dear Sovereign, whirl the Seasons round,
And bring the promis'd Day.

Hope in Darkness.

1694.

I.

YET, gracious God,
Yet will I seek thy smiling Face;

What

What tho a short Eclipse his Beauties shrowd

And bar the Influence of his Rays,

'Tis but a Morning-Vapour or a Summer-Cloud :

He is my Sun tho he refuse to shine,

Tho for a Moment he depart

I dwell for ever on his Heart,

For ever he on mine.

Early before the Light arise

I'll spring a Thought away to God ;

The Passion of my Heart and Eyes

Shall shoot a thousand Groans and Sighs,

A thousand Glances strike the Skies,

The Floor of his Abode.

II.

Dear Sovereign, hear thy Servant pray,

Bend the blue Heavens, Eternal King,

Downward thy chearful Graces bring ;

Or shall I breath in vain and pant my Hours away ?

Break, glorious Brightness, thro' the gloomy Vail,

Look how the Armies of Despair

Aloft their footy Banners rear

Round my poor captive Soul, and dare

Pronounce me Prisoner of Hell.

But thou my Sun, and thou my Shield

Wilt save me in the bloody Field ;

Break, glorious Brightness, shoot one glimm'ring Ray,
 One Glance of thine creates a Day,
 And drives the Troops of Hell away.

III.

Happy the Times, but ah! the Times are gone
 When wond'rous Power and radiant Grace
 Round the tall Arches of the Temple shone,
 And mingled their victorious Rays ;
 Sin with all its ghastly Train
 Fled to the Deeps of Death again,
 And smiling Triumph sat on every Face :
 Our Spirits raptur'd with the Sight
 Were all Devotion, all Delight,
 And loud *Hosannas* founded the Redeemer's Praise.
 Here could I say,
 (And point the Place whereon I stood)
 Here I enjoy'd a Visit half the Day
 From my descending God :
 I was regal'd with heavenly Fare,
 With Fruit and Manna from above ;
 Divinely sweet the Blessings were
 While mine *Emanuel* was there;
 And o'er my Head
 The Conqueror spread
 The Banner of his Love.

IV.

Then why, my Heart, sunk down so low ?
Why do my Eyes dissolve and flow,
And hopeless Nature mourn ?
Review, my Soul, those pleasing Days,
Read his unalterable Grace
Thro' the Displeasure of his Face,
And wait a kind Return.
A Father's Love may raise a Frown
To chide the Child, or prove the Son,
But Love will ne'er destroy ;
The Hour of Darkneſs is but ſhort,
Faith be thy Life, and Patience thy Support,
The Morning brings the Joy.

Come Lord Jeſus.

I.

When ſhall thy lovely Face be ſeen ?
When ſhall our Eyes behold our God ?
What Lengths of Diſtance lie between,
And Hills of Guilt a heavy Load !

II.

Our Months are Ages of Delay,
And ſlowly every Minute wears;

Fly,

Fly, winged Time, and roll away
These tedious Rounds of sluggish Years.

III.

Ye heavenly Gates, loose all your Chains,
Let the eternal Pillars bow ;
Dear Saviour, cleave the Starry Plains,
And make the Chrystal Mountains flow.

IV.

Hark, how thy Saints unite their Cries,
And pray and wait the general Doom ;
Come, thou the Soul of all our Joys,
Thou the Desire of Nations, come.

V.

Put thy bright Robes of Triumph on,
And bless our Eyes, and bless our Ears,
Thou absent Love, thou dear unknown,
Thou fairest of ten thousand Fairs.

VI.

Our Heart-strings groan with deep Complaint,
Our Flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee,
And every Limb and every Joint
Stretches for Immortality.

VII.

Our Spirits shake their eager Wings,
And burn to meet thy rolling Throne ;
We rise away from mortal things
T' attend thy shining Chariot down.

VIII.

VIII.

Now let our chearful Eyes survey
The blazing Earth and melting Hills,
And smile to see the Lightnings play,
And flash along before thy Wheels.

IX.

O for a Shout of violent Joys
To joyn the Trumpets thundring Sound !
The Angel Herald shakes the Skies,
Awakes the Graves, and tears the Ground.

X.

Ye slumb'ring Saints, a Heavenly Host
Stands waiting at your gaping Tombs ;
Let every Sacred sleeping Dust
Leap into Life, for *Jesus* comes.

XI.

Jesus the God of Might and Love
New-moulds our Limbs of cumb'rous Clay ;
Quick as Seraphick Flames we move,
Active and young, and fair as they.

XII.

Our airy Feet with unknown Flight
Swift as the Motions of Desire
Run up the Hills of Heavenly Light,
And leave the weltring World in Fire.

Bewailing my own Inconstancy.

I.

I Love the Lord ; but ah ! how far
My Thoughts from the dear Object are !
This wanton Heart how wide it roves !
And Fancy meets a thousand Loves.

II.

If my Soul burn to see my God
I tread the Courts of his Abode,
But Troops of Rivals throng the Place
And tempt me off before his Face.

III.

Would I enjoy my Lord alone,
I bid my Passions all be gone,
All but my Love ; and charge my Will
To bar the Door and guard it still.

IV.

But Cares or Trifles make or find
Still new Avenues to the Mind,
Till I with Grief and Wonder see
Huge Crouds betwixt my Lord and me.

V.

Oft I am told the Muse will prove
A Friend to Piety and Love ;

Strait I begin some sacred Song,
And take my Saviour on my Tongue.

VI.

Strangely I lose his lovely Face
To hold the empty Sounds in chase ;
At best the Chimes divide my Heart,
And the Muse shares the larger part.

VII.

False Confident ! and falser Breast !
Fickle and fond of every Guest :
Each airy Image as it flies
Here finds Admittance thro' my Eyes.

VIII.

This foolish Heart can leave her God,
And Shadows tempt her Thoughts abroad :
How shall I fix this wandring Mind,
Or throw my Fetters on the Wind ?

IX.

Look gently down, Almighty Grace,
Prison me round in thine Embrace ;
Pity the Soul that would be thine,
And let thy Power my Love confine.

X.

Say, when shall that bright Moment be
That I shall live alone for thee,
My Heart no Foreign Lords adore,
And the wild Muse prove false no more ?

Forsaken, yet Hoping.

I.

HAppy the Hours, the Golden Days
When I could call my *Jesus* mine,
And sit and view his smiling Face,
And melt in Pleasures all Divine.

II.

Near to my Heart within my Arms
He lay, till Sin defil'd my Breast,
Till broken Vows and earthly Charms
Tir'd and provok'd my Heavenly Guest.

III.

And now He's gone (O mighty Woe)
Gone from my Soul, and hides his Love!
Curse on you, Sins, that griev'd Him so,
Ye Sins, that forc'd him to remove.

IV.

Break, break, my Heart, complain, my Tongue,
Hither, my Friends, your Sorrows bring :
Angels, assist my doleful Song,
If you have e're a mourning String.

V.

But, ah ! your Joys are ever high,
Ever his lovely Face you see,
While my poor Spirits pant and die,
And groan for thee, my God, for thee.

VI.

VI.

Yet let my Hope look thro' my Tears
And spy afar his rolling Throne ;
His Chariot thro' the cleaving Spheres
Shall bring the bright Beloved down.

VII.

Swift as a Roe flies o'er the Hills
My Soul springs out to meet him high,
Then the dear Conqueror turns his Wheels,
And climbs the Mansions of the Sky.

VIII.

There smiling Joy for ever reigns,
No more the Turtle leaves the Dove ;
Farewell to Jealousies, and Pains,
And all the Ills of absent Love.

The CONCLUSION.

God exalted above all Praise.

I.

ETernal Power ! whose high Abode
Becomes the Grandeur of a God ;
Infinite Lengths beyond the Bounds
Where Stars revolve their little Rounds.

II.

The lowest Step about thy Seat
Rises too high for *Gabriel's* Feet,

In

In vain the tall Arch-Angel tries
To reach thine Height with wondring Eyes.

III.

Thy dazling Beauties whilst he sings
He hides his Face behind his Wings ;
And Ranks of shining Thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the Ground.

IV.

Lord, what shall Earth and Ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too ;
From Sin and Dust to thee we cry
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

V.

Earth from afar has heard thy Fame,
And Worms have learnt to lisp thy Name ;
But, O, the Glories of thy Mind
Leave all our soaring Thoughts behind.

VI.

God is in Heaven, and Men below ;
Be short, our Tunes ; our Words, be few ;
A sacred Reverence checks our Songs,
And Praise sits silent on our Tongues.

The End of the First BOOK.

Tibi filet Laus, O Deus, Psal. 65. 1.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

B O O K II.

Sacred to VERTUE, LOYALTY,
and FRIENDSHIP.

T O

Her MAJESTY.

QUEEN of the *Northern* World, whose gentle
(Sway

Commands our Love, and charms our
Hearts t' obey,

Forgive the Nation's Groan when *WILLIAM* dy'd :

Lo, at thy Feet in all the loyal Pride

Of blooming Joy three happy Realms appear,

And *WILLIAM*'s Urn almost without a Tear

Stands; nor complains: while from thy gracious
(Tongue

Peace flows in Silver Streams amidst the Throng.

M

Amazing

Amazing Balm, that on those Lips was found
To sooth the Torment of that mortal Wound,
And calm the wild Affright! The Terror dies,
The bleeding Wound cements, the Danger flies,
And *Albion* shouts thine Honours as her Joys arise.

The *German* Eagle feels her Guardian dead,
Not her own Thunder can secure her Head;
Her trembling Eaglets hasten from afar,
And *Belgia's* Lion dreads the *Gallie* War:
All hide behind thy Shield. Remoter Lands
Whose Lives lay trusted in *Nassovian* Hands
Transfer their Souls, and live; secure they play
In thy mild Rays, and love the growing Day.

Thy beamy Wing at once defends and warms
Fainting Religion; whilst in various Forms
Fair Piety shines thro' the *British* Isles:
Here at thy Side, and in thy kindest Smiles
Blazing in Ornamental Gold she stands,
To bless thy Councils, and assist thy Hands,
And Crouds wait round her to receive Commands.
There at a humble Distance from the Throne
Beauteous she lies; her Lustre all her own,
Ungarnish'd; yet not blushing, nor afraid,
Nor knows Suspicion, nor affects the Shade:

Chearful and pleas'd she not presumes to share
 In thy Parental Gifts, but owns thy Guardian Care.
 For thee, dear Sovereign, endless Vows arise,
 And Zeal with early Wing salutes the Skies
 To gain thy Safety : Here a solemn Form
 Of ancient Words keeps the Devotion warm,
 And guides, but bounds our Wishes : There the Mind
 Feels its own Fire, and kindles unconfin'd
 With bolder Hopes : Yet still beyond our Vows
 Thy lovely Glories rise, thy spreading Terror grows.

PRINCESS, the World already owns thy Name :

Go, mount the Chariot of Immortal Fame,
 Nor die to be renown'd : Fame's loudest Breath
 Too dear is purchas'd by an Angels Death.
 The Vengeance of thy Rod with general Joy
 Shall scourge Rebellion, and the Rival-Boy :
 Thy sounding Arms his *Gallic* Patron hears
 And speeds his Flight ; nor overtakes his Fears
 Till hard Despair wring from the Tyrant's Soul
 The Iron Tears out. Let thy Frown controul
 Our angry Jars at home, till Wrath submit
 Her impious Banners to thy sacred Feet.
 Mad Zeal and Frenzy with their murderous Train
 Flee these sweet Realms in thine auspicious Reign,
 Envy expire in Rage, and Treason bite the Chain.

Let no black Scenes affright fair *Albion's* Stage :
 Thy Thread of Life prolong our golden Age,
 Long bless the Earth, and late ascend thy Throne
 Ethereal ; (not thy Deeds are there unknown,
 Nor there unsung ; for by thine awful Hands
 Heaven rules the Waves, and Thunders o'er the Lands,
 Creates inferior Kings and gives 'em their Commands.)
 Legions attend thee at the radiant Gates ;
 For thee thy Sister-Seraph blest *MARIA* waits.

But oh! the parting Stroke! some heavenly Power
 Chear thy sad *Britons* in the gloomy Hour ;
 Some new propitious Star appear on high
 The fairest Glory of the *Western* Sky,
 And *ANNA* be its Name ; with gentle Sway
 To check the Planets of malignant Ray,
 Sooth the rude *North* Wind, and the rugged *Bear*,
 Calm rising Wars, heal the contagious Air,
 And reign with peaceful Influence to the *Southern*
 (Sphere.)

T O

JOHN LOCK, Esq;

Retir'd from Business.

I.

Angels are made of heavenly things,
And Light and Love our Souls compose,
Their Blifs within their Bosom springs,
Within their Bosom flows.

But narrow Minds still make Pretence
To search the Coasts of Flesh and Sense,
And fetch diviner Pleasures thence.
Men are akin to Ethereal Forms,
But they belye their nobler Birth,
Debase their Honour down to Earth,
And claim a Share with Worms.

II.

He that has Treasures of his own
May leave the Cottage or the Throne,
May quit the Globe, and dwell alone
Within his spacious Mind.

LOCK hath a Soul wide as the Sea,
 Calm as the Night, bright as the Day,
 There may his vast *Ideas* play,
 Nor feel a Thought confin'd.

T O

JOHN SHUTE, Esq;

*On Mr. LOCK's dangerous Sicknefs some
 time after he had retired to ftudy the
 Scriptures.*

June, 1704.

I.

AND muſt the Man of wond'rous Mind
 (Now his rich Thoughts are juſt refin'd)
 Forſake our longing Eyes?

Reason at length ſubmits to wear
 The Wings of *Faith*, and lo they rear
 Her Chariot high, and nobly bear
 Her Prophet to the Skies.

II.

Go, Friend, and wait the Prophet's Flight,
 Watch if his Mantle chance to light
 And ſeize it for thy own;

SHUTE

SHUTE is the darling of his Years,
Young SHUTE his better Likeness bears,
All but his Wrinkles and his Hairs
Are copy'd in his Son.

III.

Thus when our Follies or our Fau'ts
Call for the Pity of thy Thoughts,
Thy Pen shall make us wise :
The Sallies of whose youthful Wit
Could pierce the *British* Fogs with Light,
Place our true Interest in our Sight,
And open half our Eyes.

T O

Mr. *WILLIAM* NOKES.

Friendship.

1702.

I.

FRRIENDSHIP, thou Charmer of the Mind,
Thou sweet deluding Ill,
The brightest Minute Mortals find,
And sharpest Hour we feel.

II.

Fate has divided all our Shares
Of Pleasure and of Pain ;
In Love the Comforts and the Cares
Are mix'd and join'd again.

III.

But whilst in Floods our Sorrow rolls,
And Drops of Joy are few,
This dear Delight of mingling Souls
Serves but to swell our Woe.

IV.

Oh ! why should Bliss depart in haste,
And Friendship stay to moan ?
Why the fond Passion cling so fast,
When every Joy is gone ?

V.

Yet never let our Hearts divide,
Not Death dissolve the Chain :
For Love and Joy were once ally'd,
And must be join'd again.

T O

NATHANAEEL GOULD, Esq;

1704.

I.

'TIS not by Splendor or by State,
 Exalted Mein, or lofty Gate,
 My Muse takes Measure of a King:
 If Wealth or Height or Bulk will do
 She calls each Mountain of *Peru*
 A more Majestic thing.
 Frown on me, Friend, if e'er I boast
 O'er Fellow-Minds enslav'd in Clay,
 Or swell when I shall have engrost
 A larger Heap of shining Dust,
 And wear a bigger Load of Earth than they.
 Let the vain World salute me loud,
 My Thoughts look inward, and forget
 The sounding Name of *High* and *Great*,
 The Flatteries of the Croud.

II.

When *GOULD* commands his Ships to run
 And search the Traffick of the Sea,
 His Fleet o'ertakes the falling Day,
 And bears the Western Mines away,

Or

Or richer Spices from the Rising Sun :

While the glad Tenants of the Shore

Shout and pronounce him Senator,

Yet still the Man's the same :

For well the happy Merchant knows

The Soul with Treasure never grows,

Nor swells with airy Fame.

III.

But trust me, *GOULD*, 'tis lawful Pride

To rise above the mean Controul

Of Flesh and Sense to which we're ty'd;

This is Ambition that becomes a Soul.

We steer our Course up thro' the Skies;

Farewel this barren Land :

We ken the heavenly Shore with longing Eyes,

There the dear Wealth of Spirits lies,

And beckoning Angels stand.

T O

Dr. *THOMAS GIBSON.*

The Life of Souls.

1704.

I.

SWIFT as the Sun revolves the Day
We hasten to the Dead,
Slaves to the Wind we puff away,
And to the Ground we tread.
'Tis Air that lends us Life, when first
The vital Bellows heave :
Our Flesh we borrow of the Dust ;
And when a Mother's Care has nurs'd
The Babe to manly Size, we must
With Ufury pay the Grave.

II.

Rich Juleps drawn from precious Oar
Still tend the dying Flame :
And Plants and Roots of barbarous Name
Torn from the *Indian* Shore.
Thus we support our tott'ring Flesh,
Our Cheeks resume the Rose afresh,
When Bark and Steel play well their Game

To

To save our sinking Breath,
And *GIBSON* with his awful Power
Rescues the poor precarious Hour
From the Demands of Death.

III.

But Art and Nature, Pow'rs and Charms,
And Drugs, and Recipe's, and Forms
Yield us at last to greedy Worms
A despicable Prey ;
I'de have a Life to call my own
That shall depend on Heaven alone ;
Nor Air, nor Earth, nor Sea
Mix their base Essences with mine,
Nor claim Dominion so Divine
To give me leave to Be.

IV.

Sure there's a Mind within, that reigns
O'er the dull Current of my Veins ;
I feel the inward Pulse beat high
With vigorous Immortality.
Let Earth resume the Flesh it gave,
And Breath dissolve amongst the Winds ;
GIBSON, the things that fear a Grave,
That I can lose, or you can save,
Are not akin to Minds.

V.

We claim Acquaintance with the Skies,
Upward our Spirits hourly rise,
And there our Thoughts employ :
When Heaven shall sign our Grand Release,
We are no Strangers to the Place,
The Business, or the Joy.

False Greatness.

I.

MYLO, forbear to call him blest
That only boasts a large Estate,
Should all the Treasures of the West
Meet and conspire to make him Great.
I know thy better Thoughts, I know
Thy Reason can't descend so low.
Let a broad Stream with Golden Sands
Thro' all his Meadows roll,
He's but a Wretch with all his Lands
That wears a narrow Soul.

II.

He swells amidst his wealthy Store,
And proudly poizing what he weighs,
In his own Scale he fondly lays
Huge Heaps of shining Oar.

He

He spreads the Ballance wide to hold

His Mannors and his Farms,

And cheats the Beam with Loads of Gold

He hugs between his Arms.

So might the Plough-Boy climb a Tree

When *Cræsus* mounts his Throne,

And both stand up, and smile to see

How long their Shadow's grown.

Alas! how vain their Fancies be

To think that Shape their own!

III.

Thus mingled still with Wealth and State

Cræsus himself can never know ;

His true Dimensions and his Weight

Are far inferiour to their Show.

Were I so tall to reach the Pole,

Or grasp the Ocean with my Span,

I must be measur'd by my Soul :

The Mind's the Standard of the Man.

To *SARISSA*. *An Epistle.*

BEAR up, *SARISSA*, thro' the ruffling Storms
Of a vain vexing World : Tread down the Cares
Those ragged Thorns that lie across the Road,

Nor

Nor spend a Tear upon them. Trust the Muse,
She sings experienc'd Truth : This briny Dew,
This Rain of Eyes will make the Briars grow.
We travel thro' a Defart, and our Feet
Have measur'd a fair Space, have left behind
A thousand Dangers and a thousand Snares
Well-scap'd. Adieu, ye Horrors of the Dark,
Ye finish'd Labours, and ye tedious Toils
Of Days and Hours : The Twinge of real Smart,
And the false Terrors of ill-boding Dreams
Vanish together ; be alike forgot,
For ever blended in one common Grave.

Farewel, ye waxing and ye waning Moons
That we have watch'd behind the flying Clouds
On Night's dark Hill, or setting or ascending,
Or in Meridian Height : Then Silence reign'd
O'er half the World ; then ye beheld our Tears,
Ye witness'd our Complaints, our Kindred Groans,
(Sad Harmony :) while with your beamy Horns
Or richer Orb ye silver'd o'er the Green
Where trod our Feet, and lent a feeble Light
To Mourners. Now ye have fulfill'd your Round,
Those Hours are fled, farewell. Months that are gone,
Are gone for ever, and have born away
Each his own Load. Our Woes and Sorrows past,
Moun-

Mountainous Woes, still lessen as they fly
Far off. So Billows in a stormy Sea,
Wave after Wave (a long Succession) roll
Beyond the Ken of Sight: The Saylor's safe
Look far a-stern till they have lost the Storm,
And shout their Boistrous Joys. A gentler Muse
Sings thy dear Safety, and commands thy Cares
To dark Oblivion ; bury'd deep in Night
Lose them, *SARISSA*, and assist my Song.

Awake thy Voice, sing how the slender Line
Of Fates immortal *NOW* divides the Past
From all the Future, her Eternal Bars
Forbidding a Return. The past Temptations
No more shall vex us ; every Grief we feel
Shortens the destin'd Number ; every Pulse
Beats a sharp Moment of the Pain away,
And the last Stroke will come. By swift Degrees
Time sweeps us off, and we shall soon arrive
At Life's sweet Period: O Celestial Point
That ends this mortal Story !

But if a Glimpse of Light with flatt'ring Ray
Break thro' the Clouds of Life, or wandering Fire
Amidst the Shades invite your doubtful Feet,
Beware the dancing Meteor ; faithless Guide,

That

That leads the lonesom Pilgrim wide astray
To Bogs and Fens, and Pits and certain Death!
Should vicious Pleasure take an Angel-Form
And at a Distance rise, by slow Degrees,
Treacherous, to wind her self into your Heart;
Stand firm aloof; nor let the gaudy Phantom
Too long allure your Gaze: the just Delight
That Heaven indulges lawful, must obey
Superiour Powers; nor tempt your Thoughts too far
In Slavery to Sense, nor swell your Hope
To dang'rous size: If it approach your Feet
And court your Hand, forbid th' intruding Joy
To sit too near your Heart: Still may our Souls
Claim Kindred with the Skies, nor mix with Dust
Our better-born Affections; leave the Globe
A Nest for Worms, and hasten to our Home.

O there are Gardens of th' immortal Kind
That crown the heavenly *Eden's* rising Hills
With Beauty and with Sweets; no lurking Mischief
Dwells in the Fruit, nor Serpent twines the Boughs;
The Branches bend laden with Life and Bliss
Ripe for the Taste, but 'tis a steep Ascent:
Hold fast the * Golden Chain let down from Heav'n;

* *The Gospel;*

'Twill help your Feet and Wings ; I feel its Force
 Draw upwards ; fasten'd to the Pearly Gate
 It guides the way unerring : Happy Clue
 Thro' this dark Wild ! 'Twas Wisdom's noblest Work,
 All joyn'd by Power Divine, and every Link is Love.

T O

Mr. *T. BRADBURY.**Paradise.*

I.

Young as I am I quit the Stage,
 Nor will I know th' Applauses of the Age ;
 Farewell to growing Fame. I leave below
 A Life not half worn out with Cares,
 Or Agonies, or Years ;
 I leave my Country all in Tears,
 But Heaven demands me upward, and I dare to go.
 Amongst Ye, Friends, divide and share
 The Remnant of my Days
 If ye have Patience, and can bear
 A long Fatigue of Life, and drudge thro' all the Race.

II.

Hark, my fair Guardian chides my stay,
And waves his Golden Rod ;
“ Angel, I come ; lead on the way :
And now by swift Degrees
I sail aloft thro’ Azure Seas,
Now tread the milky Road :
Farewell, ye Planets, in your Spheres ;
And as the Stars are lost a brighter Sky appears.
In haste for Paradise
I stretch the Pinions of a bolder Thought ;
Scarce had I will’d, but I was past
Desarts of trackless Light and all th’ Ethereal Waste,
And to the sacred Borders brought ;
There on the Wing a Guard of Cherubs lies,
Each waves a keen Flame as he flies,
And well defends the Walls from Sieges and Surprise.

III.

With pleasing Reverence I behold
The Pearly Portals wide unfold :
Enter my Soul, and view th’ amazing Scenes ;
Sit fast upon the flying Muse,
And let thy roving Wonder loose
O’er all th’ Empyrean Plains.

Noon stands eternal here : here may thy Sight
Drink in the Rays of Primigenial Light ;

Here breathe Immortal Air :

Joy must beat high in every Vein,
Pleasure thro' all thy Bosom reign ;
The Laws forbid the stranger Pain
And banish every Care.

IV.

See how the bubbling Springs of Love
Beneath the Throne arise ;
The Streams in Chrystal Channels move,
Around the Golden Streets they rove,
And bless the Mansions of the upper Skies.
There a fair Grove of Knowledge grows,
Nor Sin nor Death infects the Fruit ;
Young Life hangs fresh on all the Boughs,
And springs from every Root :
Here may thy greedy Senses feast
While Extasy and Health attends on every Taste.
With the fair Prospect charm'd I stood ;
Fearless I feed on the delicious Fare,
And drink profuse Salvation from the Silver Food,
Nor can Excess be there.

V.

In sacred Order rang'd along
Saints new-releas'd by Death
Joyn the bold Seraphs warbling Breath,
And aid th' Immortal Song.

Each

Each has a Voice that tunes his Strings
To mighty Sounds and mighty Things,
Things of everlasting Weight,
Sounds like the softer Viol, sweet,
And like the Trumpet, strong.
Divine Attention held my Soul,

I was all Ear ;

Thro' all my Pow'rs the Heavenly Accents roll,
I long'd and wish'd my *BRADBURY* there ;
“ Could he but hear these Notes, I said,
“ His tuneful Soul wou'd never bear
“ The dull unwinding of Life's tedious Thread,
“ But burst the vital Chords to reach the happy Dead.

VI.

And now my Tongue prepares to joyn
The Harmony, and with a noble Aim
Attempts th' unutterable Name,
But faints confounded by the Notes Divine:
Again my Soul th' unequal Honour fought,
Again her utmost Force she brought,
And bow'd beneath the Burden of th' unwieldy Thought.
Thrice I essay'd, and fainted thrice ;
Th' Immortal Labour strain'd my feeble Frame.
Broke the bright Vision, and dissolv'd the Dream ;
I sunk at once and lost the Skies:
In vain I sought the Scenes of Light

Rolling abroad my longing Eyes,
For all around 'em stood my Curtains and the Night.

Strict Religion very rare.

I.

I'M born aloft, and leave the Croud,
I sayl upon a Morning-Cloud
Skirted with dawning Gold :
Mine Eyes beneath the opening Day
Command the Globe with wide Survey,
Where Ants in busy Millions play,
And tug and heave the Mould.

II.

“ Are these the things (my Passion cry'd)
“ That we call Men? Are these ally'd
“ To the fair Worlds of Light ?
“ They have ras'd out their Maker's Name,
“ Grav'n on their Minds with pointed Flame
“ In Strokes divinely bright.

III.

“ Wretches! they hate their native Skies ;
“ If an Ethereal Thought arise,
“ Or Spark of Vertue shine,

“ With

“ With cruel Force they damp its Plumes, .
 “ Choke the young Fire with sensual Fumes,
 “ With Business, Lust or Wine.

IV.

“ Lo! how they throng with panting Breath
 “ The broad descending Road
 “ That leads unerring down to Death,
 “ Nor miss the dark Abode.

Thus while I drop a Tear or two.
 On the wild Herd, a noble few
 Dare to stray upward, and pursue
 Th’ unbeaten Way to God.

V.

I meet *Myrtillo* mounting high,
 I knew his candid Soul afar ;
 Here *Dorylus* and *Thyrsis* fly
 Each like a rising Star.

Charin I saw and *Fidea* there,
 I saw them help each others Flight,
 And bless them as they go ;
 They soar beyond my lab’ring Sight,
 And leave their Loads of mortal Care
 But not their Love below.

On Heav’n their Home they fix their Eyes
 The Temple of their GOD :
 With Morning Incense up they rise

Sublime, and thro' the lower Skies

Spread the Perfumes abroad.

VI.

Across the Road a Seraph flew,

“ Mark (said he) that happy Pair,

“ Marriage helps Devotion there :

“ When Kindred Minds their God pursue

“ They break with double Vigour thro’

“ The dull incumbent Air.

Charm'd with the Pleasure and Surprise

My Soul adores and sings,

“ Blest be the Pow'r that springs their Flight,

“ That streaks their Path with heavenly Light,

“ That turns their Love to Sacrifice,

“ And joins their Zeal for Wings.

T O

Mr. C. and S. *FLEETWOOD*.

I.

FLEETWOODS, young generous Pair,
 Despise the Joys that Fools pursue ;
 Bubbles are light and brittle too,
 Eorn of the Water and the Air.

Try'd

Try'd by a Standard bold and just
Honour and Gold are Paint and Dust ;
How vile the last is, and as vain the first :
Things that the Croud call great and brave,
With me how low their Value's brought ?
Titles and Names, and Life and Breath,
Slaves to the Wind and born for Death ;
The Soul's the only thing we have
Worth an important Thought.

II.

The Soul ! 'tis of th' immortal kind,
Not form'd of Fire or Earth or Wind,
Out-lives the mouldring Corps, and leaves the Globe
In Limbs of Clay tho she appears, (behind.
Drest up in Ears and Eyes,
The Flesh is but the Soul's Disguise,
There's nothing in her Frame kin to the Rags she wears.
From all the Laws of Matter free,
From all we feel, and all we see
She stands eternally distinct, and must for ever Be.

III.

Rise then, my Thoughts, on high,
Soar beyond all that's made to die ;
Lo ! on an awful Throne
Sits the Creator and the Judge of Souls,
Whirling the Planets round the Poles,

Winds off our Threads of Life, & brings our Periods on.
Swift the Approach, and solemn is the Day,

When this immortal Mind
Stript of the Body's coarse Array
To endless Pain, or endless Joy
Must be at once consign'd.

IV.

Think of the Sands run down to waste,
We possess none of all the Past,
None but the Present is our own;
Grace is not plac'd within our Power,
'Tis but one short, one shining Hour,
Bright and declining as a setting Sun.
See the white Minutes wing'd with haste;
The NOW that flies may be the last,
Seize the Salvation e'er it is past,
Nor mourn the Blessing gone:
A Thoughts Delay is Ruin here,
A closing Eye, a gasping Breath
Shuts up the golden Scene in Death,
And drowns you in Despair.

| T O

Mr. *WILLIAM BLACKBURN.*

Casimir. Lib. 2. Od. 2. imitated.

Quæ tegit Canas modo Bruma valles, &c.

I.

MArk how it snows! how fast the Valley fills!
And the sweet Groves the hoary Garment wear;
Yet the warm Sun-beams bounding from the Hills
Shall melt the Vail away, and the young Green appear.

II.

But when old Age has on your Temples shed
Her Silver-Frost, there's no returning Sun;
Swift flies our Autumn, swift our Summer's fled,
When Youth, and Love, and Spring, and golden Joys
(are gone)

III.

Then Cold and Winter, and your aged Snow
Stick fast upon you; not the rich Array,
Not the green Garland, nor the rosy Bough
Shall cancel or conceal the melancholy Grey.

IV.

The Chase of Pleasure is not worth the Pains,
While the bright Sands of Health run wasting down;

And

Forms it a large one, whilst his Royal Mind
Makes Heaven its Council, from the Rolls above
Draws his own Statutes, and with Joy obeys.

'Tis not a Troop of well-appointed Guards
Create a Monarch, not a purple Robe
Dy'd in the Peoples Blood, not all the Crowns
Or dazling Tiars that bend about the Head,
Tho gilt with Sun-beams and set round with Stars.
A Monarch He that conquers all his Fears,
And treads upon them; when he stands alone,
Makes his own Camp; four Guardian Virtues wait
His nightly Slumbers, and secure his Dreams.
Now dawns the Light; he ranges all his Thoughts
In square Battalions, bold to meet th' Attacks
Of Time and Chance, himself a num'rous Host,
All Eye, all Ear, all wakeful as the Day,
Firm as a Rock, and moveless as the Centre.

In vain the Harlot Pleasure spreads her Charms
To lull his Thoughts in Luxury's fair Lap
To sensual Ease (the Bane of little Kings,
Monarchs whose waxen Images of Souls
Are moulded into Softness) still his Mind
Wears its own Shape, nor can the heavenly Form

Stoop to be modell'd by the wild Decrees
Of the mad Vulgar, that unthinking Herd.

He lives above the Croud, nor hears the Noise
Of Wars and Triumphs, nor regards the Shouts
Of popular Applause, that empty Sound ;
Nor feels the flying Arrows of Reproach,
Or Spite or Envy. In himself secure,
Wisdom his Tower, and Conscience is his Shield,
His Peace all inward, and his Joys his own.

Now my Ambition swells, my Wishes soar,
This be my Kingdom : fit above the Globe
My rising Soul, and dress thy self around
And shine in Vertue's Armour, climb the Height
Of Wisdoms lofty Castle, there reside
Safe from the smiling and the frowning World.

Yet once a Day drop down a gentle Look
On the great Mole-hill, and with pitying Eye
Survey the busy Emmets round the Heap
Crouding and bustling in a thousand Forms
Of Strife and Toil, to purchase Wealth and Fame,
A Bubble or a Dust : Then call thy Thoughts
Up to thy self to feed on Joys unknown,
Rich without Gold, and Great without Renown.

True

True Courage.

HONOUR demands my Song. Forget the Ground
My generous Muse, and sit amongst the Stars;
There sing the Soul, that conscious of her Birth
Lives like a Native of the vital World
Amongst these dying Clods, and bears her State
Just to her self: how nobly she maintains
Her Character, Superiour to the Flesh,
She wields her Passions like her Limbs, and knows
The Brutal Powers were only born t' obey.

This is the Man whom Storms could never make
Meanly complain, nor can a flatt'ring Gale
Make him talk proudly: he hath no Desire
To read his secret Fate; yet unconcern'd
And calm could meet his unborn Destiny
In all its charming or its frightful Shapes.

He that unshrinking and without a Groan
Bears the first Wound may finish all the War
With meer couragious Silence, and come off
Conqueror: for the Man that well conceals
The heavy Strokes of Fate he bears 'em well.

He

He, tho th' *Atlantic* and the *Midland* Seas
With adverse Surges meet, and rise on high
Suspended 'twixt the Winds, then rush amain
Mingled with Flames upon his single Head,
With Clouds and Stars and Thunder, firm he stands,
And from the lofty Castle of his Mind
Sublime looks down and joyfully surveys
The Ruins of Creation ; he alone
Heir of the dying World : A piercing Glance
Shoots upwards from between his closing Lids
To reach his Birth-place, then without a Sigh
He bids his batter'd Flesh lie gently down
Amongst its native Rubbish ; while his Soul
Breathes and flies upward, an undoubted Guest
Of the third Heaven, th' unruinable Sky.

Thither when Fate has brought our willing Souls,
No matter whether 'twas a sharp Disease
Or a sharp Sword that help'd the Travellers on,
And push'd us to our Home. Bear up my Friend
Serenely, and break thro' the stormy Brine
With stedd' Prow ; know, we shall once arrive
At the fair Haven of eternal Bliss
To which we ever steer ; whether as Kings

Of wide Command we've spread the spacious Sea
With a broad painted Fleet, or row'd along
In a thin Cock-boat with a little Oar.

There let my narrow Plank shift me to Land
And I'll be happy : thus I'll leap ashore
Joyful and fearless on th' Immortal Coast,
Since all I leave is mortal, and it must be lost.

To the much Honoured

Mr. *THOMAS ROWE*,

The Director of my Youthful Studies.

Free Philosophy.

I.

CUSTOM, that Tyranness of Fools
That leads the Learned round the Schools
In Magic Chains of Forms and Rules !

My Genius storms her Throne :
No more, ye Slaves, with Awe profound
Beat the dull Track, nor dance the Round ;
Loose Hands, and quit th'enchanted Ground,
Knowledge invites us each alone.

II.

I hate these Shackles of the Mind

Forg'd by the haughty Wife ;

Souls were not born to be confin'd,

And led like *Sampson* blind and bound ;

But when his native Strength he found

He well aveng'd his Eyes.

I love thy gentle Influence, *ROWE*,

Thy gentle Influence like the Sun

Only dissolves the frozen Snow,

Then bids our Thoughts like Rivers flow,

And chuse the Channels where they run.

III.

Thoughts should be free as Fire or Wind ;

The Pinions of a single Mind

Will thro' all Nature fly :

But who can drag up to the Poles

Long fetter'd Ranks of Leaden Souls ?

My Genius which no Chain controuls

Roves with Delight, or deep or high :

Swift I survey the Globe around,

Dive to the Centre thro' the solid Ground,

Or travel o'er the Sky.

To the Reverend

Mr. *BENONI ROWE.*

The Way of the Multitude.

I.

ROWE, if we make the Croud our Guide
Thro' Life's uncertain Road,
Mean is the Chase; and wandering wide
We miss th' immortal Good;
Yet if my Thoughts could be confin'd
To imitate a foreign Mind,
I'd mark thy Steps and tread the same:
Drest in thy Notions I'd appear
Not like a Soul of mortal Frame,
Nor with a vulgar Air.

II.

Men live at Random and by Chance;
Bright Reason never leads the Dance;
Whilst in the broad and beaten way
O'er Dales and Hills from Truth we stray;
To Ruin we descend, to Ruin we advance.
Wisdom retires; she hates the Croud,
And with a decent Scorn

Aloof she climbs her steepy Seat,
 Where nor the Grave nor Giddy Feet
 Of the learn'd Vulgar or the Rude
 Have e'er a Passage worn.

III.

Meer Hazard first began the Track
 Where Custom leads her Thousands blind
 In willing Chains and strong ;
 There's scarce one bold, one noble Mind
 Dares tread the fatal Error back ;
 But Hand in Hand our selves we bind
 And drag the Age along.

IV.

Mortals a savage Herd, and loud
 As Billows on a noisy Flood
 In rapid Order roll :
 Example makes the Mischief Good :
 With jocund Heel we beat the Road,
 Unheedful of the Goal.
 Me let * *Ithuriel's* friendly Wing
 Snatch from the Croud, and bear sublime
 To Wisdom's lofty Tower,
 Thence to survey that wretched Thing
 Mankind ; and in exalted Rhime
 Bless the delivering Power.

* *Ithuriel is the Name of an Angel in Milton's Paradise lost.*

To the Reverend
Mr. *JOHN HOWE.*

1704.

I.

Great Man, permit the Muse to climb
And seat her at thy Feet,
Bid her attempt a Thought sublime,
And consecrate her Wit.

I feel, I feel, th' attractive Force
Of thy superiour Soul;
My Chariot flies her upward Course,
The Wheels divinely roll.

Now let me chide the mean Affairs
And mighty Toyl of Men :
How they grow grey in trifling Cares,
Or waste the Motions of the Spheres
Upon Delights as vain !

II.

A Puff of Honour fills the Mind,
And yellow Dust is solid Good ;
Thus like the As of savage Kind
We snuff the Breezes of the Wind,
Or steal the Serpents Food.

Could all the Choirs
That charm the Poles

O ;

But

But strike one doleful Sound,
 'Twould be employ'd to mourn our Souls,
 Souls that were fram'd of sprightly Fires
 In Floods of Folly drown'd.
 Souls made of Glory seek a Brutal Joy ;
 How they disclaim their heavenly Birth,
 Melt their bright Substance down with drossy Earth,
 And hate to be refin'd from that impure Alloy.

III.

Oft has thy Genius rous'd us hence
 With elevated Song,
 Bid us renounce this World of Sense,
 Bid us divide th' Immortal Prize
 With the Seraphic Throng :
 " Knowledge and Love make Spirits blest,
 " Knowledge their Food, and Love their Rest ;
 But Flesh, th' unmanageable Beast,
 Resists the Pity of thine Eyes,
 And Music of thy Tongue.
 Then let the Worms of groveling Mind
 Round the short Joys of earthly Kind
 In restless Windings roam ;
HOWE hath an ample Orb of Soul,
 Where shining Worlds of Knowledge roll,
 Where Love the Centre and the Pole
 Compleats the Heaven at home.

The Disappointment and Relief.

I.

VERTUE, permit my Fancy to impose
Upon my better Pow'rs :

She casts sweet Fallacies on half our Woes,

And silvers o'er the fable Hours.

How could we bear this tedious Round

Of waning Moons, and rolling Years,

Of flaming Hopes, and chilling Fears,

If (where no sovereign Cure appears)

No Opiates could be found ?

II.

Love, the most cordial Stream that flows,

Is a deceitful Good:

Young *Doris* who nor Guilt nor Danger knows

On the green Margin stood,

Pleas'd with the golden Bubbles as they rose,

And with more golden Sands her Fancy pav'd the Flood:

Then fond to be entirely blest,

And tempted by a faithless Youth

As void of Goodness as of Truth,

She plunges in with heedless haste

And rears the nether Mud :

Darkness and nauseous Dregs arise
O'er thy fair Current, Love, with large Supplies
Of Pain about the Heart, and Sorrow for the Eyes.

The golden Bliss that charm'd her Sight
Is dash'd, and drown'd, and lost :
A Spark or glimmering Streak at most
Shines here and there amidst the Night ;
Amidst the turbid Waves, and gives a faint Delight.

III.

Recover'd from the sad Surprise
Doris awakes at last,
Grown by the Disappointment wise ;
And manages with Art th' unlucky Cast ;
When the lowring Frown she spies
On her haughty Tyrants Brow
With humble Love she meets his wrathful Eyes
And makes her sovereign Beauty bow ;
Chearful she smiles upon the griezly Form ;
So shines the setting Sun on adverse Skies,
And paints a Rain-bow on the Storm.
Anon she lets the sullen Humour spend,
And with a vertuous Book or Friend
Beguiles th' uneasy Hours :
Well-colouring every Cross she meets
With Heart serene she sleeps and eats,
She spreads her Board with fancy'd Sweets,
And strows her Bed with Flow'rs.

The

The Heroe's School of Morality.

I.

THERON amongst his Travels found
 A broken Statue on the Ground ;
 And searching onward as he went
 He trac'd a ruin'd Monument.
 Mould, Moss, and Shades had overgrown
 The Sculpture of the crumbling Stone,
 Yet e'er he past with much ado
 He guess'd and spell'd out *Sci-pi-o*.

“ Enough he cry'd ; I'll druge no more
 “ In turning the dull *Stoicks* o'er :
 “ Let Pedants waste their Hours of Ease
 “ To sweat all Night at *Socrates* ;
 “ And feed their Boys with Notes & Rules,
 “ Those tedious *Recipe's* of Schools
 “ To cure Ambition : I can learn
 “ With greater Ease the great Concern
 “ Of Mortals ; how we may despise
 “ All the gay things below the Skies.

“ Methinks a mouldring Pyramid
 “ Says all that the old Sages said ;

“ For

“ For me these shatter’d Tombs contain

“ More Morals than the *Vatican*.

“ The Dust of Heroes cast abroad,

“ And kick’d, and trampled in the Road,

“ The Relicks of a lofty Mind

“ That lately Wars and Crowns design’d

“ Tost for a Jest from Wind to Wind

“ Bid me be humble, and forbear

“ Tall Monuments of Fame to rear,

“ They are but Castles in the Air.

“ The towring Heights and frightful Falls,

“ The ruin’d Heaps and Funerals

“ Of smoaking Kingdoms and their Kings

“ Tell me a thousand mournful things

“ In melancholy Silence. ———

————— He

“ That living could not bear to see

“ An equal, now lies torn and dead,

“ Here his pale Trunk, and there his Head ;

“ Great *Pompey* ! while I meditate

“ With solemn Horror thy sad Fate,

“ Thy Carcass scatter’d on the Shore

“ Without a Name instructs me more

“ Than my whole Library before.

“ Lie

" Lie still my *Plutarch* then, and sleep,
 " And my good *Seneca* may keep
 " Your Volumes clos'd for ever too,
 " I have no further Use for you :
 " For when I feel my Vertue fail,
 " And my ambitious Thoughts prevail,
 " I'll take a turn among the Tombs,
 " And see whereto all Glory comes :
 " There the vile Foot of every Slave
 " Insults a *Charles* or a *Gustave* ;
 " Beggars with awful Ashes sport,
 " And tread the *Cæsars* in the Dirt.

Freedom.

1697.

I.

TEmpt me no more. My Soul can ne'er comport
 With the gay Slaveries of a Court :
 I've an Aversion to those Charms,
 And hug dear Liberty in both mine Arms.
 Go, Vassal-Souls, go, cringe and wait,
 And dance Attendance at a *Honorio's* Gate,
 Then run in Troops before him to compose his State ;
 Move as he move, and when he loyters, stand ;
You're

You're but the Shadows of a Man.
 Bend when he speaks ; and kiss the Ground,
 Go, catch th' Impertinence of Sound ;
 Adore the Follies of the Great,
 Wait till he smiles : But lo, the Idol frown'd
 And drove them to their Fate.

II.

Thus base-born Minds: but as for Me,
 I can and will be free :
 Like a strong Mountain or some stately Tree
 My Soul grows firm upright,
 And as I stand and as I go,
 It keeps my Body so ;
 No, I can never part with my Creation-Right.
 Let Slaves and Asses stoop and bow,
 I cannot make this Iron Knee
 Bend to a meaner Power than that which form'd it free.

III.

Thus my bold Harp profusely play'd
Pindarical ; then on a branchy Shade
 I hung my Harp aloft, my self beneath it layd.
 Nature that listen'd to my Strain,
 Resum'd the Theme, and acted it again.
 Sudden rose a whirling Wind
 Swelling like *Henorio* proud,

Around the Straws and Feathers croud,
Types of a slavish Mind ;
Upwards the stormy Forces rise,
The Dust flies up and climbs the Skies,
And as the Tempest fell th' obedient Vapours sunk :
Again it roars with bellowing Sound,
The meaner Plants that grew around,
The Willow, and the Asp trembled and kiss'd the
(Ground :
Hard by there stood the Iron Trunk
Of an old Oak, and all the Storm defy'd ;
In vain the Winds their Forces try'd,
In vain they roar'd ; the Iron Oak
Bow'd only to the heavenly Thunders Stroke:

*On Mr. LOCK's Annotations upon several
Parts of the New Testament, left behind
him at his Death.*

I.

THUS Reason learns by slow Degrees
What Faith reveals ; but still complains
Of Intellectual Pains
And Darkness from the too exuberant Light.
The Blaze of those bright Mysteries

Pour'd

Pour'd all at once on Nature's Eyes
Offend and cloud her feeble Sight.

II.

Reason could scarce sustain to see
Th' Almighty One, th' Eternal Three,
Or bear the Infant Deity ;
Scarce could her Pride descend to own
Her Maker stooping from his Throne,
And drest in Glories so unknown.
A ransom'd World, a bleeding God,
And Heav'n appeas'd with flowing Blood,
Were Themes too painful to be understood.

III.

Faith, thou bright Cherub, speak and say
Did ever Mind of mortal Race
Cost thee more Toyl or larger Grace
To melt and bend it to obey.
'Twas hard to make so rich a Soul submit,
And lay her shining Honours at thy sovereign Feet.

IV.

Sister of Faith, Fair Charity,
Shew me the wond'rous Man on high,
Tell how he sees the God-head Three in One ;
The bright Conviction fills his Eye,
His noblest Pow'rs in deep Prostration lye
At the mysterious Throne.

" Forgive, he crys, Ye Saints below
 " The wav'ring and the cold Assent
 " I gave to Themes divinely true ;
 " Can you admit the Blessed to repent ?
 " Eternal Darknes vail the Lines
 " Of that unhappy Book,
 " Where feeble Reason with false Lustre shines,
 " Where the meer Mortal Pen mistook
 " What the Cœlestial meant !

See Mr. Lock's Annotations on Rom. 3. 25. and Paraphrase on Rom. 9. 5. which has inclin'd some Readers to doubt whether he was fully perswaded of the Deity and Satisfaction of Christ.

True Riches.

I Am not concern'd to know
 What to morrow Fate will do :
 'Tis enough that I can say
 I've possess'd my self to day :
 Then if haply Midnight-Death
 Seize my Flesh and stop my Breath,
 Yet to morrow I shall be
 Heir to the best Part of Me.

Glittering Stones and Golden things,
 Wealth and Honours that have Wings,
 Ever fluttering to be gone

I could never call my own :
Riches that the World bestows
She can take and I can lose ;
But the Treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her Line.
When I view my spacious Soul,
And survey my self awhile,
And enjoy my self alone,
I'm a Kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty Part within
That the World hath never seen,
Rich as *Eden's* happy Ground,
And with choicer Plenty crown'd.
Here on all the shining Boughs
Knowledge fair and useful grows ;
On the same young flow'ry Tree
All the Seasons you may see ;
Notions in the Bloom of Light,
Just disclosing to the Sight ;
Here are Thoughts of larger Growth,
Rip'ning into solid Truth ;
Fruits refin'd, of noble Taste ;
Seraphs feed on such Repast.
Here in a green and shady Grove
Streams of Pleasure mix with Love :

There

There beneath the smiling Skies
Hills of Contemplation rise ;
Now upon some shining Top
Angels light, and call me up ;
I rejoyce to raise my Feet,
Both rejoyce when there we meet.

There are endless Beauties more
Earth hath no Resemblance for ;
Nothing like them round the Pole,
Nothing can describe the Soul :
'Tis a Region half unknown,
That has Treasures of its own,
More remote from publick View
Than the Bowels of *Peru* ;
Broader 'tis and brighter far
Than the Golden *Indies* are ;
Ships that trace the watry Stage
Cannot coast it in an Age ;
Harts or Horses, strong and fleet,
Had they Wings to help their Feet
Could not run it half way o'er
In ten thousand Days and more.

Yet the silly wandring Mind
Loath to be too much confin'd

Roves and takes her dayly Tours,
 Coasting round the narrow Shores,
 Narrow Shores of Flesh and Sense,
 Picking Shells and Pebbles thence:
 Or she sits at Fancy's Door,
 Calling Shapes and Shadows to her,
 Foreign Visits still receiving,
 And t' her self a Stranger living.
 Never, never would she buy
Indian Dust or *Tyrian* Dye,
 Never trade abroad for more
 If she saw her native Store,
 If her inward Worth were known
 She might ever live alone.

The Adventurous Muse.

I.

URANIA takes her morning Flight
 With an inimitable Wing:
 Thro' rising Deluges of dawning Light
 She cleaves her wondrous way,
 She tunes immortal Anthems to the growing Day;
 Nor *Rapin* gives her Rules to fly, nor *Purcell* Notes to sing.

II.

II.

She nor inquires, nor knows nor fears
Where lie the pointed Rocks, or where th' ingulphing
Climbing the liquid Mountains of the Skie
She meets descending Angels as she flies,
Nor asks them where their Country lies,
Or where the Sea-marks stand.

Touch'd with an Empyrean Ray
She springs unerring upward to eternal Day,
Spreads her white Sayls aloft, and steers
With bold and safe Attempt to the Celestial Land.

III.

Whilst little Skiffs along the mortal Shores
With humble Toyl in Order creep,
Coasting in sight of one anothers Oars,
Nor venture thro' the boundless Deep.
Such low pretending Souls are they
Who dwell inclos'd in solid Orbs of Skull ;
Plodding along their sober way,
The Snail o'ertakes them in their wildest Play,
While the poor Labourers sweat to be correctly dull.

IV.

Give me the Chariot whose diviner Wheels
Mark their own Rout, and unconfin'd
Bound o'er the everlasting Hills,
And lose the Clouds below, and leave the Stars behind.

Give me the Muse whose generous Force
 Impatient of the Reins
 Pursues an unattempted Course,
 Breaks all the Criticks Iron Chains,
 And bears to Paradise the raptur'd Mind.

V.

There *Milton* dwells: The Mortal sung
 Themes not presum'd by mortal Tongue ;
 New Terrors and new Glories shine
 In every Page, and flying Scenes Divine
 Surprise the wond'ring Sense, & draw our Souls along.
 Behold his Muse sent out t' explore
 The unapparent Deep where Waves of *Chaos* roar,
 And Realms of Night unknown before.
 She trac'd a glorious Path unknown,
 Thro' Fields of heav'nly War, and Seraphs overthrown,
 Where his advent'rous Genius led :
 Sovereign she fram'd a Model of her own,
 Nor thank'd the Living nor the Dead.
 The noble Hater of degenerate Rhyme
 Shook off the Chains, and built his Verse sublime,
 A Monument too high for coupled Sounds to climb.
 He mourn'd the Garden lost below ;
 (Earth is the Scene for tuneful Woe)
 Now Bliss beats high in all his Veins,

Now the lost *Eden* He regains,
Keeps his own Air, and triumphs in unrivall'd Strains.

VI.

Immortal Bard ! Thus thy own *Raphael* sings,
And knows no Rule but native Fire :
All Heav'n sits silent while to his Sovereign Strings
He talks unutterable Things ;
With Graces Infinite his untaught Fingers rove
Across the Golden Lyre :
From every Note Devotion springs,
Rapture and Harmony and Love
O'erspread the list'ning Choir.

T O

Mr. *NICHOLAS CLARK.*

The Complaint.

I.

'T Was in a Vale where *Osyers* grow
By murm'ring Streams we told our Woe,
And mingled all our Cares :
Friendship sat pleas'd in both our Eyes,
In both the weeping Dews arise
And drop alternate Tears.

II.

The vigorous Monarch of the Day
Now mounted half his Morning Way
Shone with a fainter Bright;
Still sickning and decaying still,
Dimly he wander'd up the Hill
With his expiring Light.

III.

In dark Eclipse his Chariot roll'd,
The Queen of Night obscur'd his Gold
Behind her sable Wheels:
Nature grew sad to lose the Day,
The flow'ry Vales in Mourning lay,
In Mourning stood the Hills.

IV.

Such are our Sorrows, *CLARK*, I cry'd,
Clouds of the Brain grow black, and hide
Our dark'ned Souls behind;
In the young Morning of our Years
Distempering Fogs have climb'd the Spheres,
And choke the lab'ring Mind.

V.

Lo the gay Planet rears his Head
And overlooks the lofty Shade
New-bright'ning all the Skies:

But say, dear Partner of my Moan,
When will our long Eclipse be gone,
Or when our Suns arise?

VI.

In vain are potent Herbs apply'd,
Harmonious Sounds in vain have try'd
To make the Darkneſs fly:
But Drugs would raiſe the Dead as ſoon,
Or clatt'ring Braſs relieve the Moon,
When fainting in the Sky.

VII.

Some friendly Spirit from above,
Born of the Light, and nurſt with Love,
Aſſiſt our feeblſt Fires;
Force theſe invading Glooms away;
Souls ſhould be ſeen quite thro' their Clay
Bright as your heav'nly Choirs.

VIII.

But if the Fogs muſt damp the Flame,
Gently, kind Death, diſſolve our Frame,
Release the Priſoner-Mind:
Our Souls ſhall mount at thy Diſcharge
To their bright Source, and ſhine at large
Nor clouded, nor confin'd.

The Afflictions of a Friend.

1702.

I.

NOW let my Cares all bury'd lie,
My Griefs for ever dumb :
Your Sorrows swell my Heart so high,
They leave my own no Room.

II.

Sickness and Pains are quite forgot,
The Spleen it self is gone ;
Plung'd in your Woes I feel them not,
Or feel them all in one.

III.

Infinite Grief puts Sence to Flight,
And all the Soul invades :
So the broad Gloom of spreading Night
Devours the Evening Shades.

IV.

Thus am I born to be unblest !
This Sympathy of Woe
Drives my own Tyrants from my Breast
T' admit a foreign Foe.

V.

V.

Sorrows in long Succession` reign ;
Their Iron Rod I feel :
Friendship has only chang'd the Chain,
But I'm the Pris'ner still.

VI.

Why was this Life for Misery made ?
Or why drawn out so long ?
Is there no Room amongst the Dead ?
Or is a Wretch too young ?

VII.

Move faster on great Nature's Wheel,
Be kind, ye rolling Powers,
Hurl my Days headlong down the Hill
With undistinguish'd Hours.

VIII.

Be dusky all my rising Suns,
Nor smile upon a Slave :
Darkness and Death, make haste at once
To hide me in the Grave.

*The Reverse : Or, The Comforts of a
Friend.*

I.

THUS Nature tun'd her mournful Tongue,
Till Grace lift up her Head,
Revers'd the Sorrow and the Song,
And smiling thus she said,

II.

Were Kindred Spirits born for Cares ?
Must every Grief be mine ?
Is there a Sympathy in Tears,
Yet Joys refuse to join ?

III.

Forbid it Heav'n, and raise my Love,
And make our Joys the same :
So Bliss and Friendship join'd above
Mix an immortal Flame.

IV.

Sorrows are lost in vast Delight
That brightens all the Soul,
As Deluges of dawning Light
O'erwhelm the dusky Pole.

V.

V.

Pleasures in long Succession reign

And all my Powers employ :

Friendship but shifts the pleasing Scene,

And fresh repeats the Joy.

VI.

Life has a soft and Silver Thread,

Nor is it drawn too long ;

Yet when my vaster Hopes perswade,

I'm willing to be gone.

VII.

Fast as ye please roll down the Hill,

And haste away, my Years ;

Or I can wait my Father's Will,

And dwell beneath the Spheres.

VIII.

Rise glorious, every future Sun,

Gild all my following Days,

But make the last dear Moment known

By well-distinguish'd Rays.

To the Right Honourable

JOHN Lord CUTTS.

The Hardy Soldier.

At the Siege
of Namur.

I.

“ O Why is Man so thoughtless grown ?
“ Why guilty Souls in haste to die ?
“ Vent’ring the Leap to Worlds unknown,
“ Heedless to Arms and Blood they fly.

II.

“ Are Lives but worth a Soldier’s Pay ?
“ Why will ye join such wide Extremes,
“ And stake Immortal Souls in play
“ At desperate Chance and bloody Games ?

III.

“ Valour’s a nobler Turn of Thought,
“ Whose pardon’d Guilt forbids her Fears :
“ Calmly she meets the deadly Shot
“ Secure of Life above the Stars.

IV.

“ But Frenzy dares eternal Fate,
“ And spurr’d with Honours airy Dreams
“ Flies to attack th’ Infernal Gate,
“ And force a Passage to the Flames.

V.

V.

Thus hov'ring o'er *NA MURIA*'s Plains
Sung heav'nly Love in *Gabriel*'s Form:
Young *THRASO* felt the moving Strains,
And vow'd to pray before the Storm.

VI.

Anon the thundering Trumpet calls,
Vows are but Wind, the Hero cries;
Then swears by Heav'n, and scales the Walls,
Drops in the Ditch, despairs and dies.

*Burning several Poems of Ovid, Martial,
Oldham, Dryden, &c.*

I.

I Judge the Muse of lewd Desire;
Her Sons to Darkness, and her Works to Fire.
In vain the Flatteries of their Wit
Now with a melting Strain, now with an heavenly
Would tempt my Virtue to approve (Flight
Those gaudy Tinders of a lawless Love.
So Harlots dress: They can appear
Sweet, modest, cool, divinely Fair,
To charm a *Cato*'s Eye; but all within
Stench, Impudence and Fire, and ugly raging Sin.

II.

II.

Die, *Flora*, die in endless Shame,
 Thou Prostitute of blackest Fame,
 Stript of thy false Aray.
Ovid and all ye wilder Pens
 Of modern Lust, who gild our Scenes,
 Poyson the *Brittish* Stage, and paint Damnation gay,
 Attend your Mistress to the dead;
 When *Flora* dies her Imps should wait upon her Shade.

III.

* *Strephon* of noble Blood and Mind, * *Earl of Ro-*
 (For ever shine his Name!) chester.
 As Death approach'd his Soul refin'd,
 And gave his looser Sonnets to the Flame.
 "Burn, burn, he cry'd with sacred Rage,
 "Hell is the due of every Page,
 "Hell be the Fate. (But O indulgent Heaven!
 "So vile the Muse, and yet the Man forgiv'n!)
 "Burn on, my Songs: For not the Silver *Thames*
 "Nor *Tyber* with his yellow Streams
 "In endless Currents rolling to the Main
 "Can e'er dilute the Poison, or wash out the Stain.
 So *Moses* by Divine Command
 Forbid the leprous House to stand,
 When deep the fatal Spot was grown,
 Break down the Timber and dig up the Stone.

T O

Mrs. *B. BENDISH.*

Against Tears.

1699.

I.

M*ADAM*, perswade me Tears are good
To wash our mortal Cares away ;
These Eyes shall weep a sudden Flood,
And stream into a briny Sea.

II.

Or if these Orbs are hard and dry,
(These Orbs that never use to rain)
Some Star direct me where to buy
One sovereign Drop for all my Pain.

III.

Were both the golden *Indies* mine,
I'd give both *Indies* for a Tear :
I'd barter all but what's divine,
Nor should I think the Bargain dear.

IV.

But Tears, alas, are trifling things,
They rather feed than heal our Woe ;

From

From trickling Eyes new Sorrow springs,
As Weeds in rainy Seasons grow.

V.

Thus Weeping urges Weeping on ;
In vain our Miseries hope Relief,
For one Drop calls another down,
Till we are drown'd in Seas of Grief.

VI.

Then let these useleſs Streams be ſtaid,
Wear native Courage on your Face :
Theſe vulgar things were never made
For Souls of a ſuperiour Race.

VII.

If 'tis a rugged Path you go,
And thouſand Foes your Steps ſurround,
Tread the Thorns down, charge thro' the Foe :
The hardeſt Fight is higheſt crown'd.

Few Happy Matches.

Aug. 1701.

I.

SAY, mighty Love, and teach my Song
To whom thy ſweeteſt Joys belong,
And who the Happy Pairs
Whoſe yielding Hearts and joining Hands

Find

Find Blessings twisted with their Bands
To soften all their Cares.

II.

Not the wild Herd of Nymphs and Swains
That thoughtless fly into the Chains

As Custom leads the Way :
If there be Blis without Design,
Ivies and Oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

III.

Not fordid Souls of earthy Mould
Who drawn by Kindred Charms of Gold
To dull Embraces move :

So two rich Mountains of *Peru*
May rush to wealthy Marriage too,
And make a World of Love.

IV.

Not the mad Tribe that Hell inspires
With wanton Flames ; those raging Fires
The purer Blis destroy :

On *Aetna's* Top let Furies wed,
And Sheets of Lightning dress the Bed
T' improve the burning Joy.

V.

Nor the dull Pairs whose marble Forms
None of the melting Passions warms,

Can mingle Hearts and Hands :
Logs of green Wood that quench the Coals
Are marry'd just like *Stoic* Souls,
With *Osyers* for their Bands.

VI.

Not Minds of melancholy Strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear Bondage bless :
As well may heavenly Consorts spring
From two old Lutes with ne'er a String,
Or none besides the Bass.

VII.

Nor can the soft Enchantments hold
Two jarring Souls of angry Mould,
The Rugged and the Keen :
Sampson's young Foxes might as well
In Bonds of chearful Wedlock dwell
With Fire-brands ty'd between.

VIII.

Nor let the cruel Fetters bind
A gentle to a savage Mind ;
For Love abhors the Sight :
Loose the fierce Tyger from the Deer,
For native Rage and native Fear
Rise and forbid Delight.

IX.

Two kindest Souls alone must meet ;
'Tis Friendship makes the Bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual Loves :
Bright *Venus* on her rolling Throne
Is drawn by gentlest Birds alone,
And *Cupid's* Yoke the Doves.

T O

DAVID POLHILL, Esq;

An Epistle. December, 1702.

I.

LET useless Souls to Woods retreat ;
POLHILL should leave a Country Seat
When Virtue bids him dare be Great.

II.

Nor *Kent* nor *Sussex* should have Charms
While Liberty with loud Alarms
Calls you to Counsels and to Arms.

III.

Lewis by fawning Slaves ador'd
Bids you receive a base-born Lord ;
Awake your Cares ! awake your Sword !

IV.

Factions amongst the *Britons* rise,
 And warring Tongues, and wild Surmise,
 And burning Zeal without her Eyes.

V.

Ormes, to end the blind Debate
 Resolves, 'Tis of *diviner Weight*
 To save the Steeple than the State.

VI.

The bold Machine is form'd and join'd
 To stretch the Conscience, and to bind
 The native Freedom of the Mind.

VII.

Thy Grandfire shades with jealous Eye
 Frown down to see their Offspring lie
 Careless, and let their Country die.

VIII.

If *Trevia* fear to let you stand
 Against the *Gaul* with Spear in Hand,
 At least *Petition* for the Land.

The Celebrated Victory of the Poles over Osman the Turkish Emperor in the Dacian Battel.

Translated from Casimire, B. 4. Od. 4. with large Additions.

GADOR the Old, the Wealthy and the Strong,
 Cheerful in Years (nor of the Heroic Muse
 Unknowing, nor unknown) held fair Possessions
 Where flows the fruitful *Danube*: Seventy Springs
 Smil'd on his Seed, and seventy Harvest-Moons
 Fill'd his wide Granaries with Autumnal Joy:
 Still he resum'd the Toyl; and Fame reports
 While he broke up new Ground and tir'd his Plough
 In grassy Furrows, the torn Earth disclos'd
 Helmets and Swords (bright Furniture of War
 Sleeping in Rust) and Heaps of mighty Bones.
 The Sun descending to the Western Deep
 Bid him lie down and rest; he loos'd the Yoke,
 And held his wearied Oxen from their Food
 With charming Numbers and uncommon Song.

Go, Fellow-Labourers, you may rove secure,
 Or feed beside me; taste the Greens and Boughs
 That you have long forgot; Crop the Sweet Herb,
 Q 3 And

And graze in Safety, while the Victor-Pole
Leans on his Spear, and breathes; yet still his Eye
Jealous and fierce. How large, old Souldier, say,
How fair a Harvest of the slaughter'd *Turks*
Strow'd the *Moldavian* Fields? What mighty Piles
Of vast Destruction, and of *Thracian* Dead
Fill and amaze my Eyes? Broad Bucklers lye
(A vain Defence) spread o'er the pathless Hills,
And Coats of scaly Steel and hard Habergeon
Deep-bruis'd, and empty of *Mahometan* Limbs.
This the fierce *Saracen* wore (for when a Boy,
I was their Captive, and remind their Dress:)
Here the *Polonians* dreadful march'd along
In august Port and regular Array,
Led on to Conquest: Here the *Turkish* Chief
Presumptuous trod, and in rude Order rang'd
His long Battalions, while his Populous Towns
Pour'd out fresh Troops perpetual, drest in Arms,
Horrent in Mail, and gay in spangled Pride.

O the dire Image of the bloody Fight
These Eyes have seen, when the capacious Plain
Was throng'd with *Dacian* Spears; when polish'd Helms
And convex Gold blaz'd thick against the Sun
Restoring all his Beams! But frowning War

All gloomy like a gather'd Tempest flood
Wavering, and doubtful where to bend its Fall.

The Storm of missive Steel delay'd a while
By wise Command ; fledg'd Arrows on the Nerve ;
And Scymiter and Sabre bore the Sheath
Reluctant ; till the hollow Brazen Clouds
Had bellow'd from each Quarter of the Field
Loud Thunder, and disgorg'd their sulph'rous Fire.
Then Banners wav'd, and Arms were mixt with Arms ;
Then Javelins answer'd Javelins as they fled,
For both fled hissing Death : With adverse Edge
The crooked Fauchions met ; and hideous Noise
From clashing Shields thro' the long Ranks of War
Clang'd horrible. A thousand Iron Storms
Roar diverse : and in harsh Confusion drown
The Trumpets Silver Sound. O rude Effort
Of Harmony ! Not all the frozen Stores
Of the cold North when pour'd in rattling Hail
Lash with such Madness the *Norwegian* Plains,
Or so torment the Ear. Scarce sounds so far
The direful Frigor, when some Southern Blast
Tears from the *Alps* a Ridge of knotty Oaks
Deep-fang'd, and ancient Tenants of the Rock :
The Massie Fragment many a Rood in Length
With hideous Crash rolls down the rugged Cliff

Resistless, plunging in the subject Lake
Como' or *Lugaine* ; th' afflicted Waters roar,
And various Thunder all the Vally fills.
Such was the Noise of War : the troubled Air
Complains aloud, and propagates the Din
To neighbouring Regions ; Rocks and lofty Hills
Beat the impetuous Echoes round the Sky.

Uproar, Revenge, and Rage, and Hate appear
In all their murderous Forms ; and Flame and Blood
And Sweat and Dust aray the broad Campaign
In Horror : Hasty Feet and sparkling Eyes,
And all the savage Passions of the Soul
Engage in the warm Business of the Day.
Here mingling Hands, but with no friendly Gripe,
Joyn in the Fight ; and Breasts in close Embrace,
But mortal, as the Iron Arms of Death.
Here Words austere of perillous Command,
And Valour swift t' obey ; Bold Feats of Arms
Dreadful to see, and glorious to relate
Shine thro' the Field with more surprizing Brightness
Than glittering Helms or Spears. What loud Applause,
(Best Meed of Warlike Toy!) what manly Shouts,
And Yells unmanly thro' the Battel ring !
And sudden Wrath dies into endless Fame.

Long did the Fate of War hang dubious. Here
Stood the more num'rous *Turk*, the valiant *Pole*
Fought here; more dreadful, tho' with lesser Wings.

But what the *Dabees* or the Coward Soul
Of a *Cydonian*, what the fearful Crouds
Of base *Cilicians* scaping from the Slaughter,
Or *Parthian* Beasts with all their racing Riders,
What could they mean against th' intrepid Breast
Of the pursuing Foe? Th' impetuous *Poles*
Rush here, and here the *Lithuanian* Horse
Drive down upon them like a double Bolt
Of kindled Thunder raging thro' the Sky
On founding Wheels; or as some mighty Flood
Rolls his two Torrents down a dreadful Steep
Precipitant, and bears along the Stream
Rocks, Woods, and Trees, with all the grazing Herd,
And tumbles lofty Forests headlong to the Plain.

The bold *Borussian* smoking from afar
Moves like a Tempest in a dusky Cloud,
And imitates th' Artillery of Heaven,
The Lightning and the Roar. Amazing Scene!
What Showers of mortal Hail, what flaky Fires
Burst from the Darknes! while their Cohorts firm
Meet

Meet the like Thunder and an equal Storm
From hostile Troops, but with a braver Mind.
Undaunted Bosoms tempt the Edge of War,
And rush on the sharp Point ; while baleful Mischiefs,
Deaths, and bright Dangers flew across the Field
Thick and continual, and a thousand Souls
Fled murmuring thro' their Wounds. I stood aloof,
For 'twas unsafe to come within the Wind
Of *Russian* Banners, when with whizzing Sound
Eager of Glory and profuse of Life
They bore down fearless on the charging Foes,
And drove them backward. Then the *Turkish* Moons
Wander'd in Disarray. A dark Eclipse
Hung on the Silver Crescent, boding Night,
Long Night to all her Sons : at length disrob'd
The Standards fell ; the barbarous Ensigns torn
Fled in the Wind, the Sport of angry Heaven :
And a large Cloud of Infantry and Horse
Scattering in wild Disorder spread the Plain.

Not Noise, nor Number, nor the brawny Limb,
Nor high-built Size prevails : 'Tis Courage fights,
'Tis Courage conquers : So whole Forests fall
(A spacious Ruin) by one single Ax,
And Steel well-sharpened : So a generous Pair
Of young-wing'd Eaglets fright a thousand Doves.

Vast

Vast was the Slaughter, and the flowry Green
Drank deep of flowing Crimson. Veteran Bands
Here made their last Campaign. Here haughty Chiefs
Stretch'd on the Bed of purple Honour lie
Supine, nor dream of Battels hard Event,
Opprest with iron Slumbers and long Night.
Their Ghosts indignant to the nether World
Fled, but attended well: for at their Side
Some faithful *Janizaries* strow'd the Field,
Fall'n in just Ranks or Wedges, Lunes or Squares,
Firm as they stood; to the *Warsowian* Troops
A nobler Toil, and Triumph worth their Fight.
But the broad Sabre and keen Poll-Ax flew
With speedy Terror thro' the feeble Herd,
And made rude Havock and irregular Spoil
Amongst the vulgar Bands that own'd the Name
Of *Mahomet*. The wild *Arabians* fled
In swift Affright a thousand different Ways
Thro' Brakes and Thorns, and climb'd the craggy
(Mountains)
Bellowing; yet hasty Fate o'ertook the Cry,
And *Polish* Hunters clave the timorous Deer.

Thus the dire Prospect distant fill'd my Soul
With Awe; till the last Relicks of the War
The thin *Edonians* flying had disclos'd

The ghastly Plain : I took a nearer View
 Unseemly to the Sight, nor to the Smell
 Grateful. What Loads of mangled Flesh and Limbs
 (A dismal Carnage) bath'd in reeking Gore
 Lay welt'ring on the Ground ; while flitting Life
 Convuls'd the Nerves still shivering, nor had lost
 All Taste of Pain ! Here an old *Thracian* lies
 Deform'd with Years and Scars, and groans aloud
 Torn with fresh Wounds ; but inward Vitals firm
 Forbid the Souls Remove, and chain it down
 By the hard Laws of Nature to sustain
 Long Torment : his wild Eye-balls roll : his Teeth
 Gnashing with Anguish chide his lingring Fate.
 Emblazon'd Armour spoke his high Command
 Amongst the neighbouring Dead ; they round their
 Lay prostrate ; some in Flight ignobly slain, (Lord
 Some to the Skies their Faces upwards turn'd
 Still brave, and proud to die so near their Prince.

I mov'd not far, and lo, at manly Length
 Two beauteous Youths of richest *Ottoman* Blood
 Extended on the Field : in Friendship join'd,
 Nor Fate divides them : hardy Warriors both ;
 Both faithful ; drown'd in Show'rs of Darts they fell,
 Each with his Shield spread o'er his Lover's Heart,
 In vain : for on those Orbs of friendly Bras

Stood

Stood Groves of Javelins ; some, alas, too deep
Were planted there, and thro' their lovely Bosoms
Made painful Avenues for cruel Death.

O my dear native Land, forgive the Tear
I dropt on their wan Cheeks, when strong Compassion
Forc'd from my melting Eyes the briny Dew,
And paid a Sacrifice to hostile Vertue.

Dacia, forgive the Sigh that wish'd the Souls
Of those fair Infidels some humble Place
Among the Blest. “ Sleep, sleep, ye hapless Pair,
“ Gently, I cry'd, worthy of better Fate,
“ And better Faith. Hard by the General lay
Of *Saracen* Descent, a grizly Form

Breathless, yet Pride sat pale upon his Front
In Disappointment, with a surly Brow
Louring in Death, and vext ; his rigid Jaws
Foaming with Blood bite hard the *Polish* Spear.

In that dead Visage my Remembrance reads
Rash *Caracas* : In vain the boasting Slave
Promis'd and sooth'd the Sultan threatening fierce
With Royal Suppers and triumphant Fare
Spread wide beneath *Warsovian* Silk and Gold ;
See on the naked Ground all cold he lies
Beneath the damp wide Cov'ring of the Air
Forgetful of his Word. How Heaven confounds
Insulting Hopes ! with what an awful Smile

Laughs

Laughs at the Proud, that loosen all the Reins
To their unbounded Wishes, and leads on
Their blind Ambition to a shameful End !

But whither am I born ? This Thought of Arms
Fires me in vain to sing to senseless Bulls
What generous Horse should hear. Break off, my Song,
My barbarous Muse be still : Immortal Deeds
Must not be thus profan'd in rustic Verse :
The Martial Trumpet and the following Age
And growing Fame shall loud rehearse the Fight
In Sounds of Glory. Lo, the well-known Star
Rolls up the dusky Hill ; my Oxen, come,
The well-known Star invites the Labourer Home.

T O

Aug. 24, 1705.

Mr. *HENRY BENDISH.*

Dear SIR,

THE following Song was yours when first compos'd : The Muse then describ'd the general Fate of Mankind, that is, to be ill-match'd ; and now she rejoices that you have escaped the common Mischief, and that your Soul has found its own Mate. Let this Ode then congratulate you Both. Grow mutually in more compleat Likeness and Love : Persevere and be Happy.

I perswade my self you will accept from the Press what the Pen more privately inscrib'd to you long ago ; and I'm in no Pain lest you should take Offence at the fabulous Dress of this Poem : Nor would weaker Minds be scandaliz'd at it, if they would give themselves Leave to reflect how many divine Truths are spoken by the holy Writers in Visions and Images, Parables and Dreams : Nor are my wiser Friends asham'd to defend it, since the Narrative is grace, and the Moral so just and obvious.

The

The Indian Philosopher.

Sept. 3, 1701.

I.

WHY should our Joys transform to Pain ?

Why gentle *Hymen's* silken Chain

A Plague of Iron prove ?

BENDISH, 'tis strange the Charm that binds

Millions of Hands should leave their Minds

At such a Loose from Love.

II.

In vain I fought the wond'rous Cause,

Rang'd the wide Fields of Nature's Laws,

And urg'd the Schools in vain ;

Then deep in Thought, within my Breast

My Soul retir'd, and Slumber dress'd

A bright Instructive Scene.

III.

O'er the broad Lands and cross the Tide

On Fancy's airy Horse I ride,

(Sweet Rapture of the Mind)

Till on the Banks of *Ganges* Flood

In a tall ancient Grove I stood

For sacred Use design'd.

IV.

IV.

Hard by a venerable Priest
 Ris'n with his God the Sun from Rest
 Awoke his Morning-Song ;
 Thrice he conjur'd the murm'ring Stream ;
 The Birth of Souls was all his Theme,
 And half-Divine his Tongue.

V.

" He sang th' eternal rolling Flame,
 " That vital Mass, that still the same
 " Does all our Minds compose :
 " But shap'd in twice ten thousand Frames ;
 " Thence diff'ring Souls of differing Names,
 " And jarring Tempers rose.

VI.

" The mighty Power that form'd the Mind
 " One Mould for every Two design'd,
 " And blest'd the new-born Pair :
 " *This be a Match for this* : (he said)
 " Then down he sent the Souls he made
 " To seek them Bodies here :

VII.

" But parting from their warm Abode
 " They lost their Fellows on the Road,
 " And never join'd their Hands :
 " Ah cruel Chance, and crossing Fates !

" Our

“ Our *Eastern* Souls have dropt their Mates
“ On *Europe's* barbarous Lands.

VIII.

“ Happy the Youth that finds the Bride
“ Whose Birth is to his own ally'd,
“ The sweetest Joy of Life :
“ But oh the Crouds of wretched Souls
“ Fetter'd to Minds of different Moulds,
“ And chain'd t' Eternal Strife !

IX.

Thus sang the wond'rous *Indian* Bard ;
My Soul with vast Attention heard,
While *Ganges* ceas'd to flow :
“ Sure then, (I cry'd) might I but see
“ That gentle Nymph that twinn'd with me,
“ I may be happy too.

X.

“ Some courteous Angel, tell me where,
“ What distant Lands this unknown Fair
“ Or distant Seas detain ?
“ Swift as the Wheel of Nature rolls
“ I'd fly to meet and mingle Souls,
“ And wear the joyful Chain.

The Happy Man.

I.

SERENE as Light is *MYRON*'s Soul,
 And active as the Sun, yet steady as the Pole :
 In manly Beauty shines his Face ;
 Every Muse and every Grace
 Makes his Heart and Tongue their Seat,
 His Heart profusely good, his Tongue divinely sweet.
MYRON, the Wonder of our Eyes,
 Behold his Manhood scarce begun !
 Behold his Race of Vertue run !
 Behold the Goal of Glory won !
 Nor FAME denies the Merit, nor with-holds the Prize ;
 Her Silver Trumpets his Renown proclaim :
 The Lands where Learning never flew,
 Which neither *Rome* nor *Athens* knew,
 Surly *Japan* and rich *Peru*
 In barbarous Songs pronounce the *British* Hero's Name.

“ Airy Bliss (the Hero cry'd)
 “ May feed the Tympany of Pride ;
 “ But healthy Souls were never found
 “ To live on Emptiness and Sound.

II.

Lo at his honourable Feet
 Fame's bright Attendant WEALTH appears ;
 She comes to pay Obedience meet,
 Providing Joys for future Years ;
 Blessings with lavish Hand she pours
 Gather'd from the *Indian* Coast ;
 Not *Danae's* Lap could equal Treasures boast
 When *Jove* came down in golden Show'rs.

He look'd, and turn'd his Eyes away,
 With high Disdain I heard him say,
 " Bliss is not made of glittering Clay."

III.

Now POMP and GRANDEUR court his Head
 With Scutcheons, Arms and Ensigns spread :
 Gay Magnificence and State,
 Guards and Chariots at his Gate,
 And Slaves in endless Order round his Table wait ;
 They learn the Dictates of his Eyes,
 And now they fall and now they rise,
 Watch every Motion of their Lord,
 Hang on his Lips with most impatient Zeal,
 With swift Ambition seize th' unfinish'd Word,
 And the Command fulfil.

Tir'd with the Train that GRANDEUR brings,
 He dropt a Tear, and pity'd Kings ;
 Then flying from the noisy Throng
 Seeks the Diversion of a Song.

IV.

MUSICK descending on a silent Cloud
 Tun'd all her Strings with endless Art ;
 By slow Degrees from soft to loud
 Changing she rose : The Harp and Flute
 Harmonious join the Hero to salute,
 And make a Captive of his Heart.
 Fruits and rich WINE and Scenes of lawless LOVE,
 Each with utmost Luxury strove
 To treat their Favourite best ;
 But sounding Strings, and Fruits, and Wine,
 And lawless Love in vain combine
 To make his Virtue sleep, or lull his Soul to Rest.

V.

He saw the tedious Round, and with a Sigh
 Pronounc'd the World but Vanity.
 " In Crouds of Pleasure still I find
 " A painful Solitude of Mind,
 " A Vacancy within which Sence can ne'er supply.
 " Hence, and be gone, ye flatt'ring Snares,
 " Ye vulgar Charms of Eyes and Ears,
 " Ye unperforming Promisers ! " Be

- “ Be all my baser Passions dead,
 “ And base Desires, by Nature made
 “ For Animals and Boys:
 “ Man has a Relish more refin’d,
 “ Souls are for social Bliss design’d,
 “ Give me a Blessing fit to match my Mind,
 “ A Kindred-Soul to double and to share my Joys.

VI.

MYRRHA appear’d: *Serene her Soul,*
And active as the Sun yet steady as the Pole:
In softer Beauties shone her Face ;
Every Muse and every Grace
Made her Heart and Tongue their Seat,
 Her Heart profusely good, her Tongue divinely sweet ;
MYRRHA the Wonder of his Eyes ;
 His Heart recoil’d with sweet Surprise,
 With Joys unknown before :
 His Soul dissolv’d in pleasing Pain,
 Flow’d to his Eyes and look’d again,
 And could endure no more.
 “ Enough (th’ impatient Hero cries)
 And seiz’d her to his Breast ;
 “ I seek no more below the Skies,
 “ I give my Slaves the rest.

T O

DAVID POLHILL, Esq;

An Answer to an Infamous Satyr, call'd, Advice to a Painter, written by a nameless Author against King William the Third, of Glorious Memory. 1698.

P A R T I.

AND must the Hero that redeem'd our Land
 Here in the Front of Vice and Scandal stand?
 The Man of wondrous Soul, that scorn'd his Ease,
 Tempting the Winters and the faithless Seas,
 And paid an annual Tribute of his Life
 To guard his *England* from the *Irish* Knife,
 And crush the *French* Dragoon? must *William's* Name,
 That brightest Star that gilds the Wings of Fame,
William the Brave, the Pious, and the Just
 Adorn these gloomy Scenes of Tyranny and Lust?

POLHILL, my Blood boils high, my Spirits flame;
 Can your Zeal sleep? Or are your Passions tame?
 Nor call Revenge and Darkness on the Poets Name?
 Why smother the Skys not? Why no Thunder roll?
 Nor kindling Lightnings blast his guilty Soul?

Au-

Audacious Wretch! to stab a Monarch's Fame,
 And fire his Subjects with a Rebel-flame ;
 To call the Painter to his black Designs
 To draw our Guardians Face in Hellish Lines:
 Painter, beware! the Monarch can be shown
 Under no Shape but Angels or his own,
Gabriel or *William* on the *British* Throne.

O! could my Thoughts but grasp the vast Design,
 And Words with Infinite Ideas joyn,
 I'd rouse *Apelles* from his Iron Sleep,
 And bid him trace the Warriour o'er the Deep:
 Trace him *Apelles*, o'er the *Belgian* Plain,
 Fierce, how he climbs the Mountains of the Slain
 Scattering just Vengeance thro' the red Campaign.
 Then dash the Canvas with a flying Stroke
 Till it be lost in Clouds of Fire and Smoke,
 And say, 'Twas thus the Conqueror thro' the Squa-
 (drons broke.)
 Mark him again emerging from the Cloud
 Far from his Troops ; there like a Rock he stood
 His Country's single Barrier in a Sea of Blood.
 Calmly he leaves the Pleasures of a Throne,
 And his *Maria* weeping ; whilst alone
 He wards the Fate of Nations, & provokes his own :

But Heav'n secures its Champion ; o'er the Field
 Paint hov'ring Angels ; tho' they fly conceal'd,
 Each intercepts a Death, and wears it on his Shield.

Now, noble Pencil, lead him to our Isle,
 Mark how the Skys with joyful Lustre smile,
 Then imitate the Glory ; On the Strand
 Spread half the Nation longing till he land.
 Wash off the Blood, and take a peaceful Teint,
 All Red the Warrior, White the Ruler paint,
 Abroad a Heroe, and at Home a Saint.
 Throne him on high upon a shining Seat,
 Lust and Profaneness dying at his Feet,
 While round his Head the Lawrell and the Olive meet,
 The Crowns of War and Peace ; and may they blow
 With flowry Blessings ever on his Brow.
 At his right Hand pile up the English Laws
 In sacred Volumes ; thence the Monarch draws
 His wise and just Commands —.
 Rise ye old Sages of the *British* Isle,
 On the fair Tablet cast a reverend Smile
 And bless the Peice ; these Statutes are your own,
 That sway the Cottage, and direct the Throne ;
 People and Prince are one in *William's* Name,
 Their Joys, their Dangers, and their Laws the same.

Let

Let Liberty and Right with Plumes display'd
Clap their glad Wings around their Guardians Head,
Religion o'er the rest her starry Pinions spread.
Religion guards him; round th' Imperial Queen
Place waiting Vertues, each of heav'nly Mien;
Learn their bright Air, and paint it from his Eyes;
The Just, the Bold, the Temperate, and the Wise
Dwell in his Looks; Majestic, but Serene;
Sweet, with no Fondness; Cheerful, but not Vain:
Bright without Terror; Great, without Disdain.
His Soul inspires us what his Lips command,
And spreads his brave Example thro' the Land:
Not so the former Reigns; ———
Bend down his Ear to each afflicted Cry,
Let Beams of Grace dart gently from his Eye;
But the bright Treasures of his sacred Breast
Are too divine, too vast to be express:
Colours must fail where Words and Numbers faint,
And leave the Hero's Heart for Thought alone to paint.

P A R T II.

NOW Muse, pursue the Satyrist again,
Wipe off the Blots of his invenom'd Pen;
Hark,

Hark, how he bids the servile Painter draw
 In monstrous Shapes the Patrons of our Law ;
 At one slight Dash he cancels every Name
 From the white Rolls of Honesty and Fame :
 This scribbling Wretch marks all he meets for Knave,
 Shoots sudden Bolts promiscuous at the Base and Brave,
 And with unpardonable Malice sheds
 Poison and Spite on undistinguish'd Heads.
 Painter, forbear ; or if thy bolder Hand
 Dares to attempt the Villains of the Land,
 Draw first this Poet, like some baleful Star
 With silent Influence shedding Civil War ;
 Or factious Trumpeter, whose Magic Sound
 Calls off the Subjects to the Hostile Ground,
 And scatters Hellish Feuds the Nation round.
 These are the Imps of Hell, that cursed Tribe
 That first create the Plague, and then the Pain describe.

Draw next above, the Great Ones of our Isle,
 Still from the Good distinguishing the Vile ;
 Seat 'em in Pomp, in Grandeur, and Command,
 Peeling the Subjects with a greedy Hand :
 Paint forth the Knaves that have the Nation sold,
 And tinge their greedy Looks with fordid Gold.
 Mark what a selfish Faction undermines
 The Pious Monarch's generous Designs,

Spoil their own Native Land as Vipers do,
 Vipers that tear their Mother's Bowels thro'.
 Let Great *Nassau* beneath a careful Crown
 Mournful in Majesty, look gently down,
 Mingling soft Pity with an awful Frown:
 He grieves to see how long in vain he strove
 To make us blest, how vain his Labours prove
 To save the stubborn Land he condescends to love.

To the Discontented and Unquiet.

Imitated partly from Casimire, B. 4. Od. 15.

VARIA, there's nothing here that's free
 From wearisome Anxiety:
 And the whole Round of mortal Joys
 With short Possession tires and cloy:
 'Tis a dull Circle that we tread
 Just from the Window to the Bed,
 We rise to see and to be seen,
 Gaze on the World a while, and then
 We yawn and stretch to sleep again.
 But FANCY, that uneasy Guest
 Still holds a Lodging in our Breast;
 She finds or frames Vexations still,
 Her self the greatest Plague we feel.

We take strange Pleasure in our Pain,
And make a Mountain of a Grain,
Assume the Load, and pant and sweat
Beneath th'imaginary Weight.
With our dear selves we live at Strife,
While the most constant Scenes of Life
From peevish Humours are not free ;
Still we affect Variety :
Rather than pass an easy Day,
We fret and chide the Hours away,
Grow weary of this circling Sun,
And vex that he should ever run
The same old Track ; and still, and still
Rise red behind yon Eastern Hill,
And chide the Moon that darts her Light
Thro' the same Casement every Night.

We shift our Chambers and our Homes
To dwell where Trouble never comes :
Sylvia has left the City Croud,
Against the Court exclaims aloud,
Flies to the Woods ; a Hermit-Saint !
She loaths her Patches, Pins, and Paint,
Dear Diamonds from her Neck are torn :
But HUMOUR, that Eternal Thorn
Sticks in her Heart : she's hurry'd still
'Twixt her wild Passions and her Will :

Haunted

Haunted and hagg'd where-e'er she roves }
 By purling Streams, and silent Groves, }
 Or with her Furies, or her Loves. }

Then our own native Land we hate,
 Too cold, too windy, or too wet ;
 Change the thick Climate, and repair
 To *France* or *Italy* for Air ;
 In vain we change, in vain we fly ;
 Go, *Sylvia*, mount the whirling Sky,
 Or ride upon the feather'd Wind, }
 In vain ; if this diseased Mind }
 Clings fast and still sits close behind. }
 Faithful Disease, that never fails
 Attendance at her Lady's side
 Over the Desert or the Tide
 On rolling Wheels or flying Sails.

Happy the Soul that Vertue shows
 To fix the Place of her Repose,
 Needless to move ; for she can dwell
 In her old Grandfires Hall as well.
 VERTUE that never loves to roam,
 But sweetly hides her self at home,
 And easy on a native Throne
 Of humble Turf sits gently down.

Yet should tumultuous Storms arise
 And mingle Earth and Seas and Skies,
 Should the Waves swell and make her roll
 Across the Line or near the Pole,
 Still she's at Peace; for well she knows
 To lanch the Stream that Duty shows,
 And makes her Home where'er she goes,
 Bear her, ye Seas, upon your Breast,
 Or waft her, Winds from East to West
 On the soft Air; she cannot find
 A Couch so easy as her Mind,
 Nor breathe a Climate half so kind.

T O .

JOHN HARTOPP, Esq;

July, 1700.

Casimire, Book 1st. Ode 4th. Imitated.

Vive jucundæ metuens juventa, &c.

I.

LIVE, my Dear HARTOPP, Live to Day,
 Nor let the Sun look down and say,
 "Inglorious here he lies.

Shake

Shake off your Ease, and send your Name
To Immortality and Fame
By ev'ry Hour that flies.

II.

Youth's a soft Scene, but trust her not :
Her airy Minutes swift as Thought
Slide off the slipp'ry Sphere ;
Moons with their Months make hasty Rounds,
The Sun has pass'd his vernal Bounds,
And whirls about the Year.

III.

Let Folly dress in green and red,
And gird her Waste with flowing Gold,
Knit blushing Roses round her Head,
Alas ! the gaudy Colours fade,
The Garment waxes old.

HARTOPP, mark the withering Rose,
And the pale Gold how dim it shows !

IV.

Bright and lasting Bliss below
Is all Romance and Dream,
Only the Joys Cœlestial flow
In an eternal Stream.

The Pleasures that the smiling Day
With large Right Hand bestows,
Falsely her Left conveys away,
And shuffles in our Woes.

So have I seen a Mother play
And cheat her silly Child,
She gave and took a Toy away,
The Infant cry'd and smil'd.

V.

Airy Chance and Iron Fate
Hurry and vex our mortal State,
And all the Race of Ills create ;
Now fiery Joy, now sullen Grief
Commands the Reins of human Life,
The Wheels impetuous roll ;
The harneſt Hours and Minutes ſtrive,
And Days with ſtretching Pinions drive—
— down fiercely on the Goal.

VI.

Not half ſo faſt the Gally flies
O'er the *Venetian* Sea,
When Sails and Oars and lab'ring Skies
Contend to make her Way.
Swift Wings for all the flying Hours
The God of Time prepares,
The reſt lie ſtill yet in their Neſt
And grow for future Years:

T O

THOMAS GUNSTON, Esq;

1700.

Happy Solitude.

Casimire, Book 4th. Ode 12th. Imitated.

Quid me latentem, &c.

I. |

THE noisy World complains of me
That I should shun their Sight, and flee
Visits and Crouds and Company.

GUNSTON, the Lark dwells in her Nest

Till she ascend the Skies ;
And in my Closet I could rest
Till to the Heavens I rise.

II.

Yet they will urge, “ This private Life

“ Can never make you blest,

“ And twenty Doors are still at Strife

“ T’engage you for a Guest ?

Friend, should the Towers of *Windſor* or *Whitehall*

Spread open their inviting Gates

To make my Entertainment gay ;

I would obey the Royal Call,
 But short should be my Stay,
 Since a diviner Service waits
 T'employ my Hours at home, and better fill the Day.

III.

When I within my self retreat,
 I shut my Doors against the Great ;
 My busy Eye-balls inward roll,
 And there with large Survey I see
 All the wide Theatre of Me,
 And view the various Scenes of my retiring Soul ;
 There I walk o'er the Mazes I have trod,
 While Hope and Fear are in a doubtful Strife
 Whether this *Opera* of Life
 Be acted well to gain the *Plaudit* of my God.

IV.

There's a Day hastning, ('tis an awful Day)
 When the great Sovereign shall at large review
 All that we speak and all we do,
 The several Parts we act on this wide Stage of Clay :
 These he approves, and those he blames,
 And crowns perhaps a Porter, and a Prince he damns.
 O if the Judge from his tremendous Seat
 Shall not condemn what I have done,
 I shall be happy tho' unknown,
 Nor need the gazing Rabble, nor the shouting Street.

V.

I hate the *Glory*, Friend, that springs
 From vulgar Breath and empty Sound ;
Fame mounts her upward with a flatt'ring Gale
 Upon her airy Wings
 Till *Envy* shoots, and *Fame* receives the Wound ;
 Then her flagging Pinions fail,
 Down *Glory* falls and strikes the Ground
 And breaks her batter'd Limbs.
 Rather let me be quite conceal'd from *Fame* ;
 How happy I should lie
 In sweet Obscurity,
 Nor the loud World pronounce my little Name !
 Here I could live and die alone ;
 Or if Society be due
 To keep our Taste of Pleasure new,
 GUNSTON, I'd live and die with you,
 For both our Souls are one.

VI.

Here we could sit and pass the pleasing Hour,
 And pity Kingdoms and their Kings,
 And smile at all their shining things,
 Their Toys of State, and Images of Power ;
Vertue should dwell within our Seat,
Vertue alone could make it sweet,
 Nor is her self secure but in a close Retreat.

S 2

While

While she withdraws from public Praise
Envy perhaps would cease to rail,
Envy it self may innocently gaze
 At Beauty in a Vail :
 But if she once advance to Light,
 Her Charms are lost in *Envy's* Sight,
 And *Vertue* stands the Mark of universal Spight.

T O

JOHN HARTOPP, Esq;

1704.

The Disdain.

I.

HARTOPP, I love the Soul that dares
 Tread the Temptations of his Years
 Beneath his youthful Feet :

FLEETWOOD and all thy Heavenly Line
 Look thro' the Stars, and smile divine

Upon an Heir so great.

Young HARTOPP knows this noble Theme,
 That the wild Scenes of busy Life,
 The Noise, th' Amusements, and the Strife
 Are but the Visions of the Night,
 Gay Phantoms of delusive Light,

Or a vexatious Dream.

II.

II.

Flesh is the vilest and the least

Ingredient of our Frame :

We're born to live above the Beast,

Or quit the Manly Name.

Pleasures of Sense we leave for Boys ;

Be shining Dust the Miser's Food ;

Let Fancy feed on Fame and Noise,

Souls must pursue diviner Joys,

And seize th' Immortal Good.

T O

MITIO my Friend.

An Epistle.

FOrgive me, Mitio, that there should be any mortifying Lines in the following Poems inscribed to you, so soon after your Entrance into that State which was design'd for the compleatest Happiness on Earth : But you will quickly discover that the Muse in the first Poem only represents the Shades and dark Colours that Melancholy throws upon Love and the Social Life. In the Second perhaps she indulges her own bright Ideas a little. Yet if the Accounts are but well-balanced at last, and things set in a due Light, I hope there is no Ground for Censure. Here you will find an Attempt made to talk of one of the most important Concerns of human Nature in Verse, and that with a Solemnity becoming the Argument. I have banished Grimace and Ridicule, that Persons of the most serious Character may read without Offence. What was written several Years ago to your self is now permitted to entertain the World ; but you may assume it to your self as a private Entertainment still, while you lie concealed behind a feigned Name.

The Mourning-Piece.

LIFE's a long Tragedy : This Globe the Stage,
 Well-fix'd & well-adorn'd with strong Machines,
 Gay Fields, and Skies, and Seas : The Actors many ;
 The Plot immense : A Flight of Dæmons fit
 On every sailing Cloud with fatal Purpose ;
 And shoot across the Scenes ten thousand Arrows
 Perpetual and unseen, headed with Pain,
 With Sorrow, Infamy, Disease and Death:
 The pointed Plagues fly silent thro' the Air,
 Nor twangs the Bow, yet sure and deep the Wound.

Dianthe acts her little Part alone,
 Nor wishes an Associate. Lo she glides
 Single thro' all the Storm, and more secure ;
 Less are her Dangers, and her Breast receives
 The fewest Darts. But, O my lov'd *Murilla*,
 " My Sister, once my Friend, (*Dianthe* cries)
 " How much art thou expos'd ! Thy growing Soul
 " Doubled in Wedlock, multiply'd in Children,
 " Stands but the broader Mark for all the Mischiefs
 " That rove promiscuous o'er the mortal Stage :
 " Children, those dear young Limbs, those tenderest
 " Of our own Flesh, those little other Selves, " How

“ How they dilate the Heart to wide Dimensions,
“ And soften every Fibre to improve
“ The Mother’s sad Capacity of Pain !
“ I mourn *Fidelio* too ; Tho Heaven has chose
“ A Favourite Mate for him, of all her Sex
“ The Pride and Flower : How blest the lovely Pair
“ Beyond Expression, if well-mingled Loves
“ And Woes well-mingled could improve our Bliss !
“ Amidst the rugged Cares of Life behold
“ The Father and the Husband ; flattering Names,
“ That spread his Title, and enlarge his Share
“ Of common Wretchedness. He fondly hopes
“ To multiply his Joys, but every Hour
“ Renews the Disappointment and the Smart.
“ There’s not a Wound afflicts the meanest Joint
“ Of his fair Partner or her Infant-Train,
“ (Sweet Babes) but pierces to his inmost Soul.
“ Strange is thy Power, O Love! what numerous Veins,
“ And Arteries, and Arms, and Hands, and Eyes
“ Are link’d and fasten’d to a Lover’s Heart
“ By strong but secret Strings! with vain Attempt
“ We put the *Stoic* on, in vain we try
“ To break the Ties of Nature and of Blood ;
“ Those hidden Threads maintain the dear Communion
“ Inviolably firm : their thrilling Motions
“ Reciprocal give endless Sympathy

“ In all the Bitters and the Sweets of Life.
 “ Thrice happy Man, if Pleasure only knew
 “ These Avenues of Love to reach our Souls,
 “ And Pain had never found ’em !

Thus sang the tuneful Maid, fearful to try
 The bold Experiment. Oft *Daphnis* came,
 And oft *Narcissus*, Rivals of her Heart,
 Luring her Eyes with Trifles dipt in Gold,
 And the gay silken Bondage. Firm she stood,
 And bold repuls’d the bright Temptation still,
 Nor put the Chains on : Dangerous to try,
 And hard to be dissolv’d. Yet rising Tears
 Sate on her Eye-lids, while her Numbers flow’d.
 Harmonious Sorrow ; and the pitying Drops
 Stole down her Cheeks to mourn the hapless State
 Of mortal Love. Love, thou best Blessing sent
 To soften Life, and make our Iron Cares
 Easy : But thy own Cares of softer kind
 Give sharper Wounds : They lodge too near the Heart,
 Beat like the Pulse perpetual, and create
 A strange uneasy Sense, a tempting Pain.

Say, my Companion *MITIO*, speak sincere,
 (For thou art learned now) what anxious Thoughts,
 What kind Perplexities tumultuous rise

If but the Absence of a Day divide
Thee from thy fair Beloved ! Vainly smiles
The chearful Sun, and Night with radiant Eyes
Twinkles in vain : The Region of thy Soul
Is Darkness, till thy better Star appear.
Tell me, what Toil, what Torment to sustain
The rolling Burden of the tedious Hours ?
The tedious Hours are Ages. Fancy roves
Restless in fond Enquiry, nor believes
Charissa safe : *Charissa*, in whose Life
Thy Life consists, and in her Comfort thine.
Fear and Surmise put on a thousand Forms
Of dear Disquietude, and round thine Ears
Whisper ten thousand Dangers, endless Woes,
Till thy Frame shudders at her fancy'd Death ;
Then dies my *MITIO*, and his Blood creeps cold
Thro' every Vein. Speak, does the Stranger-Muse
Cast happy GuesSES at the unknown Passion,
Or has she fabled all ? Inform me, Friend,
Are half thy Joys sincere ? Thy Hopes fulfill'd,
Or frustrate ? Here commit thy secret Griefs
To faithful Ears, and be they bury'd here
In Friendship and Oblivion ; lest they spoil
Thy new-born Pleasures with distasteful Gall.
Nor let thine Eyes too greedily drink in

The frightful Prospect when untimely Death
Shall make wild Inroads on the Parents Heart,
And his dear Offspring to the cruel Grave
Are dragg'd in sad Succession, while his Soul
Is torn away Piece-Meal: Thus dies the Wretch
A various Death and frequent, e'er he quit
The Theatre, and make his final *Exit*.

But if his dearest Half, his faithful Mate
Survive, and in the sweetest saddest Airs
Of Love and Grief approach with trembling Hand
To close his swimming Eyes, what double Pangs,
What Racks, what Twinges rend his Heart-strings off
From the fair Bosom of that Fellow-Dove
He leaves behind to mourn? What jealous Cares
Hang on his parting Soul, to think his Love
Expos'd to wild Oppression, and the Herd
Of savage Men? So parts the dying Turtle
With sobbing Accents, with such sad Regret
Leaves his kind feather'd Mate: The Widow-Bird
Wanders in lonesome Shade, forgets her Food,
Forgets her Life; or falls a speedier Prey
To talon'd Falcons, and the crooked Beak
Of Hawks athirst for Blood. —————

The Second PART; or,

The Bright Vision.

THUS far the Muse in unaccustom'd Mood,
And Strains unpleasing to a Lover's Ear
Indulg'd a Gloom of Thought ; and thus she sang
Partial ; for *Melancholy's* hateful Form
Stood by in sable Robe. The pensive Muse
Survey'd the darksome Scenes of Life, and fought
Some bright relieving Glimpse, some cordial Ray
In the fair World of Love : But while she gaz'd
Delightful on the State of Twin-born Souls
United, blest'd, the cruel Shade apply'd
A dark long Tube and a false tinctur'd Glass
Deceitful ; blending Love and Life at once
In Darkness, Chaos, and the common Mass
Of Misery : Now *Urania* feels the Cheat,
And breaks the hated Optic in Disdain.
Swift vanishes the sullen Form, and lo
The Scene shines bright with Bliss : Behold the Place
Where Mischiefs never fly, Cares never come
With wrinkled Brow, nor Anguish, nor Disease,
Nor Malice forky-tongu'd. On this dear Spot,
MITIO, My Love would fix and plant thy Station
To act thy Part of Life, serene and blest
With the fair Consort fitted to thy Heart.

Sure

Sure 'tis a Vision of that happy Grove
Where the first Authors of our mournful Race
Liv'd in sweet Partnership! one Hour they liv'd,
But chang'd the tasted Bliss (Imprudent Pair)
For Sin, and Shame, and this waste Wilderness
Of Briars, and nine hundred Years of Pain.
The wishing Muse new-dresses the fair Garden
Amid this Desert-World, with budding Bliss,
And Ever-greens, and Balms and flowry Beauties
Without one dang'rous Tree: There heavenly Dews
Nightly descending shall impearl the Grass
And verdant Herbage; Drops of Fragrancy
Sit trembling on the Spires: The spicy Vapours
Rise with the Dawn, and thro' the Air diffus'd
Salute your waking Senses with Perfume:
While vital Fruits with their Ambrosial Juice
Renew Life's purple Flood and Fountain, pure
From vicious Taint: And with your Innocence
Immortalize the Structure of your Clay.
On this new Paradise the cloudless Skies
Shall smile perpetual, while the Lamp of Day
With Flames unsully'd (as the fabled Torch
Of *Hymen*) measures out your Golden Hours
Along his Azure Road. The Nuptial Moon
In milder Rays serene, should nightly rise

Full-orb'd (if Heaven and Nature will indulge
So fair an Emblem) big with Silver Joys,
And still forget her Wane. The feather'd Choir
Warbling their Maker's Praise on early Wing,
Or perch'd on Evening Bough shall joyn your Worship,
Joyn your sweet Vespers, and the Morning-Song.

O sacred Symphony ! Hark, thro' the Grove
I hear the Sound Divine ! I'm all Attention,
All Ear, all Extasy ; unknown Delight !
And the fair Muse proclaims the Heav'n below.

Not the Seraphic Minds of high Degree
Disdain Converse with Men : Again returning
I see th' Ethereal Host on downward Wing.
Lo, at the Eastern Gate young Cherubs stand
Guardians, commission'd to convey their Joys
To earthly Lovers. Go, ye happy Pair,
Go taste their Banquet, learn their nobler Pleasures
Supernal, and from Brutal Dregs refin'd.

Raphael shall teach thee, Friend, exalted Thoughts
And intellectual Bliss. 'Twas *Raphael* taught
The Patriarch of our Progeny th' Affairs
Of Heaven: (So *Milton* sings, enlightned Bard,
Nor miss'd his Eyes, when in sublimest Strain
The Angels great Narration he repeats

To *Albions* Sons high-favour'd) Thou shalt learn
 Celestial Lessons from his awful Tongue ;
 And with soft Grace and interwoven Loves
 (Grateful Digression) all his Words rehearse
 To thy *Florissa's* Ear, and charm her Soul.
 Thus with Divine Discourse in shady Bowers
 Of *Eden* our first Father entertain'd
Eve his sole Auditress ; and deep Dispute
 With Conjugal Caresses on her Lip
 Solv'd easy, and abstrusest Thoughts reveal'd.

Now the Day wears apace, now *MITIO* comes
 From his bright Tutor, and finds out his Mate.
 Behold the dear Associates seated low
 On humble Turf, with Rose and Myrtle strow'd ;
 But high their Conference ; How self-suffic'd
 Lives their Eternal Maker, girt around
 With Glories ; arm'd with Thunders ; and his Throne
 Mortal Access forbids, projecting far
 Splendors unsufferable and radiant Death.
 With Reverence and Abasement deep they fall
 Before his Sovereign Majesty, to pay
 Due Worship : Then his Mercy on their Souls
 Smiles with a gentler Ray, but Sovereign still ;
 And leads their Meditation and Discourse
 Long Ages backward, and across the Seas

To *Bethlehem* of *Judah*: There the Son,
 The filial Godhead, Character express
 Of Brightness inexpressible laid by
 His beamy Robes, and made Descent to Earth.
 Sprung from the Sons of *Adam*, he became
 A second Father, studious to regain
 Lost Paradise for Men, and purchase Heav'n.

The Lovers with Indearment mutual thus
 Promiscuous talk'd ; and Questions intricate
 His manly Judgment still resolv'd, and still
 Held her Attention fix'd : she musing sat
 On the sweet Mention of Incarnate Love,
 Till Rapture wak'd her Voice to softest Strains.
 " She sang the Infant God ; (mysterious Theme !)
 " How vile his Birth-place, and his Cradle vile ;
 " The Ox and Ass his mean Companions ; there
 " In Habit vile the Shepherds flock around,
 " Saluting the great Mother, and adore
 " *Israel's* anointed King, th' appointed Heir
 " Of the Creation. How debas'd he lies
 " Beneath his Regal State ; for thee, my *MITIO*,
 " Debas'd in servile Form ; but Angels stood
 " Ministring round their Charge with folded Wings
 " Obsequious, tho' unseen ; while lightsome Hours
 " Fulfill'd the Day, and the grey Evening rose.

" Then

“ Then the fair Guardians hov’ring o’er his Head
“ Wakeful all Night, drive the foul Spirits far,
“ And with their fanning Pinions purge the Air
“ From busy Phantoms, from infectious Damps,
“ And impure Taint ; while their Ambrosial Plumes
“ A dewy Slumber on his Senses shed.
“ Alternate Hymns the heav’nly Watchers sung
“ Melodious, soothing the surrounding Shades,
“ And kept the Darkness chaste and holy. Then
“ Midnight was charm’d, and all her gazing Eyes
“ Wonder’d to see their mighty Maker sleep.
“ Behold the Glooms Disperse, the rosy Morn
“ Smiles in the East with Eye-lids opening fair,
“ But not so fair as Thine ; O I could fold thee,
“ My young Almighty, my Creator-Babe,
“ For ever in these Arms ! For ever dwell
“ Upon thy lovely Form with gazing Eyes,
“ And every Pulse should beat Seraphic Love !
“ Around my Seat should crouding Cherubs come
“ With swift Ambition, zealous to attend
“ Their Prince, and form a Heav’n below the Sky.

“ Forbear, *Charissa*, O forbear the Thought
“ Of Female-Fondness, and forgive the Man
“ That interrupts thy melting Harmony !
Thus *MITIO* ; and awakes her nobler Powers

To pay juſt Worſhip to the ſacred King,
Jeſus, the God ; nor with Devotion pure
 Mix the Careſſes of her ſofter Sex ;
 (Vain Blandiſhment.) “ Come, turn thine Eyes aſide
 “ From *Bethle’em*, and climb up the doleful Steep
 “ Of bloody *Calvary* where naked Sculls
 “ Pave the ſad Road, and fright the Traveller.
 “ Can my Beloved bear to trace the Feet
 “ Of her Redeemer panting up the Hill
 “ Hard-burden’d ? Can thy Heart attend his Croſs ?
 “ Nail’d to the cruel Wood he groans, he dies,
 “ For thee he dies. Beneath thy Sins and mine
 “ (Horrible Load) the ſinleſs Saviour groans,
 “ And in fierce Anguiſh of his Soul expires.
 “ Adoring Angels pry with bending Head
 “ Searching the deep Contrivance, and admire
 “ This Infinite Deſign. Here Peace is made
 “ ’Twixt God the Sovereign and the Rebel Man ;
 “ Here *Satan* overthrown with all his Hoſts
 “ In ſecond Ruin rages and deſpairs ;
 “ Malice it ſelf deſpairs. The Captive Prey
 “ Long held in Slavery hopes a ſweet Release,
 “ And *Adam*’s ruin’d Offspring ſhall revive
 “ Thus ranſom’d from the greedy Jaws of Death.
 The fair Diſciple heard ; Her Paſſions move
 Harmonious to the Great Diſcourſe, and breathe

Refin'd Devotion : while new Smiles of Love
Repay her Teacher. Both with bended Knees
Read o'er the Covenant of eternal Life
Brought down to Men ; seal'd by the sacred Three
In Heav'n, and seal'd on Earth with God's own Blood.
Here they unite their Names again, and sign
Those peaceful Articles. (Hail blest Co-heirs
Cœlestial ! Ye shall grow to manly Age
And Spite of Earth and Hell in Season due
Possess the fair Inheritance above.)
With joyous Admiration they survey
The Gospel-Treasures infinite, unseen
By mortal Eye, by mortal Ear unheard,
And unconceiv'd by Thought : Riches Divine,
And Honours which th' Almighty Father-God
Pour'd with immense Profusion on his Son
High-Treasurer of Heaven. The Son bestows
The Life, the Love, the Blessing, and the Joy
On Bankrupt Mortals who believe and love
His Name. “ Then, my *Charissa*, all is thine ;
“ And thine, my *MITIO*, the fair Saint replies.
“ Life, Death, the World below, and Worlds on high,
“ And Place and Time are ours ; and things to come,
“ And past and present ; for our Interest stands
“ Firm in our Mystick Head, the Title sure.

“ 'Tis for our Health and sweet Refreshment (while
“ We sojourn Strangers here) the fruitful Earth
“ Bears plenteous ; and revolving Seasons still
“ Drefs her vast Globe in various Ornament.
“ For us this chearful Sun and chearful Light
“ Diurnal shine. This blue Expanse of Sky
“ Hangs a rich Canopy above our Heads
“ Covering our Slumbers, all with Starry Gold
“ Inwrought, when Night alternates her Return.
“ For us Time wears his Wings out : Nature keeps
“ Her Wheels in Motion, and her Fabric stands.
“ Glories beyond our Ken of mortal Sight
“ Are now preparing, and a Mansion fair
“ Awaits us, where the Saints unbody'd live,
“ Spirits releas'd from Clay, and purg'd from Sin.
“ Thither our Hearts with most incessant Wish
“ Panting aspire ; when shall that dearest Hour
“ Shine and release us hence, and bear us high,
“ Bear us at once unsever'd to our better Home ?

O blest Connubial State ! O happy Pair
Envy'd by yet unfociated Souls
Who seek their faithful Twins ! Your Pleasures rise
Sweet as the Morn, advancing as the Day,
Fervent as glorious Noon, serenely calm
As Summer-Evenings. The vile Sons of Earth

Groveling in Dust with all their noisy Jars
 Restless, shall interrupt your Joys no more
 Than barking Animals affright the Moon
 Sublime, and riding in her Midnight way.
 Friendship and Love shall undistinguish'd reign
 O'er all your Passions with unrival'd Sway
 Mutual and everlasting: Friendship knows
 No Property in Good, but all things common
 That each possesses, as the Light or Air
 In which we breathe and live: There's not one Thought
 Can lurk in close Reserve, no Barriers fix'd,
 But every Passage open as the Day
 To one another's Breast, and inmost Mind.
 Thus by Communion your Delight shall grow,
 Thus Streams of mingled Bliss swell higher as they
 Thus Angels mix their Flames, & more divinely glow.

The Third P A R T ; Or,

The Accounts ballanced.

I.

SHOULD Sovereign Love before me stand
 With all his Train of Pomp and State,
 And bid the daring Muse relate
 His Comforts and his Cares ;

MITIO,

MITIO, I would not ask the Sand
For Metaphors t' exprefs their Weight,
Nor borrow Numbers from the Stars.
Thy Cares and Comforts, Sovereign Love,
Vastly out-weigh the Sand below,
And to a larger Audit grow
Than all the Stars above.

Thy mighty Losses and thy Gains
Are their own mutual Measures ;
Only the Man that knows thy Pains
Can reckon up thy Pleasures.

II.

Say, *Damon*, say, how bright the Scene,
Damon is half-divinely blest,
Leaning his Head on his *Florella's* Breast
Without a jealous Thought, or busy Care between :
Then the sweet Passions mix and share ;
Florella tells thee all her Heart,
Nor can thy Souls remotest Part
Conceal a Thought or Wish from the beloved Fair.

Say, what a Pitch thy Pleasures fly
When Friendship all sincere grows up to Extasy,
Nor Self contracts the Bliss, nor Vice pollutes the Joy.

While thy dear Offspring round thee sit,
Or sporting innocently at thy Feet

Thy kindest Thoughts engage :
Those little Images of Thee,
What pretty Toys of Youth they be
And growing Props of Age !

III.

But short is earthly Bliss ! The changing Wind
Blows from the sickly South, and brings
Malignant Fevers on its sultry Wings,
Relentless Death sits close behind :
Now gasping Infants and a Wife in Tears
With piercing Groans salutes his Ears,
Thro' every Vein the thrilling Torments roll ;
While Sweet and Bitter are at Strife
In those dear Miseries of Life,
Those tenderest Pieces of his bleeding Soul.
The pleasing Sense of Love awhile
Mixt with the Heart-ake may the Pain beguile,
And make a feeble Fight ;
Till Sorrows like a gloomy Deluge rise,
Then every smiling Passion dies,
And Hope alone with wakeful Eyes
Darkling and solitary waits the slow-returning Light.

IV.

Here then let my Ambition rest,
May I be moderately blest
When I the Laws of Love obey ;

Let but my Pleasure and my Pain
 In equal Ballance ever reign,
 Or mount by Turns and sink again,
 And share just Measures of alternate Sway.
 So *Damon* lives, and ne'er complains ;
 Scarce can we hope diviner Scenes
 On this dull Stage of Clay :
 The Tribes beneath the Northern *Bear*
 Submit to Darkness half the Year,
 Since half the Year is Day.

*On the Death of the Duke of Gloucester,
 just after Mr. Dryden. 1700.*

AN EPIGRAM.

DRYDEN is dead, *DRYDEN* alone could sing
 The full-grown Glories of a future King.
 Now *GLOSTER* dies: Thus lesser Heroes live
 By that Immortal Breath that Poets give ;
 And scarce survive the Muse : But *WILLIAM* stands,
 Nor asks his Honours from the Poets Hands.
WILLIAM shall shine without a *DRYDEN*'s Praise,
 His Laurels are not grafted on the Bays.

An Epigram of *Martial* to *Cirinus*.

*Sic tua, Cirini, promas Epigrammata vulgo
Ut mecum possis, &c.*

Inscrib'd to Mr. JOSIAH HORT. 1694.

SO smooth your Numbers, Friend, your Verse so
 (sweet,
 So sharp the Jest, and yet the Turn so neat,
 That with her *Martial* Rome would place *Cirine*,
 Rome would prefer your Sense and Thought to mine.
 Yet modest you decline the public Stage,
 To fix your Friend alone amidst th' applauding Age.
 So *Maro* did ; the mighty *Maro* sings
 In vast Heroic Notes of vast Heroic things,
 And leaves the Ode to dance upon his *Flaccus* Strings.
 He scorn'd to daunt the dear *Horatian* Lyre,
 Tho his brave Genius flash'd *Pindaric* Fire,
 And at his Will could silence all the Lyric Quire.
 So to his *Varius* he resign'd the Praise
 Of the proud Buskin and the Tragic Bays,
 When he could thunder with a loftier Vein,
 And sing of Gods and Heroes in a bolder Strain.

A handsome Treat, a Piece of Gold or so,
 And Complements will every Friend bestow ;

Rarely

Rarely a *Virgil*, a *Cirine* we meet,
 That lays his Laurels at inferior Feet,
 And yields the tenderest Point of Honour, *Wit*.

EPISTOLA.

Fratri suo dilecto R. W. J. W. S. P. D.

Rursum tuas, Amande Frater, Accepi Literas, eodem fortasse momento, quo meæ ad te pervenerunt; idemq; qui te scribentem vidit Dies, meum ad Epistolare munus excitavit Calamum; non Inane est inter nos Fraternal nomen, unicus enim Spiritus nos intus animat, agitq; & Concordes in ambobus efficit motus: O utinam crescat indiès, & vigescat mutua Charitas; faxit Deus, ut Amor sui nostra incendat & defæcet pectora, tunc etenim & alternis puræ Amicitia flammis erga nos invicem Divinum in modum ardebimus; Contemplemur Jesum nostrum, Cæleste illud & adorandum Exemplar Charitatis. Ille est

QUI quondam æterno delapsus ab Æthere Vultus
 Induit Humanos, ut posset Corpore nostras
 (Heu misera;) sufferre vices; sponforis obivit
 Munia, & in sese *Tabulæ* maledicta *Minacis*
 Transtulit, & sceleris pœnas hominisq; reatum.

Ecce jacet desertus humi, diffusus in herbam
 Integer, innocuas versus sua sidera Palmas
 Et placidum attollens vultum, nec ad oscula Patris
 Amplexus solitosve; Artus nudatus amictu
 Sidereos, & sponte sinum patefactus ad Iras

Numinis armati. Pater, hic infige * sagittas,
 “ Hæc, ait, iratum forbebunt Pectora ferrum,
 “ Abluat Æthereus mortalia Crimina Sanguis.

Dixit, & horrendum fremuere tonitrua Cœli
 Infensusq; Deus; (quem jam posuisse paternum
 Musa queri vellet nomen, sed & ipsa fragores
 Ad tantos pavefacta file,) Jam diffilit Æther,
 Pandunturq; fores, ubi duro Carcere regnat
 IRA, & Pænarum Thesauros mille coercet.
 Inde ruunt gravidi vesano Sulphure Nimbi,
 Centuplicisq; volant contorta volumina Flammæ
 In Caput immeritum; diro hic sub Pondere pressus
 Restat, compressos dumq; ardens explicat artus
 † Purpureo vestes tinctæ sudore madescunt.
 Nec tamen infando *Vindex Regina* labori
 segnius incumbit, sed lassos increpat Ignes
 Acriter, & somno languentem suscitatur || Ensem:
 “ Surge, age, Divinum pete Pectus, & imbue sacro
 “ Flumine mucronem; Vos hinc, mea spicula, latè
 “ Ferrea per totum dispergite tormina *Christum*,
 “ Immensum tolerare valet; ad pondera Pænæ
 “ Sustentanda hominem suffulciet Incola NUMEN.
 “ Et tu sacra *Decas Legum*, Violata Tabella,

* Job 4. 6. † Luke 22. 44. || Zec. 13. 7.

“ Ebibe vindictam ; vastâ satiabere cæde,
 “ Mortalis Culpæ pensabit dedecus ingens
 “ Permissus Deitate Cruor. ———

Sic fata, immiti contorquet Vulnera dextrâ
 Dilaniatque sinus ; sancti penetralia Cordis
 Panduntur, sævis avidus Dolor involat aliis,
 Atque audax Mentem scrutatur, & Ilia mordet :
 Interea Servator * Ovat, Victorque Doloris]
 Eminent, Illustri † perfusus Membra Cruore,
 Exultatque miser fieri ; nam fortius illum
 Urget Patris honos, & non vincenda Voluptas
 Servandi miseros Sontes ; O nobilis Ardor
 Pœnarum ! O quid non Mortalia Pectora cogis
 Durus Amor ? Quid non Cœlestia ? ———

* Col. 2. 15. † Luc. 22. 44.

*At subsidat Phantasia, vaneſcant Imagines ; nescio quo me proripuit
 amens Muſa ; Volui quatuor lineas pedibus aſtringere, & ecce ! nu-
 meri creſcunt in immenſum ; dumque concitato Genio laxavi frenâ,
 vereor ne juvenilis impetus Theologiam læſerit, & audax nimis Ima-
 ginatio. Heri allata eſt ad me Epiſtola indicans Matrem meliuſculè ſe
 habere, licet ignis febrilis non prorsus deſeruit mortale ejus Domici-
 lium. Plura volui, ſed turgidi & creſcentes verſus noluere plura, &
 coarctârunt ſcriptionis Limites. Vale, amice frater, & in ſtadio Pie-
 tatis & Artis medica ſtrenuus decurre. Datum à Muſco meo Londi-
 ni xvto Kalend. Febr. Anno Salutis CIO IOCXIII.*

Fratri

Fratri olim navigaturo.

Sept. 30, 1691.

I Felix, pede prospero
I Frater, Trabe pineâ

Sulces Æquora cærule,

Pandas Carbasa flatibus

Quæ tuò reditura sint.

Non te monstra Natantia

Ponti Carnivoræ Incolæ

Prædentur Rate Naufragâ.

Navis, Tu tibi creditum

Fratrem Dimidium mei

Salvum fer per Inhospita

Ponti Regna, per Avios

Tractus, & liquidum Chaos.

Nec te forbeat horrida

Syrtis, nec Scopulus minax

Rumpat Roboreum latus.

Captent Mitia flamina

Antennæ ; & Zephyri leves

Dent Portum placidum tibi.

Tu, qui flumina, qui vagos

Fluctus Oceani regis,

Et sævum Boream domas,

Da fratri facilés vias,

Et fratrem reducem suis.

Ad

Ad Reverendum Virum

D^m. JOHANNEM PINHORNE,

Fidum Adolescentiæ meæ Præceptorem.

Pindarici Carminis Specimen. 1694.

I.

ET te, PINORNI, Musa *Trisantica*
 Salutat, ardens discipulam tuam
 Gratè fateri : nunc Athenas,
 Nunc Latias per amænitates
 Tutò pererrans te recolit Ducem,
 Te quondam teneros & Ebraia per aspera gressus
 Non durâ duxisse manu.
 Tuo patefcunt lumine Thespîi
 Campi atque ad arcem Pieridôn iter.
 En altus assurgens *Homerus*
 Arma Deosq; Virofque miscens
 Occupat Æthereum Parnassî culmen : *Homeri*
 Immenfos stupeo manes—————
 Te, *Maro*, dulcè canens fylvas, te bella fonantem
 Ardua, da veniam tenui venerare Camænâ :
 Tuæque accipias, *Thebane* Vates,
 Debita Thura Lyræ.

Vobis,

Vobis, magna Trias ! clarissima Nomina, semper
 Scrinia nostra patent, & Pectora nostra patebunt,
 Quum mihi cunq; levem concefferit otia & horam
 Divina *Mosis* pagina.

II.

Flaccus ad hanc Triadem ponatur, at ipse pudendas
 Deponat Veneres : venias, sed * *purus & insons*
Ut te collaudem, dum *sordes & mala lustra*
 Ablutus, *Venusine*, canis rideſſe. Recisæ
 Hâc lege accedant *Satyræ Juvenalis*, amari
 Terrores vitiorum. At longè cæcus abeſſet
Persius, obſcurus *Vates*, niſi lumina circum-
 -fuſa forent, *Sphingisq; ænigmata*, *Bonde*, ſcidiffes.
 Grande ſonans *Senecæ* fulmen, grandisq; cothurni
Pompa Sophoclei celſo ponantur eodem
 Ordine, & ambâbus ſimul hos amplectar in ulnis.

Tutò, Poetæ, tutò habitabitis

Pictos abacos : improba *Tinea*

Obiit, nec audet ſæva caſtas

Attingere *Blatta Camænas*.

At tu renidens ſœda *Epigrammatum*

Farrago inertûm, ſtercoris impii

Sentina fætens, *Martialis*,

In *Barathrum* relegandus imum

* Horat. Lib. i. Sat. 6.

Aufuge, & hinc tecum rapias *Catullum*
 Infulse mollem, naribus, auribus
 Ingrata castis carmina, & improbi
 Spurcos *Nasonis* Amores.

III.

Nobilis extremâ gradiens *Caledoniæ* ab orâ
 En *Buchananus* adest. Divini Psaltis Imago
Jessiadæ salveto; potens seu Numinis Iras
 Fulminibus miscere, sacro vel lumine Mentis

Fugare noctes, vel Citharæ sono

Sedare fluctus Pectoris.

Tu mihi hærebis comes ambulanti,

Tu Domi astabis focius Perennis,

Seu levi Mensæ simul assidere

Dignabere, seu Lecticæ.

Mox recumbentis vigilans ad aurem

Aureos suadebis inire somnos

Sacra sopitis superinferens ob-

livia curis.

Stet juxtâ * *Casimirus*, huic nec parciùs Ignem

Natura indulfit, nec Musa armavit Alumnum

* *Sarbirivium* rudior Lyrâ.

Quanta *Polonium* levat aura Cygnum!

† *Humana* linquens (en sibi devii

* *M. Casimirus*, *Sarbievski* Poeta insignis *Polonis*.

† Ode 5. Lib. 2.

Montes recedunt) luxuriantibus

Spatiat in aëre pennis.

Seu tu fortè virum tollis ad æthera,

Cognatosve Thronos & patrium Polum

Visurus confurgis ovans,

Visum fatigas, aciemq; fallis,

Dum tuum a longè stupeo volatum

O non Imitabilis Ales.

IV.

Sarbiuii ad nomen gelida incalet

Musa, simul totus ferverescere

Sentio, stellatas levis induor

Alas & tollor in altum.

Jam juga *Zionis* radens pede

Elato inter fidéra vertice

Longè despecto mortalia.

Quam juvat altisonis volitare per æthera pennis,

Et ridere præcul fallacia Gaudia sæcli

Terrellæ Grandia inania,

Quæ mortale genus (heu male) deperit.

O Curas hominum miseras! Cano,

Et miseras nugas Diademata,

Ventosæ fortis Ludibrium.

En mihi subsidunt Terrenæ a pectore fæces,

Gestit & effrans divinum effundere Carmen

Mens afflata Deo —————

———— at vos Heroes & Arma
Et procul este Dii, Ludicra Numina.
Quid mihi cum vestræ pondere Lanceæ,
Pallas ! aut vestris, *Dionyse*, *Thyrsis*?
Et Clava, & Anguis, & Leo, & *Hercules*,
Et brutum tonitru ficticii Patris,
Abstinate a carmine nostro.

V.

Te, Deus Omnipotens ! te nostra sonabit *Iesû*
Musa, nec assueto caelestes Barbiton ausu
Tentabit numeros. Vasti sine limite Numen &
Immensum sine lege Deum numeri sine lege sonabunt.

Sed Musam magna pollicentem destituit vigor ; Divino jubare perstringitur oculorum acies. En labascit pennis, tremis artibus, ruit deorsum per inane Ætheris, jacet victa, obstupefcit, file.

Ignoscat, Reverende Vir, vano conamini ; fragmen hoc rude licet & impositum æqui boni Consulas, & gratitudinis jam diu debita in partem reponas.

Votum, seu Vita in terris beata.

1702.

Ad Virum dignissimum

JOHANNEM HARTOPPIUM, Baronettum.

I.

HARTOPPI eximio stemmate nobilis

Venâq; Ingenii divite, si roges

Quem mea Musa beat,

Ille mihi felix ter & amplius,

Et similes superis annos agit

Qui sibi sufficiens semper adest sibi.

Hunc longè a curis mortalibus

Inter agros, sylvasq; silentes

Se Musisq; suis tranquillâ in pace fruentem

Sol oriens videt & recumbens.

II.

Non suæ Vulgi favor insolentis

(Plausus infani tumidus popelli)

Mentis ad sacram penetrabit arcem,

Feriat licèt Æthera clamor.

Nec Gaza flammans divitis *Indiæ*,

Nec, *Tage* vestræ fulgor *Arenulæ*

Ducent ab obscurâ quiete

Ad laquear radiantis *Aulæ*.

III.

O si daretur flamina proprii
 Tractare fusi pollice proprio,
 Atq; meum mihi fingere fatum ;
 Candidus vitæ color innocentis
 Fila nativo decoraret Albo
 Non *Tyriâ* vitiata conchâ.

Non aurum, non gemma nitens, nec purpura telæ
 Intertexta forent invidiosa meæ.
 Longè a Triumphis, & sonitu Tubæ
 Longè remotos transigerem dies :
 Abstate fasces, (splendida Vanitas)
 Et vos abstate, Coronæ.

IV.

Pro meo tecto Casa sit, salubres
 Captet Auroras, procul Urbis atro
 Distet a fumo, fugiatq; longè
 Dura Pthisis mala, dura Tussis.
 Displicet *Byrsa* & fremitu molesto
 Turba Mercantùm ; gratiùs alvear
 Demulcet aures murmure, gratius
 Fons salientis aquæ.

V.

Litigiosa fori me terrent jurgia, lenes
 Ad sylvas properans rixosas execror artes
 Eminus in tuto a Linguis ———

Blandimenta artis simul æquus odi,
Valete, Cives, & amara fraudis
Verba ; proh Mores ! & inane sacri
Nomen Amici !

VI.

Tuq; quæ nostris inimica Musis
Felle sacratum vitias amorem,
Absis æternùm, Diva libidinis,
Et Pharetrate Puer !

Hinc, hinc, *Cupido*, longius avola ;
Nil mihi cum fœdis, Puer, ignibus ;
Æthereâ fervent face pectora,
Sacra mihi *Venus* est *Urania*,
Et juvenis *Jessæus* Amor mihi.

VII.

Cœleste carmen (nec taceat lyra
Jessæa) latis auribus insonet,
Nec *Watsonianis* è medullis

Ulla dies rapiet vel hora.

Sacri Libelli deliciæ meæ,
Et vos, Sodales, semper amabiles,
Nunc simul adsitis, nunc vicissim,
Et fallite tædia vitæ.

T O

Mrs. *S I N G E R.*

*On the Sight of some of her Divine Poems
Never Printed.*

July 19th, 1706.

I.

ON the fair Banks of gentle *Thames*
 I tun'd my Harp ; nor did celestial Themes
 Refuse to dance upon my Strings :
 There beneath the Evening Sky
 I sung my Cares asleep, and rais'd my Wishes high
 To everlasting Things.
 Sudden from *Albion's* Western Coast
 Harmonious Notes come gliding by,
 The neighbouring Shepherds knew the Silver Sound ;
 " 'Tis *PHILOMELA's* Voice, the neighb'ring Shep-
 At once my Strings all silent lie, (herds cry ;
 At once my fainting Muse was lost
 In the superiour Sweetness drown'd.
 In vain I bid my tuneful Powers unite ;
 My Soul retir'd, and left my Tongue,
 I was all Ear, and *PHILOMELA's* Song
 Was all divine Delight.

U ;

II.

II.

Now be my Harp for ever dumb,
My Muse attempt no more. 'Twas long ago
I bid adieu to mortal Things,
To *Grecian* Tales, and Wars of *Rome*,
'Twas long ago I broke all but th' immortal Strings;
Now those immortal Strings have no Employ
Since a fair Angel dwells below
To tune the Notes of Heav'n, and propagate the Joy.
Let all my Powers with Awe profound
While *PHILOMELA* sings
Attend the Rapture of the Sound,
And my Devotion rise on her Seraphic Wings.

The End of the Second Book.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK III.

Sacred to the MEMORY of the
DEAD.

An EPITAPH on

King WILLIAM the Third
Of Glorious Memory :

Who dy'd March 8th, 1701.

I.

Beneath these Honours of a Tomb
GREATNESS in humble Ruin lies :
(How Earth confines in narrow Room
What Heroes leave below the Skies!)

II.

Preserve, oh venerable PILE,
Inviolat thy sacred Trust ;

To thy cold Arms the *BRITISH* Isle
Weeping commits her richest Dust.

III.

Ye gentlest Ministers of FATE
Attend the Monarch as he lies,
And bid the softest SLUMBERS wait
With silken Cords to bind his Eyes.

IV.

Rest his dear SWORD beneath his Head;
Round him his faithful ARMS shall stand;
Fix his bright ENSIGNS on his Bed,
The Guards and Honours of our Land.

V.

Ye Sister Arts of PAINT and VERSE,
Place *ALBION* fainting by his Side,
Her Groans arising o'er the Herse,
And *BELGIA* sinking when he dy'd.

VI.

High o'er the Grave RELIGION set
In solemn Gold; pronounce the Ground
Sacred, to bar unhallow'd Feet,
And plant her Guardian VERTUES round.

VII.

Fair LIBERTY in Sables drest,
Write his lov'd Name upon his Urn,
WILLIAM, the Scourge of Tyrants past,
And Awe of Princes yet unborn.

VIII.

VIII.

Sweet PEACE his sacred Relicks keep
With Olives blooming round her Head,
And stretch her Wings across the Deep
To bless the Nations with the Shade.

IX.

Stand on the Pile, Immortal FAME,
Broad Stars adorn thy brightest Robe,
Thy thousand Voices sound his Name
In Silver Accents round the Globe.

X.

FLATTERY shall faint beneath the Sound,
While hoary TRUTH inspires the Song ;
ENVY grow pale and bite the Ground,
And SLANDER gnaw her forky Tongue.

XI.

NIGHT and the GRAVE remove your Gloom ;
Darkness becomes the vulgar dead ;
But GLORY bids the Royal Tomb
Disdain the Horrors of a Shade.

XII.

GLORY with all her Lamps shall burn,
And watch the Warriors sleeping Clay,
Till the last Trumpet rouse his Urn
To aid the Triumphs of the Day.

On the sudden Death of

Mrs. *MARY PEACOCK.*

An Elegiac Song sent in a Letter of Condolence to Mr. N. P. Merchant at Amsterdam.

I.

HArk ! She bids all her Friends adieu ;
Some Angel calls her to the Spheres ;
Our Eyes the radiant Saint pursue
Thro' liquid Telescopes of Tears.

II.

Farewell, bright Soul, a short Farewell
Till we shall meet again above
In the sweet Groves where Pleasures dwell,
And Trees of Life bear Fruits of Love :

III.

There Glory sits on every Face,
There Friendship smiles in every Eye,
There shall our Tongues relate the Grace
That led us homeward to the Sky.

IV.

O'er all the Names of Christ our King
Shall our harmonious Voices rove,

Our Harps shall sound from every String
The Wonders of his bleeding Love.

V.

Come Sovereign Lord, Dear Saviour come,
Remove these separating Days,
Send thy bright Wheels to fetch us home ;
That Golden Hour, how long it stays !

VI.

How long must we lye lingring here,
While Saints around us take their Flight ?
Smiling they quit this dusky Sphere,
And mount the Hills of Heavenly Light.

VII.

Sweet Soul, we leave thee to thy Rest,
Enjoy thy *Jesus* and thy God,
Till we from Bands of Clay releast
Spring out and climb the shining Road.

VIII.

While the Dear Dust she leaves behind
Sleeps in thy Bosom, sacred Tomb ;
Soft be her Bed, her Slumbers kind,
And all her Dreams of Joy to come.

EPITAPHIUM Viri Venerabilis
Dom. *N. MATHER*,
Carmine Lapidario conscriptum.

M. S.

Reverendi admodum Viri
NATHANAELIS MATHERI

QUOD mori potuit hic subtrus depositum est.
Si quæris, Hospes, Quantus & Qualis fuit
Fidus enarrabit Lapis.

Nomen à Familiâ duxit
Sanctioribus studiis & Evangelio devotâ,
Et per utramq; *Angliam* celebri,
Americanam sc. atq; *Europæam*.
Et hic quoque in sancti Ministerii Spem eductus
Non-fallacem :
Et hunc utraque novit *Anglia*
Doctum & Docentem.

Corpore fuit procero, Formâ placidè verendâ ;
At supra Corpus & Formam sublimè eminuerunt
Indoles, Ingenium, atq; Eruditio :
Supra hæc Pietas, & (si fas dicere)

Supra

Supra Pietatem Modestia,

Cæteras enim Dotes obumbravit.

Quoties in rebus Divinis peragendis

Divinitus afflatæ mentis Specimina

Præstantiora edidit,

Toties Hominem sedulus occuluit

Ut solus conspiceretur Deus:

Voluit totus latere, nec potuit;

Heu quantum tamen sui nos latet!

Et majorem Laudis Partem sepulchrale Marmor

Invito obruit silentio.

Gratiam *Jesu Christi* salutiferam

Quam abundè hausit ipse, aliis propinavit,

Puram ab humanâ face.

Veritatis Evangelicæ decus ingens,

Et ingens Propugnaculum.

Concionator gravis Aspectu, Gestu, Voce;

Cui nec aderat Pompa Oratoria,

Nec deerat;

Flosculos Rhetorices supervacaneos fecit

Rerum dicendarum Majestas, & Deus præsens.

Hinc Arma Militiæ suæ non-infelicia,

Hinc toties fugatus *Satanas*,

Et hinc Victoriæ

Ab Inferorum Portis toties reportatæ.

Solers ille ferreis Impiorum Animis infigere

Altum & Salutare Vulnus :

Vulneratas idem tractare leniter solers,

Et Medelam adhibere magis salutarem.

Ex defæcato Cordis Fonte.

Divinis Eloquiis affatim scatebant Labia,

Etiam in familiari Contubernio :

Spirabat ipse undique Cælestes suavitates,

Quasi Oleo Lætitiæ semper recens delibutus,

Et semper supra Socios ;

Gratumq; Dilectissimi sui *Jesû* Odorem

Quaquaversus & latè diffudit:

Doloris tolerans supra fidem,

Æumnæq; heu quam assiduæ !

Invicto Animo, Victrice Patientiâ

Varias Curarum Moles pertulit

Et in Stadio & in Metâ Vitæ :

Quam ubi propinquam vidit,

Plerophoriâ fidei quasi Currû alato vectus

Properè & exultim attigit.

Natus est in Agro *Lancastriensi* 20° *Martii*, 1630.

Inter *Nov-Anglos* Theologiæ Tyrocinia fecit.

Pastorali Munere diu *Dublinii in Hibernia* functus,

Tandem (ut semper) Providentiam secutus Ducem

Cætui fidelium apud *Londinenses* præpositus est,

Quos Doctrinâ, Precibus, & Virâ beavit :

Ah brevi !

Corpore solutus 26^o Julii, 1697. Ætat. 67.

Ecclesiis Mærorem, Theologis Exemplar reliquit,

Probis Piisq; omnibus

Infandum sui Desiderium :

Dum pulvis *Christo* charus hic dulcè dormit

Expectans Stellam matutinam.

To the Reverend

Mr. JOHN SHOWER,

On the Death of his Daughter

Mrs. ANNE WARNER.

Reverend and Dear Sir ;

HO W great soever was my Sense of your Loss, yet I did not think my self fit to offer any Lines of Comfort : Your own Meditations can furnish you with many a delightful Truth in the midst of so heavy a Sorrow ; for the Covenant of Grace has Brightness enough in it to gild the most gloomy Providence, and to that sweet Covenant your Soul is no Stranger. My own Thoughts were much impress'd with the Tydings of your Daughter's Death ; and tho I made many a Reflection on the Vanity of Mankind in its best Estate, yet I must acknowledge that my Temper leads me most to the pleasant Scenes of Heaven, and that future World of Blessedness. When I recollect the Memory of my Friends that are dead, I frequently rove into the World of Spirits, and search them out there : Thus I endeavour'd to trace Mrs. Warner ; and these Thoughts crouding fast upon me, I set them down for my own Entertainment. The Verse breaks off abruptly, because I had no design to write a finish'd Elegy, having taken my leave of those Studies ; and besides when I was fallen upon the dark side of Death, I had no mind to tarry there. If the Lines I have written be so happy as to entertain you a little, and divert your Grief, the Time spent in composing them shall not be reckoned among my lost Hours, and the Review will be more pleasing to,

Decem. 22, 1707. Sir, Your Affectionate Humble Servant,

I. W.

An

*An Elegiac Thought on Mrs. Anne Warner,
who dy'd of the Small-Pox, December 18,
1707. at one a Clock in the Morning; a
few Days after the Birth and Death of her
first Child.*

A Wake my Muse, range the wide World of Souls,
And seek *VERNERA* fled; With upward Aim
Direct thy Wing; for she was born from Heaven,
Fulfill'd her Visit and return'd on high.

The Midnight Watch of Angels that patrol
The *Brittish* Sky, have notic'd her Ascent
Near the Meridian Star; pursue the Track
To the bright Confines of immortal Day
And Paradise, her Home. Say, my *Urania*,
(For nothing scapes thy Search, nor can'st thou miss
So fair a Spirit) say, beneath what Shade
Of *Amarant*, or chearful *Ever-green*
She sits recounting to her Kindred-Minds
Angelic or Humane, her mortal Toyl
And Travels thro' this howling Wilderness:
By what divine Protections she escap'd
Those deadly Snares when Youth and *Satan* leagu'd

In

In Combination to assail her Virtue ;
(Snares set to murder Souls) But Heav'n secur'd
The Favourite Nymph, and taught her Victory.

Or does she seek or has she found her Babe
Amongst the Infant-Nation of the Blest,
And clasp'd it to her Soul, to satiate there
The young Maternal Passion, and absolve
Th' unfulfill'd Embrace ? Thrice happy Child,
That saw the Light, and turn'd its Eyes aside
From our dim Regions to th' Eternal Sun,
And led the Parent's Way to Glory ! There
Thou art for ever hers, with Powers enlarg'd
For Love reciprocal and sweet Converse.

Behold her Ancestors (a pious Race)
Rang'd in fair Order, at her Sight rejoice
And sing her welcome. She along their Seats
Gliding salutes them all with Honours due
Such as are paid in Heaven : At last she finds
A Mansion fashion'd of distinguish'd Light,
But vacant : *This*, with sure Presage she cries,
Awaits my Father ; when will he arrive ?
How long, alas, how long ! Then calls her Mate,
Die, thou dear Partner of my mortal Cares,
Die and partake my Bliss ; We are for ever One.

Ay me ! Where roves my Fancy ! What kind Dreams
 Croud with sweet Violence on my waking Mind !
 Perhaps Illusions all ! Inform me, Muse,
 Chuses she rather to retire apart
 To recollect her dissipated Powers,
 And call her Thoughts her own. So lately freed
 From Earths vain Scenes, gay Visits, Gratulations,
 From *Hymen's* hurrying and tumultuous Joys,
 And Fears and Pangs, fierce Pangs that wrought her
 (Death.
 Tell me on what sublimer Themes she dwells
 In Contemplation, with unerring Clue
 Infinite Truth pursuing. (When, my Soul,
 O when shall thy Release from cumbrous Flesh
 Pass the Great Seal of Heaven ? What happy Hour
 Shall give thy Thoughts a Loose to soar and trace
 The Intellectual World ? Divine Delight !
VERNERA's lov'd Employ !) Perhaps she sings
 To some new golden Harp th' Almighty Deeds,
 The Names, the Honours of her Saviour-God,
 His Cross, his Grave, his Victory, and his Crown:
 Oh could I imitate th' exalted Notes,
 And mortal Ears could bear them ! — — —

Or lies she now before th' Eternal Throne
 Prostrate in humble Form, with deep Devotion
 O'er-

O'erwhelm'd, and Self-Abasement at the Sight
 Of the uncover'd God-head Face to Face?
 Seraphic Crowns pay Homage at his Feet,
 And Hers amongst them, not of dimmer Oar,
 Nor set with meaner Gems: But vain Ambition,
 And Emulation vain, and fond Conceit,
 And Pride for ever banish'd flies the Place,
 Curst Pride, the Dress of Hell. Tell me, *Urania*,
 How her Joys heighten, and her golden Hours
 Circle in Love. O stamp upon my Soul
 Some blisful Image of the fair Deceas'd
 To call my Passions and my Eyes aside
 From the dear breathless Clay. Distressing Sight!
 I look and mourn and gaze with greedy View
 Of melancholy Fondness; Tears bedewing
 That Form so late desir'd, so late lov'd,
 Now loathsome and unlovely. Base Disease,
 That leagu'd with Nature's sharpest Pains, and spoil'd
 So sweet a Structure! The impoysoning Taint
 O'erspreads the Building wrought with Skill divine,
 And ruins the rich Temple to the Dust!

Was this the Countenance where the World admir'd
 Features of Wit and Vertue? This the Face
 Where Love triumph'd? And Beauty on these Cheeks

As on a Throne beneath her radiant Eyes
 Was seated to Advantage ; mild, serene,
 Reflecting rosy Light ? So sits the Sun
 (Fair Eye of Heaven) upon a Crimson Cloud
 Near the Horizon, and with gentle Ray
 Smiles lovely round the Sky, till rising Fogs
 Portending Night with foul and heavy Wing
 Involve the golden Star, and sink him down
 Opprest with Darknefs. ——— ——— ———

*On the Death of an Aged and Honoured Re-
 lative, Mrs. M. W. July 13th, 1693.*

I.

I Know the Kindred-Mind. 'Tis she, 'tis she ;
 Among the Heav'nly Forms I see
 The Kindred-Mind from fleshy Bondage free ;
 O how unlike the thing was lately seen
 Groaning and panting on the Bed,
 With ghastly Air, and languish'd Head,
 Life on this Side, there the dead,
 While the delaying Flesh lay shivering between !

II.

Long did the earthy House restrain
 In toylsome Slavery that Ethereal Guest ;

Prison'd her round in Walls of Pain,
And twist'd Cramps and Aches with her Chain;
Till by the Weight of numerous Days oppress'd
The earthy House began to reel,
The Pillars trembled, and the Building fell,
The Captive Soul became her own again:
Tir'd with the Sorrows and the Cares,
A tedious Train of fourscore Years,
The Prisoner smil'd to be releas'd,
She felt her Fetters loose, and mounted to her Rest.

III.

Gaze on, my Soul, and let a perfect View
Paint her Idea all anew;
Rase out those melancholy Shapes of Woe
That hang around thy Memory, and becloud it so.
Come, FANCY, come with Essences refin'd,
With youthful Green and spotless White;
Deep be the Tincture, and the Colours bright
T' express the Beauties of a naked Mind.
Provide no Glooms to form a Shade;
All things above of vary'd Light are made,
Nor can the heav'nly Piece require a mortal Aid.
But if the Features too divine
Beyond the Power of Fancy shine,
Conceal th' inimitable Strokes behind a graceful Shrine.

IV.

Describe the Saint from Head to Feet,
 Make all the Lines in just Proportion meet ;
 But let her Posture be
 Filling a Chair of high Degree ;
 Observe how near it stands to the Almighty Seat.
 Paint the new Graces of her Eyes ;
 Fresh in her Looks let sprightly Youth arise,
 And Joys unknown below the Skies.
 VERTUE that lives conceal'd below,
 And to the Breast confin'd,
 Sits here triumphant on the Brow,
 And breaks with radiant Glories thro'
 The Features of the Mind.
 Express her Passion still the same,
 But more divinely sweet ;
 Love has an everlasting Flame
 And makes the Work compleat.

V.

The Painter-Muse with glancing Eye
 Observ'd a Manly Spirit nigh
 That Death had long disjoin'd :
 " In the fair Tablet they shall stand
 " United by a happier Band :
 She said, & fix'd her Sight and drew the manly Mind.
 Recount the Years, my Song, (a mournful Round)
 Since

Since he was seen on Earth no more :
He fought in lower Seas and drown'd ;
But Victory and Peace he found
On the superior Shore.

There now his tuneful Breath in sacred Songs
Employs the *European* and the *Eastern* Tongues.

Let th' awful Truncheon and the Flute,
The Pencil and the well-known Lute,
Powerful Numbers, charming Wit,
And every Art and Science meet,
And bring their Laurels to his Hand to crown his Sa-
(viour's Feet,

VI.

'Tis done. What Beams of Glory fall
(Rich Varnish of immortal Art)
To gild the bright Original!
'Tis done. The Muse has now perform'd her Part.
Bring down the Piece, *Urania*, from Above,
And let my HONOUR and my LOVE
Dress it with Chains of Gold to hang upon my Heart.

A

Funeral Poem

On the DEATH of

THOMAS GUNSTON, Esq;

Presented to the Right Honourable

The LADY ABNET,

Lady Mayorefs of London.

July, 1701.

MADAM,

HAD I been a common Mourner at the Funeral of the dear Gentleman deceased, I should have laboured after more of Art in the following Composition to supply the Defect of Nature; and to feign a Sorrow; but the uncommon Condescension of his Friendship to me, the inward Esteem I pay his Memory, and the vast and tender Sense I have of the Loss, make all the Methods of Art needless, whilst natural Grief supplies more than all.

I had resolved indeed to lament in Sighs and Silence, and frequently check'd the too forward Muse: but the Importunity was not to be resisted; Long Lines of Sorrow flow'd in upon me e'er I was aware, whilst I took many a solitary Walk in the Garden adjoining to his Seat at Newington; nor could I free my self from the Croud of melancholy Ideas. Your Ladyship will find throughout the Poem that the fair and unfinish'd Building which he had just rais'd for himself, gave almost all the Turns of Mourning to my Thoughts; for I pursue no other Topics of Elegy than what my Passion and my Senses led me to.

The Poem roves as my Eyes and Grief did, from one Part of the Fabrick to the other: It rises from the Foundation, salutes the Walls, the Doors, and the Windows, drops a Tear upon the Roof, and climbs the Tower, that dear Retreat, where I promis'd my self many sweet Hours of his Conversation; there my Song wanders amongst the delightful

lightful Subjects divine and moral which used to entertain our happy Leisure; and thence descends to the Fields and the shady Walks, where I so often enjoy'd his pleasing Discourse; my Sorrows diffuse themselves there without a Limit: I had quite forgotten all Scheme and Method of Writing till I correct my self, and rise to the Turret again to lament that desolate Seat. Now if the Critics laugh at the Folly of the Muse for taking too much Notice of the Golden Ball, let them consider that the meanest thing that belong'd to so valuable a Person still gave some fresh and doleful Reflection: And I transcrib'd Nature without Rule, and represent Friendship in a mourning Dress, abandon'd to deepest Sorrow, and with a Negligence becoming Woe unfeign'd.

Had I design'd a compleat Elegy, Madam, on your dearest Brother, and intended it for public View, I should have followed the usual Forms of Poetry so far at least, as to spend some Pages in the Character and Praises of the Deceased, and thence have taken Occasion to call Mankind to complain aloud of the universal and unspeakable Loss: But I wrote meerly for my self as a Friend of the Dead, and to ease my full Soul by breathing out my own Complaints: I knew his Character and Vertues so well, that there was no need to mention 'em while I talk'd only with my self; for the Image of them was ever present with me, which kept the Pain at the Heart intense and lively, and my Tears flowing with my Verse.

Perhaps your Ladyship will expect some Divine Thoughts and Sacred Meditations mingled with a Subject so solemn as this is: Had I form'd a Design of offering it to your Hands, I had compos'd a more Christian Poem; but 'twas Grief purely natural for a Death so surprizing that drew all the Strokes of it, and therefore my chief Reflections are but of a moral Strain. Such as it is, your Ladyship requires a Copy of it, but let it not touch your Soul too tenderly, nor renew your own Mourning. Receive it, Madam, as an Offering of Love and Tears at the Tomb of a departed Friend, and let it abide with you as a Witness of that affectionate Respect and Honour that I bore him; all which as your Ladyship's most rightful Due, both by Merit and by Succession, is now humbly offered by

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most Hearty and
Obedient Servant,

I. WATTS.

To the Dear Memory of my Honoured Friend

THOMAS GUNSTON, Esq;

*Who dy'd Nov. 11th, 1700. when he had
just finish'd his Seat at Newington.*

OF blasted Hopes, and of short withering Joys
Sing Heav'nly Muse. Try thine Ethereal Voice
In Funeral Numbers and a doleful Song ;
GUNSTON the Just, the Generous, and the Young,
GUNSTON the Friend is dead. O empty Name
Of earthly Bliss ! 'tis all an airy Dream,
All a vain Thought ! Our soaring Fancies rise
On treacherous Wings ; & Hopes that touch the Skies
Drag but a longer Ruin thro' the downward Air,
And plunge the falling Joy still deeper in Despair.

How did our Souls stand flatter'd and prepar'd
To shout him welcome to the Seat he rear'd !
There the Dear Man should see his Hopes compleat,
Smiling and tasting every lawful Sweet
That Peace and Plenty brings, while numerous Years
Circling delightful play'd around the Spheres :
Revolving Suns should still renew his Strength,
And draw th' uncommon Thread to an unusual Length.

But

But hasty Fate thrusts her dread Shears between,
Cuts the young Life off, and shuts up the Scene.
Thus airy PLEASURE dances in our Eyes,
And spreads fair Images in gay Disguise
T' allure our Souls, till just within our Arms
The Vision dies, and all the painted Charms
Flee quick away from the pursuing Sight,
Till they are lost in Shades, & mingle with the Night.

Muse, stretch thy Wings and thy sad Journey bend
To the fair FABRICK that thy dying Friend
Built nameless : 'twill suggest a thousand things
Mournful and soft as my *Urania* sings.

How did he lay the deep *Foundations* strong,
Marking the Bounds, and rear the *Walls* along
Solid and lasting ; there a numerous Train
Of happy GUNSTONS might in Pleasure reign
While Nations perish, and long Ages run,
Nations unborn, and Ages unbegun :
Not Time it self should waste the blest Estate,
Nor the tenth Race rebuild the ancient Seat :
How fond our Fancies are ! the Founder dies
Childless ; his Sisters weep, and close his Eyes,
And wait upon his Heir with never-ceasing Cries.

Lofty and slow it moves to meet the Tomb,
 While weighty Sorrow nods on every Plume ;
 A thousand Groans his dear Remains convey
 To his cold Lodging in a Bed of Clay,
 His Country's sacred Tears well-watering all the Way. }
 See the dull Wheels roll on the sable Load ;
 But no dear Son to tread the mournful Road,
 And fondly kind drop his young Sorrows there,
 The Father's Urn bedewing with a filial Tear.
 O had he left us One behind to play
 Wanton about the painted *Hall*, and say
This was my Father's, with impatient Joy
 In my fond Arms I'd clasp the smiling Boy,
 And call him my young Friend : But awful Fate
 Design'd the mighty Stroke as lasting as 'twas great.

And must this Building then, this costly Frame
 Stand here for Strangers ? Must some unknown Name
 Possess these *Rooms*, the Labours of my Friend ?
 Why were these Walls rais'd for this hapless End ?
 Why these *Apartments* all adorn'd so gay ?
 Why his rich Fancy lavish'd thus away ?
 Muse, view the *Paintings*, how the hovering Light
 Plays o'er the Colours in a wanton Flight,
 And mingled Shades wrought in by soft Degrees
 Give a sweet Foil to all the charming Piece ;

But

But Night, eternal Night hangs black around
The dismal Chambers of the hollow Ground,
And solid Shades unmingled round his Bed
Stand hideous : Earthy Fogs embrace his Head,
And noisom Vapours glide along his Face
Rising perpetual. Muse, forsake the Place,
Flee the raw Damps of the unwholsome Clay,
Look to his airy spacious *Hall*, and say
“ How has he chang’d it for a loathsome Cave,
“ Confin’d and crouded in a narrow Grave !

Th’ unhappy House looks desolate and mourns,
And every *Door* groans doleful as it turns ;
The Pillars languish ; and each lofty Wall
Stately in Grief, laments the Master’s Fall
In Drops of briny Dew ; the Fabrick bears
His faint Resemblance, and renews my Tears.
Solid and Square it rises from below ;
A noble Air without a gaudy Show
Reigns thro’ the Model, and adorns the Whole,
Manly and Plain. Such was the Builder’s Soul.

O how I love to view the Stately Frame,
That dear Memorial of the best-lov’d Name!
Then could I wish for some prodigious Cave
Vast as his Seat, and silent as his Grave,

Where

Where the tall Shades stretch to the hideous Roof,
Forbid the Day, and guard the Sun-beams off ;
Thither, my willing Feet, should ye be drawn
At the gray Twilight, and the early Dawn :
There sweetly sad should my soft Minutes roll,
Numbring the Sorrows of my drooping Soul.
But these are airy Thoughts ! Substantial Grief
Grows by those Objects that should yield Relief ;
Fond of my Woes I heave my Eyes around,
My Grief from every Prospect courts a Wound ;
Views the green Gardens, views the smiling Skies,
Still my Heart sinks, and still my Cares arise ;
My wand'ring Feet round the dear Mansion rove,
And there to sooth my Sorrows I indulge my Love.

Oft have I laid the awful *Calvin* by,
And the sweet *Cowley* with impatient Eye
To see those Walls, pay the sad Visit there,
And drop the Tribute of an hourly Tear :
Still I behold some melancholy Scene,
With many a pensive Thought, & many a Sigh between.
Two Days ago we took the Evening Air,
I, and my Grief, and my *Urania* there ;
Say, my *Urania*, how the Western Sun
Broke from black Clouds, and in full Glory shone

Gilding the Roof, then dropt into the Sea,
 And sudden Night devour'd the sweet Remains of Day;
 Thus the dear Youth just rear'd his shining Head
 From obscure Shades of Life, and sunk among the Dead.
 The rising Sun adorn'd with all his Light
 Smiles on these Walls again: but endless Night
 Reigns uncontroll'd where the dear GUNSTON lyes,
 He's set for ever, and must never rise.

Then why these Beams, unseasonable Star,
 These lightfom Smiles descending from afar
 To greet a mourning House? In vain the Day
 Breaks thro' the *Windows* with a joyful Ray,
 And marks a shining Path along the Floors
 Bounding the Evening and the Morning Hours;

In vain it bounds 'em: while vast Emptiness
 And hollow Silence reigns thro' all the Place,
 Nor heeds the cheerful Change of Nature's Face.

Yet Nature's Wheels will on without Controul,
 The Sun will rise, and tuneful Spheres will roll,
 And the two nightly *Bears* walk round and watch the
 (Pole.)

See while I speak, high on her fable Wheel
 Old Night advancing climbs the Eastern Hill:
 Troops of dark Clouds prepare her Way; behold,
 How their brown Pinions edg'd with Evening Gold

Spread shadowing o'er the House, and glide away
Slowly pursuing the declining Day ;
O'er the broad *Roof* they fly their Circuit still,
Thus Days before they did, and Days to come they will ;
But the Black Cloud that shadows o'er his Eyes
Hangs there unmoveable, and never flies :
Fain would I bid the envious Gloom be gone,
Ah fruitless Wish ! how are his Curtains drawn
For a long Evening that despairs the Dawn !

Muse, view the *Turret* : just beneath the Skys
Lonesome it stands, and fixes my sad Eyes
As it would ask a Tear. O sacred Seat,
Sacred to Friendship ! O Divine Retreat !
Here did I hope my happy Hours t' employ,
And fed before-hand on the promis'd Joy,
When weary of the noisy Town, my Friend
From mortal Cares retiring shou'd ascend
And lead me thither. We alone wou'd sit
Free and secure of all intruding Feet :
Our Thoughts shou'd stretch their longest Wings & rise,
Nor bound their Soarings by the lower Skys :
Our Tongues shou'd aim at everlasting Themes,
And speak what Mortals dare, of all the Names
Of boundless Joys and Glories, Thrones, and Seats
Built high in Heaven for Souls : We'd trace the Streets
Of

Of Golden Pavement, walk each blissful Field,
And climb & taste the Fruits the spicy Mountains yield:
Then would we swear to keep the sacred Road,
And walk right upwards to that blest Abode;
We'd charge our parting Spirits there to meet,
There Hand in Hand approach th' Almighty Seat,
And bend our Heads adoring at our Maker's Feet.
Thus should we mount on bold advent'rous Wings
In high Discourse, and dwell on heavenly things,
While the pleas'd Hours in sweet Succession move,
And Minutes measur'd as they are above
By ever-circling Joys, and ever-shining Love.

Anon our Thoughts should lower their lofty Flight,
Sink by Degrees, and take a pleasing Sight,
A large round Prospect of the spreading Plain,
The wealthy River, and his winding Train,
The smoaky City, and the busy Men.
How we should smile to see degenerate Worms
Lavish their Lives, and fight for airy Forms
Of painted Honour, Dreams of empty Sound,
Till Envy rise, and shoot a secret Wound
At swelling Glory; strait the Bubble breaks;
And the Scenes vanish as the Man awakes:
Then the tall Titles insolent and proud
Sink to the Dust, and mingle with the Croud.

Man is a restless thing : Still vain and wild,
 Lives beyond sixty, nor outgrows the Child :
 His hurrying Lufts still break the sacred Bound
 To seek new Pleasures on forbidden Ground,
 And buy them all too dear. Unthinking Fool,
 For a short dying Joy to sell a deathless Soul !
 'Tis but a Grain of Sweetness they can sow,
 And reap the long sad Harvest of Immortal Woe.

Another Tribe toil in a different Strife,
 And banish all the lawful Sweets of Life
 To sweat and dig for Gold, to hoard the Oar, }
 Hide the dear Dust yet darker than before,
 And never dare to use a Grain of all the Store. }

Happy the Man that knows the Value just
 Of Earthly things, nor is enslav'd to Dust.
 'Tis a rich Gift the Skies but rarely send
 To Fav'rite Souls. Then happy thou, my Friend,
 For thou hadst learnt to manage and command
 The Wealth that Heaven bestow'd with liberal Hand :
 Hence this fair Structure rose ; and hence this Seat }
 Made to invite my not unwilling Feet ;
 In vain 'twas made ! for we shall never meet, }

And

And smile, and love, and bless each other here,
The envious Tomb forbids thy Face t' appear,
Detains thee, *GUNSTON*, from my longing Eyes,
And all my Hopes lie bury'd where my *GUNSTON* lies.

Come hither; all ye Tenderest Souls, that know
The Heights of Fondness and the Depths of Woe,
Young Mothers, who your darling Babes have found
Untimely murder'd with a ghastly Wound ;
Ye frightened Nymphs, who on the Bridal Bed
Clasp'd in your Arms your Lovers cold and dead,
Come ; in the Pomp of all your wild Despair
With flowing Eye-lids and disorder'd Hair,
Death in your Looks; come mingle Grief with me,
And drown your little Streams in my unbounded Sea.

You sacred Mourners of a nobler Mould
Born for a Friend, whose dear Embraces hold
Beyond all Nature's Ties ; you that have known
Two happy Souls made intimately One,
And felt a parting Stroke ; 'Tis you must tell
The Smart, the Twinges, and the Racks I feel :
This Soul of mine that dreadful Wound has born,
Off from its Side its dearest Half is torn,
The rest lies bleeding, and but lives to mourn.

Stand tall and naked to the blustering Rage
Of the mad Winds ; thus it becomes your Age
To shew your Sorrows. Often ye have seen
Our Heads reclin'd upon the rising Green ;
Beneath your sacred Shade diffus'd we lay,
Here FRIENDSHIP reign'd with an unbounded Sway:
Hither our Souls their constant Off'rings brought,
The Burthens of the Breast, & Labours of the Thought ;
Our opening Bosoms on the conscious Ground
Spred all the Sorrows and the Joys we found,
And mingled every Care ; nor was it known
Which of the Pains or Pleasures were our own ;
Then with an equal Hand and honest Soul
We share the Heap ; yet both possess the Whole,
And all the Passions there thro' both our Bosoms roll.
By turns we comfort, and by turns complain,
And bear and ease by turns the Sympathy of Pain.

(Pow'rs
FRIENDSHIP! Mysterious Thing, what Magic
Support thy Sway, and charm these Minds of ours ?
Bound to thy Foot we boast our Birth-right still,
And dream of Freedom when we've lost our Will,
And chang'd away our Souls : At thy Command
We snatch new Miseries from a foreign Hand
To call them ours, and thoughtless of our Ease
Plague the dear Self that we were born to please.

Thou Tyranness of Minds, whose cruel Throne
 Heaps on poor Mortals Sorrows not their own;
 As tho our Mother Nature could no more
 Find Woes sufficient for each Son she bore,
 Friendship divides the Shares, and lengthens out the
 (Store.
 Yet are we fond of thine imperious Reign,
 Proud of thy Slavery, wanton in our Pain,
 And chide the courteous Hand when Death dissolves
 (the Chain.

VERTUE, forgive the Thought! the raving Muse
 Wild and despairing knows not what she does,
 Grows mad in Grief, and in her savage Hours
 Affronts the Name she loves and she adores.
 She is thy Votarefs too; and at thy Shrine
 O sacred FRIENDSHIP, offer'd Songs Divine,
 While GUNSTON liv'd, and both our Souls were
 (thine.
 Here to these Shades at solemn Hours we came
 To pay Devotion with a mutual Flame,
 Partners in Blifs. Sweet Luxury of the Mind!
 And sweet the Aids of Sense! Each ruder Wind
 Slept in its Caverns, while an Evening-Breeze
 Fan'd the Leaves gently, sporting thro' the Trees;
 The Linnet and the Lark their Vespers sung,
 And Clouds of Crimson o'er th' Horizon hung;

The slow-declining Sun with sloping Wheels
Sunk down the golden Day behind the Western Hills.

Mourn ye young *Gardens*, ye unfinish'd Gates,
Ye green Inclosures and ye growing Sweets,
Lament, for ye our Midnight Hours have known,
And watch'd us walking by the silent Moon
In Conference divine, while heavenly Fire
Kindling our Breasts did all our Thoughts inspire
With Joys almost immortal; then our Zeal
Blaz'd and burnt high to reach th' Ethereal Hill,
And Love refin'd like that above the Poles
Threw both our Arms round one another's Souls
In Rapture and Embraces. Oh forbear,
Forbear, my Song! this is too much to hear,
Too dreadful to repeat; such Joys as these
Fled from the Earth for ever!

Oh for a general Grief! Let all things share
Our Woes that knew our Loves: The neighbouring *Air*
Let it be laden with immortal Sighs,
And tell the Gales that every Breath that flies
Over these Fields should murmur and complain,
And kiss the fading Grass, and propagate the Pain.
Weep all ye *Buildings*, and ye Groves around
For ever weep: this is an endless Wound

To all the nicer Rules, and bears her down
From the tall Fabrick to the neighbouring Ground :
The pleasing Hours and the dear Moments past
In these sweet Fields reviving on my Taste
Snatch me away resistless with impetuous Haste. }
Spread thy strong Pinions once again, my Song,
And reach the *Turret* thou hast left so long :
O'er the wide Roof its lofty Head it rears,
Waiting long our Converse ; but only hears
The noisy Tumults of the Realms on high ;
The Winds salute it whistling as they fly,
Or jarring round the Windows ; rattling Showers
Lash the fair Sides ; above loud Thunder roars ;
But still the Master sleeps ; nor hears the Voice
Of sacred Friendship, nor the Tempest's Noise :
An Iron Slumber sits on every Sense,
In vain the heavenly Thunders strive to rouse it thence.

One Labour more, my Muse, the *golden Sphere*
Seems to demand : See thro' the dusky Air
Downward it shines upon the rising Moon ;
And, as she labours up to reach her Noon,
Pursues her Orb with repercussive Light,
And streaming Gold repays the paler Beams of Night :
But not one Ray can reach the darksome Grave,
Or pierce the solid Gloom that fills the Cave
Where

Where *GUNSTON* dwells in Death. Behold it flames
Like some new Meteor with diffusive Beams

Thro' the Mid-heaven, and overcomes the Stars ;

“ So shines thy *GUNSTON*'s Soul above the Spheres

Raphael replies, and wipes away my Tears.

“ We saw the Flesh sink down with closing Eyes,

“ We heard thy Grief shriek out, *He dies, He dies.*

“ Mistaken Grief ! to call the Flesh the Friend !

“ On our fair Wings did the bright Youth ascend,

“ All Heav'n embrac'd him with immortal Love,

“ And sung his Welcome to the Court above.

“ Gentle *Ithuriel* led him round the Skies,

“ The Buildings strook him with immense Surprise ;

“ The Spires all radiant, and the Mansions bright,

“ The Roofs high-vaulted with Ethereal Light :

“ Beauty and Strength on the tall Bullwarks fate

“ In heavenly Diamond ; and for every Gate

“ On golden Hinges a broad Ruby turns

“ Guards off the Foe, and as it moves it burns ;

“ Millions of Glories reign thro' every part ;

“ Infinite Power and uncreated Art

“ Stand here display'd, and to the Stranger show

“ How it out-shines the noblest Seats below ;

“ The Stranger fed his gazing Pow'rs awhile

“ Transported. Then with a regardless Smile

To the MEMORY of the Reverend

Mr. *THOMAS GOUGE*,

Who dy'd Jan. 8th, $\frac{1699.}{1700.}$

I.

YE Virgin-Souls, whose sweet Complaint *Pfal.* 137
 Could teach *Euphrates* not to flow, *Lam.* 1.
 2, 3.

Could *Sion's* Ruin so divinely paint,

Array'd in Beauty and in Woe ;

Awake, ye Virgin-Souls, to mourn,

And with your tuneful Sorrows dress a Prophet's Urn.

O could my Lips or flowing Eyes

But imitate such charming Grief

I'd teach the Seas, and teach the Skies

Wailings, and Sobs, and Sympathies,

Nor should the Stones or Rocks be deaf ;

Rocks shall have Eyes, and Stones have Ears

While *GOUGE's* Death is mourn'd in Melody and
 (Tears.

II.

Heav'n was impatient of our Crimes,

And sent his Minister of Death

To scourge the bold Rebellion of the Times,

And to demand our Prophet's Breath ;

He

He came commission'd for the Fates
Of awful *MEAD* and charming *BATES*;
There he essay'd the Vengeance first,
Then took a dismal Aim, and brought great *GOUGE*
(to Dust.

III.

Great *GOUGE* to Dust! how doleful is the Sound!
How vast the Stroke is! and how wide the Wound!

Yes, 'tis a vast uncommon Death,
Yes, 'tis a Wound unmeasurably wide;

No vulgar Mortal dy'd

When he resign'd his Breath.

The Muse that mourns a Nation's Fall,

Should wait at *GOUGE*'s Funeral,

Should mingle Majesty and Groans

Such as she sings to sinking Thrones,

And in deep-sounding Numbers tell

How *Sion* trembled when this Pillar fell.

Sion grows weak, and *England* poor,

Nature her self with all her Store

Can furnish such a Pomp for Death no more.

IV.

The Reverend Man let all things mourn;

Sure he was some Æthereal Mind

Fated in Flesh to be confin'd,

And order'd to be born.

His Soul was of th' Angelic Frame,
 The same Ingredients, and the Mould the same,
 When the Creator makes a Minister of Flame.

He was all form'd of heavenly things :
 Mortals, believe what my *Urania* sings,
 For she has seen him rise upon his flaming Wings:

V.

How would he mount, how would he fly
 Up thro' the Ocean of the Sky
 Tow'rd the Cœlestial Coast !
 With what amazing Swiftneſs ſoar
 Till Earth's dark Ball was ſeen no more,
 And all its Mountains loſt !
 Scarce could the Muſe purſue him with her Sight,
 But, Angels, you can tell,
 For oft you met his wond'rous Flight
 And knew the Stranger well ;
 Say, how he paſt the radiant Spheres
 And viſited your happy Seats,
 And trac'd the well-known Turnings of the golden (Streets,
 And walk'd among the Stars.

VI.

Tell how he climb'd the Everlaſting Hills
 Surveying all the Realms above,

Born on a strong-wing'd Faith, and on the fiery Wheels
Of an immortal Love.

'Twas there he took a glorious Sight
Of the Inheritance of Saints in Light,
And read their Title in their Saviour's Right.

How oft the humble Scholar came,
And to your Songs he rais'd his Ears
To learn th' unutterable Name,
To view th' Eternal Base that bears
The new Creations Frame.

The Countenance of God he saw
Full of Mercy, full of Awe,
The Glories of his Power, and Glories of his Grace:
There he beheld the wondrous Springs
Of those celestial sacred things,
The peaceful Gospel and the fiery Law
In that Majestic Face.

That Face did all his gazing Powers employ
With most profound Abasement and exalted Joy.
The Rolls of Fate were half unseal'd,
He stood adoring by;
The Volumes open'd to his Eye,
And sweet Intelligence he held
With all his shining Kindred of the Sky.

“ Oft we beheld the Thunderer’s Hand
“ Rais’d high to crush the factious Foe ;
“ As oft we saw the rolling Vengeance stand
“ Doubtful t’ obey the dread Command,
“ While his ascending Pray’r upheld the falling Blow”

IX.

Draw the past Scenes of thy Delight,
My Muse, and bring the wond’rous Man to Sight.
Place him surrounded as he stood
With pious Crouds, while from his Tongue
A Stream of Harmony ran soft along,
And every Ear drank in the flowing Good:
Softly it ran its Silver way,
Till warm Devotion rais’d the Current strong ;
Then fervid Zeal on the sweet Deluge rode,
Life, Love and Glory, Grace and Joy,
Divinely roll’d promiscuous on the Torrent-Flood,
And bore our raptur’d Sense away, and Thoughts and
(Souls to God.
O might we dwell for ever there !
No more return to breathe this grosser Air,
This Atmosphere of Sin, Calamity and Care.

X.

But heavenly Scenes soon leave the Sight
While we belong to Clay,
Passions of Terror and Delight
Demand alternate Sway.

Z

Be-

To calm the surging Conscience, and assuage the Pain.

He from a bleeding God derives

Life for the Souls that Guilt had slain,

And strait the dying Rebel lives,

The Dead arise again,

The opening Skies almost obey

His powerful Song ; a heavenly Ray

Awakes Despair to Light, and sheds a chearful Day.

His wond'rous Voice rolls back the Spheres,

Recalls the Scenes of antient Years

To make the Saviour known ;

Sweetly the flying Charmer roves

Thro' all his Labours and his Loves,

The Anguish of his Cross, & Triumphs of his Throne.

XII.

Hark, he invites our Feet to try

The steep Ascent of *Calvary*,

And sets the fatal Tree before our Eye :

See here Celestial Sorrow reigns ;

Rude Nails and ragged Thorns lay by,

Ting'd with the Crimson of Redeeming Veins.

In wond'rous Words he sung the vital Flood

Where all our Sins were drown'd,

Words fit to heal and fit to wound,

Sharp as the Spear, and balmy as the Blood.

In his Discourse Divine
 Afresh the purple Fountain flow'd;
 Our falling Tears kept sympathetic Time,
 And trickled to the Ground,
 While every Accent gave a doleful Sound,
 Sad as the breaking Heart-strings of th' expiring God.

XIII.

Down to the Mansions of the Dead
 With trembling Joy our Souls are led,
 The Captives of his Tongue;
 There the dear Prince of Light reclines his Head
 Darkness and Shades among.
 With pleasing Horror we survey
 The Caverns of the Tomb,
 Where the belov'd Redeemer lay
 And shed a sweet Perfume.
 Hark, the old Earthquake roars again
 In GOUGE's Voice, and breaks the Chain
 Of heavy Death, and rends the Tombs;
 The Rising God! he comes, he comes,
 With Throngs of waking Saints, a long triumphing
 (Train,

XIV.

See the bright Squadrons of the Sky,
 Downward on Wings of Joy and Haste they fly,
 Meet their returning Sovereign, and attend him high.

A shining Car the Conqueror fills
 Form'd of a golden Cloud;
 Slowly the Pomp moves up the azure Hills,
 Old *Satan* foams and yells aloud,
 And gnaws th' Eternal Brass that binds him to the
 (Wheels.
 The opening Gates of Bliss receive their King,
 The Father-God smiles on his Son,
 Pays him the Honours he has won,
 The lofty Thrones adore, and little Cherubs sing.
 Behold him on his native Throne,
 Glory sits fast upon his Head;
 Dress'd in new Light and beamy Robes
 His Hand rolls on the Seasons and the shining Globes,
 And sways the living Worlds, and Regions of the
 (Dead.

XV.

GOUGE was his Envoy to this Realm below :

Vast was his Trust, and great his Skill,
 Bright the Credentials he could show,
 And thousands own'd the Seal.
 His hallowed Lips could well impart
 The Grace, the Promise, and Command;
 He knew the Pity of *Immanuel's* Heart,
 And Terrors of *Jehovah's* Hand.
 How did our Souls start out to hear
 The Embassies of Love he bare,

While

While every Ear in Rapture hung
 Upon the charming Wonders of his Tongue.
 Life's busy Cares a sacred Silence bound,
 Attention stood with all her Powers,
 With fixed Eyes and Awe profound,
 Chain'd to the Pleasure of the Sound,
 Nor knew the flying Hours.

XVI.

But oh! my everlasting Grief!
 Heav'n has recall'd his Envoy from our Eyes,
 Hence Deluges of Sorrow rise,
 Nor hope th' impossible Relief.
 Ye Remnants of the sacred Tribe
 Who feel the Loss, come share the Smart,
 And mix your Groans with mine :
 Where is the Tongue that can describe
 Infinite things with equal Art,
 Or Language so Divine ?
 Our Passions want the heavenly Flame,
 Almighty Love breaths faintly in our Songs,
 And awful Threatnings languish on our Tongues ;
HOWE is a Great, but single Name :
 Amidst the Croud he stands alone ;
 Stands yet, but with his starry Pinions on,
 Drest for the Flight, and ready to be gone :

Eternal God, command his Stay,
Stretch the dear Months of his Delay;
O we could wish his Age were one immortal Day!
But when the flaming Chariots come,
And shining Guards attend thy Prophet home,
Amidst a thousand weeping Eyes
Send an *Elisba* down, a Soul of equal Size,
Or burn this worthless Globe, and take us to the Skies.

F I N I S.

BOOKS Printed for Nathaniel Cliff, at the
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